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ROBERT WALLACE
LIFE AND LAST LEAVES

EDITED BY
J. CAMPBELL SMITH
AND
WILLIAM WALLACE

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ROBERT WALLACE

LIFE AND LAST LEAVES



Robert Wallace.

ROBERT WALLACE

LIFE AND LAST LEAVES

EDITED BY

J. CAMPBELL SMITH

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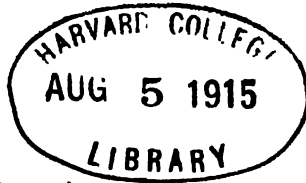
WILLIAM WALLACE

LONDON

SANDS & COMPANY

1903

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PRINTED BY
WILLIAM HODGE AND COMPANY
GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH

P R E F A C E


SOME years before his death my late brother arranged with the publishers of this volume to write a full account of his varied career under the title of "Recollections of a Chequered Life." The fragment which, as "Reminiscences," forms the first portion of the present work, will show how short a distance he had travelled towards the accomplishment of his design, and how great a loss the literature of autobiography has sustained by his death.

No attempt has been made here to continue the contemplated work. Such an attempt could only have met with disastrous failure. It is clear that my brother meant two things by his original design—to show the moral continuity and inevitableness of his "chequered" experiences, and (not being an egotist in the aggressive or self-conscious sense) to illustrate the general life of Scotland and his time, so far as that came within his knowledge, by means of these experiences. It is obvious that only he could have done this. But Sheriff Campbell Smith, who kindly undertook to write a sketch of his early years, elucidating and supplementing the "Reminiscences," has, as the oldest and most intimate friend among his surviving contemporaries, been able so far to follow the plan of the original work as to illustrate the university and religious life of Scotland by means of his career.

My part in this book, of the slightness of which I am painfully conscious, has been to let my brother speak for himself as a public writer and a politician, because it was in these two capacities that he spoke with a freedom and a power which—in his own opinion, at all events—he did not command as a minister of the Church of Scotland. As explained in the chapter on journalism, I have been prevented by considerations of space from giving the whole or even the best of his contributions to newspaper literature; and the same remark applies, though in a lesser degree, to the chapters on politics. Nevertheless the development of his life, as it was largely given up to thought and observation, may, it seems to me, be not inadequately traced in these portions of the book.

My brother did not write many letters, at least of a biographical interest, to friends and contemporaries, and seems to have preserved very few of the letters he received. He was averse to unbosoming himself; besides, the struggle, if not for existence, certainly for the free development of life, left him no time for the cultivation of the epistolary art either as an amusement or as a relief.

The second part of this volume consists mainly of the more important of the lectures, which, in the latest years of his life, my brother delivered in various parts of the country. Though, in my opinion, they are as readable and as much works of art as anything he ever wrote, they cannot be regarded as essential to his life like his speeches or his leading articles. I have also included in



this section two speeches he delivered on Burns, and some reminiscences by his and my friend, the Rev. Roderick Lawson. I have been pressed to publish his lectures as professor and some of his sermons, especially those he wrote as minister of Greyfriars Church. But I know from conversations with him that he did not desire any of these to be published, and that he certainly would not have published them had he lived. His wish, wherever I have been certain of it, has been law to me in connection with this book.

I have to thank the proprietors and editor of the *Scotsman* for granting me permission to quote from the articles contributed by my brother to that newspaper, and for enabling me to identify them without difficulty. My thanks are also due to the editors of various magazines for similar courtesies.

I have finally to express my gratitude to Mr. J. D. Cockburn, of Glasgow, for varied and valuable assistance.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

GLASGOW, *June*, 1903.



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LEADING EVENTS IN MR. WALLACE'S LIFE

Born	- - - - -	- June 24, 1831
Graduated M.A. in St. Andrews University	- - -	1853
Appointed Classical Master of Cupar Academy	- -	1854
Licensed to Preach by Presbytery of Edinburgh	- -	1857
Appointed Minister of Newton-on-Ayr	- - - -	1857
Married Miss Margaret Robertson	- - - -	1857
Appointed Minister of Trinity College Church, Edinburgh		1860
Appointed Examiner in Philosophy, St. Andrews	- -	1866
Appointed Minister of Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh	- -	1868
Received Degree of D.D. from Glasgow University	- -	1869
Appointed Professor of Church History in Edinburgh University	- - - - -	1872
Quitted Clerical Profession and Appointed Editor of the <i>Scotsman</i>	- - - - -	1876
Resigned Editorship of the <i>Scotsman</i>	- - - -	1880
Called to the Bar of the Middle Temple	- - - -	1883
Elected Member for East Edinburgh	- - - -	1886
Re-elected	- - - - -	1892
Re-elected	- - - - -	1895
Death of Mrs. Wallace	- - - - -	1898
Death	- - - - -	June 6, 1899

ERRATA

Page 141, line 23, for "such" *read* "direct."

Page 212, line 12, for "1867" *read* "1876."

Page 496, line 2, for "1897" *read* "1898."

NOTE TO PAGE 174

A scrutinising, accurate gentleman, familiar with the history of the public men of Edinburgh from a date antecedent to mine, to whose unfailing friendship I have appealed for rescue from error, protests against my implied suggestion that Rutherford failed in his duty to Hamilton, and has demonstrated that Rutherford never had it in his power to appoint Hamilton to a principal clerkship of the Court of Session until paralysis had rendered him unfit for such a post; as also that the ruling politician of Hamilton's day, who did not towards him recognise with cordiality and generosity the claims of intellectual brotherhood, was not Rutherford, but Lord John Russell; whose sufficient excuse most probably was that nature had denied him the faculty to appreciate anything bigger than a social, brilliant, tuneful Irish canary like Tom Moore.

J. C. S.

REMINISCENCES

BY

ROBERT WALLACE

REMINISCENCES

PRELIMINARY

IF I have made a mistake in writing this book, half the blame must be put to the account of the enterprising publishers whose names appear on the title page. They told me that they thought it might enable me to turn an honest penny. As I have all my life been trying to do the honest thing, I was glad of the opportunity thus put before me, and, on thinking it over, determined to seize it, and, as is obvious, have done so. Much seemed to me to be in its favour. For one thing, I have often thought that any human life, however obscure, dull, and commonplace it may seem or be, would be typical of something—and it is only from that point of view that I obtrude my personality—and would be interesting if explained by the person who had gone through it, truthfully and with adequate fulness, in all or its main motives, bearings, and results.

There was that encouragement to me in any case, and, in addition, I knew that, although I had not what is usually called an eminent career behind me, and, despite my best endeavours, had not succeeded in doing great things—in the ordinary sense*—either for

* “He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.”

myself or others, I could, at all events, point to variety, and to a large number of experiences of social and other interiors. I claim to have started professional life as a Quarryman; thereafter I have been successively or simultaneously Student, Schoolmaster, Parish "Minister," University Professor, Journalist, Lawyer, or, at all events, Barrister, Member of Parliament, Director of Joint Stock Companies, Popular Lecturer, and now Maker of Books with stiff boards, beyond which I do not at present see much prospect of advance.

In Religious and Ecclesiastical opinion and feeling I have moved, from the strictist Calvinism and the Presbyterianism of the State Church of Scotland, into a state of mind to which I could not attach any of the usual alphabetically-ordered labels, from Agnosticism to Zoroastrianism, both included. Concerning the Church Visible, I am afraid I should find myself too near the predicament of a very distinguished "Scientist"—I think it was Agassiz—who was a candidate for a vacant professorial chair in the University of Edinburgh while such preferments were still in the gift of the Town Council, and among other patrons, went to canvass the leading "Bailie" of the city. "Mahn,"* said that dignitary, "are ye a jined member o' ony boady?" meaning thereby, "Sir, are you in full communion with any reputable sect or denomination of Christians?" The eminent savant paused for a reply, but it did not come. He did not get that chair. It is an honour to share with great men even in their

* An English novelist writing a Scotch story would spell this "Mon." No Scotsman ever speaks or spoke in that way.

bepuzzlements, and in this case I have that honour. Similarly interrogated, I should be at a loss. As a matter of fact I was baptised, when I did not know anything about it, into the Scottish State Church, and I have not yet been excommunicated. If the other parties to the situation are willing to let sleeping dogs lie, I, for one, do not feel stimulated to arouse them.

In political conviction I have always been and still remain a Democrat, with a decided anti-aristocratic bias, according to what I consider the right definition of the terms, although my thoughts on the matter have been somewhat widened with the process of the suns. As regards the system of laws to which I have had to subject myself, I have, a considerable time ago, exchanged a Scotch for an English citizenship, seeing no probability of my ever being able to cherish an *animus revertendi*.

These vicissitudes of fate and feeling, which I honestly declare were not sought by me or gone into in a spirit of whimsicality or flightiness, but came upon me as inevitable developments of my destiny, such as it is, seemed to me to furnish materials of possible interest for certain readers, and, as the instincts of a quondam professional homilist moved me to think, of comfort and guidance for others, if only they could be put in the right way. Was I able for that? I could not affect, especially to myself, absolute destitution of intelligence and expression. I have tried my wits upon a good many of the greatest thinkers and writers of the world, both ancient and modern, and although I cannot pretend to very great talents or very great learning—Nature having denied the one, and want of

time and distraction of purpose having prevented the other—I have usually found myself, except, perhaps, in the case of authors like Bradshaw and Browning, and some others of that stamp, able to see something like what I thought daylight through most of them, if I only got time, for I need a good deal of time to do my cerebration in. Then from first to last I have done a considerable amount of penwork and tongue-work, with the result, as I imagined, of occasionally succeeding in giving those who would attend to me a bit of my mind. On the whole, I concluded that my experience justified me in making a try along this line of exertion.

I am not affected by a consideration which several people have mentioned to me, *apropos*, for instance, of Barrie, the novelist, who has recently, under colour of a biographical sketch of his mother, Margaret Ogilvy, and in a form of great literary beauty, as seems to me, given us what is really a most interesting account of himself, his early home, his literary makings, his sister, as well as his mother, with a few remarks on his father. These people say it is undignified, and even degrading, to make a show of yourself, and heartless to peep and botanise upon your mother's grave, for gain. I must say I do not see it. The necessity of honest gain might be the justification of the peeping botanist; mere scientific curiosity would suggest that he was a person of very oddly-ordered affections. More people than is usually thought live simply by showing what they are. The bearded lady and the Duke of Bedford do it, the one securing an honourable livelihood by gratefully manifesting the prodigal liberality of Nature in her

behalf, and the other making a very good thing out of keeping well to the front the elementary fact of his having been born. In such good company I feel safe to say there is nothing in this objection.

The main question is, how am I to perform my task? Clearly, if I am to illustrate any principle or situation worth attending to, I must state the truth as fully as I dare, even to my own disadvantage. I do not intend, however, to confess my sins. They would be nothing new to the most of my readers. I have done things that I ought not to have done, and left undone things that I ought to have done. I cannot add that there is no health in me. There is a great deal. I have had to wrestle with Apollyon. He has not finally thrown me, and shall not. Outside this "Private" recess, however, I shall unbosom freely enough, where it is to the purpose. But it is getting time to open the show, in which, I may add, I propose to play to the public rather than to the various professionals whose techniques have become known to me as a professional myself. I now leave my damnable faces and begin.

I

A "STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE" IN SCOTLAND SIXTY YEARS AGO

WHEN I came into this planet I found a state of things waiting for me which involved a peculiarly stiff fight for me to get through. Both my parents were personally admirable people, and I can never be grateful enough for what they did or tried to do for me, but when I first made their acquaintance they were extremely poor. My father was a gardener, and very good at his craft, which he liked. He was not a mere cabbage and potato delver, but *au fait* with all the higher and finer horticultural touches. He knew the little ways of palms, and camelias, and orange trees. I still possess the silver medal awarded him by the Scottish Horticultural Society, more than fifty years ago, for good marketable oranges grown under glass, a feat, I believe, quite unique in its way in Scotland at that time, where there were various orangeries, but no fruit. He was also up to all other glass-house and vinery devices, outside fruit-growing, shrubbery, flower and ornamental gardening, and had taken every opportunity of seeing the best the country could show in those ways. He had a bold and original imagination in landscape gar-

dening, particularly where he could get scope for the long straight avenue, visible from end to end—he succeeded in securing a two-mile one—and could carry out all the engineering and other details of execution according to a plan of his own, unintelligible, however, to everybody else, but which seldom or never required correction. I am certain he could have taken perfectly efficient charge of all the highest class work at, say, Dalkeith or Drumlanrig; but he had one fatal defect, he had not received a complete plain education. He had been taught to read and write, but he had not been taught grammar, nor arithmetic, nor anything like book-keeping. Now, I suppose a duke's gardener is a considerable officer, and may have to write letters, and possibly accounts, to the duke himself, and certainly to his chamberlain. My father's letters would have been perfect as regards sense, fact, and right feeling, as far as required; but their style and spelling and syntax would, I fear, have occasionally raised a smile, while his ways of accounting, though correct enough in his own hands, would have passed the comprehension of any accountant, amateur or professional, accustomed to the methods of single or double entry. Nobody knew this better than himself, and I have often heard him lament it as a lifelong bar to his advancement.

This fact has frequently occurred to me in connection with the patriotic boastings often made—I do not say groundlessly—about the old Scottish parish school system, which, although not absolutely created by Knox and Presbyterianism, owed its maintenance, extension, and development to them. How far was

advantage taken of the education, including Latin and Greek, which the schools supplied? From what I have seen of the parish schools before the present compulsory and minimum standard system was established, I suspect a considerable number of parents must have been content to have their children taught to read and write, and very little beyond. Less would have been condemned as a disgrace by the public opinion of the place. In this view I can appeal to the formidable authority of Adam Smith.

My father's schooling, at all events, stopped between eleven and twelve, when he was sent to do what work he could on a farm, being afterwards, however, apprenticed, as I have indicated, to a skilled employment. He had the greatest respect for his own father's character and sagacity, and never mentioned him except in terms of the deepest reverence, but he never could understand why he did not give himself a better education. The old man was, from all I could learn, able enough to do it, even in those "dear years" when the Napoleonic wars were on. He was a sort of small, independent manufacturer in his way. My father maintained that he was the introducer of "damask" weaving into Fife regions, getting a large amount of work from the "lairds" in his neighbourhood in the way of putting their coats of arms and other emblazonments into their table linen, and certainly Dunfermline, which was the earliest seat of the "damask" industry in this country, was within his "sphere of influence."

It could not have been from want of intelligence that he gave his boy so scanty a school education. He was himself an omnivorous reader. He was

between forty and fifty at the time of the French Revolution, and became an ardent Jacobin. He was also a member—I think an elder—of the "Relief" Kirk, a protestor against "Patronage," and therefore of the straitest of the strait. To this latter type of person education was valuable, not as a preparation for a successful "worldly" career—that was rather against it than otherwise—but in so far as it enabled its possessor to "search the Scriptures," to "compare Scripture with Scripture," so as "without note or comment," and under the guidance of "the Spirit," to reach the "sum of saving knowledge." This was undoubtedly the main purpose of the Church in maintaining the school, and perhaps the strict old "Relief" Nonconformist thought that, as reading and writing had served his own turn well enough, both for Time and Eternity, it should also do for his family, who could not too soon learn to work, instead of half idling over books, a consideration not without its value. Perhaps it was mere moral slovenliness. Whatever it was, the result to my father was that he was left in after life without a main essential to promotion in his calling. You may say, why did he not make up for the deficiency by subsequent self-teaching, like Cobbett and others that might be named? He knew about Cobbett, and stimulated myself with occasional bribes of pence to copy out Lennie's grammar, as he described Cobbett doing with some other grammarian. But Cobbett, in his young soldiering days, had much leisure, little physical fatigue, no family to absorb time, and a sure, if scanty, income. If, however, your brain, from eleven to five or six and twenty, has got a

particular twist through constant contact with the processes of nature on the field or in the garden, it is not easy to untwist it so as to make it fit in to the artificialities and abstractions of arithmetic and grammar. And if you have only an evening hour or two after a day of much muscular toil, and the distraction of a growing family and the question of how it is to be provided for, the task becomes doubly difficult. The temptation becomes strong to subside into a few pages of Burns or a chapter of Scott, or, if you are a keen politician, living through such times as the history of the Reform Act of 1832 created, you must get to know at once all that the reading club's high-priced weekly newspaper can tell you of the performances of Grey and Russell and Brougham and the rest of them.

Among his not very numerous papers, including the draft MSS. of several articles on the higher mysteries of gardening, which appeared, with editorial trimming up, in some of the horticultural journals, I found, after his death, pathetic proof of brave endeavour to remedy defect of early training. But the attempt broke down, and I am not surprised. It was too late, and virtually as impossible as learning ballet-dancing after maturity on three lessons a week. Charlemagne himself could never learn to write. He tried Greek too, but it would not do. Of course, the Presbyterian discipline of domestic and public worship, involving the constant and extensive reading of the Bible, kept alive the elements derived from the school, to say nothing of the logical training involved in hearing and giving an account of the highly dialectical "Sabbath" sermons; while the gardening apprenticeship and subsequent

employments demanded the daily use of writing. No doubt a man of intelligence who can read and write is in a very different position from one that can do neither ; but situated as my father was, the want of a little more excluded him from the higher-paid class of berths, and compelled him to take a "single-handed" place, and be thankful for that.

Of course, his abilities and character secured him a respect above his circumstances, while the latter, fortunately for his family, led him to form the generous resolution, steadily and self-sacrificingly maintained, that, as far as he could help it, the educational defect that had marred his own career should not spoil his children's.

In those days, when as yet the "living wage" had not been heard of, a "single-handed" place in the gardening way was a very poorly paid as well as a very laborious business, and there were circumstances in my father's case which made it specially so. After one or two changes from the place where I was actually born, he came, when I was about five years old, to what was to be his permanent home, and the scene of my own political, religious, and intellectual upbringing. It was on a small but picturesque estate, newly purchased by an old maid, of a very old family, and situated in the neighbourhood of a quaint and ancient royal burgh, on an extremely beautiful bay on the north shore of the upper estuary of the Forth between Queensferry and Alloa. This old lady was a person of romantic tastes, of the order which led Sir Walter Scott to build Abbotsford, tempered slightly by the differences between a semi-bourgeois and a

strictly aristocratic brain. One of her romanticisms was to marry, in her senescence, one who had been an early lover, a domestic union which lasted exactly three days, and terminated in permanent separation, and whose sole final cause seemed to be the furnishing of an additional proof that there are no fools like old fools, or, as they say in Aberdeenshire, "nee feel like the feel ahl'."

This romantic folly, however, had a serious effect on my father's finances and ménage. It made it a necessity for her to screw him down to the very lowest possible minimum in the way of stipend and up to the very highest possible maximum in the way of labour. As events proved, she had not been destined to die and endow a college or a cat, but she did endow a castle and a museum, the former being an imitation of a medieval fortress, with extensive mural adjuncts of baronial and menacing aspect, and the latter a collection not exactly of antiquities, but of historico-sentimental *bric-a-brac* of the Napoleon's-coronation-chair order, and housed within the castle and the very plain old mansion of the estate to which it had been incongruously stuck on. To effect this purpose on a restricted family portion, the intending testatrix had, of course, to pinch and spare in all directions, and my father was naturally one of the pinches, over and above the effect of the ordinary higgling of the market on his bargain-making, a kind of transaction in which he did not excel.

Nevertheless, having given hostages to fortune, he was glad to take what terms he could get on "single-handed" conditions,—that is to say, he undertook to do, unaided, the whole work that was wanted in his line,

from digging the kitchen garden with his own hands to tending the orange trees, and doing what ornamental and landscape gardening was required. It was through this latter channel that he ultimately reached some mitigation of purely bodily labour and a little better pay. As the castle and the fortifications rose under the hand of a sympathetic architect—with a doorway borrowed from Dunfermline Abbey, and recalling the portico of the Temple Church in London, and a greenhouse reproducing the Parliament Chamber of Linlithgow Palace, and other similar revivals—there was increasingly wanted the co-operation of the landscape gardener to adapt the natural surroundings to the artificial erections, a process which really never came to an end. As a consequence, my father was able to extort a little increase of pay, and some garden assistance for the rougher work, which latter arrangement introduced to my young observation a succession of the quaintest "characters" I have ever known, for my father had a pleasure in "characters," and much preferred them to respectabilities and conventionalities, and had great skill in managing them to practical purpose.

At first, however, it took us all our time to make ends meet. I do not believe my father had more than ten shillings a week in money to start with, paid half-yearly. But there was, of course, the house, a rambling and ramshackle edifice, or rather a couple of edifices knocked into one. It had been the factor's house under the state of things prior to our arrival. We colonised part of its accommodation of eight or nine rooms, in some of which I did many an hour of sweet and secret and very miscellaneous reading in those

far-off days. Then there was the run of the kitchen garden, an undoubted boon, with a daily supply of milk and sundry sacks of potatoes from the home farm carefully stored up in frost-proof mounds of earth for the winter's consumption. In these circumstances, though our food was of the plainest, we never knew what famine meant. Scotch porridge and milk, Scotch broth—"kail" in the vernacular—were staple articles in our diet. I cannot say my recollection of those luxuries is one of unmixed pleasure. I see "porridge," for instance, on the breakfast tables of wealthy people, treated as a delicacy, or even a confection, and I dare say it did me a great deal of good in the way of bones and teeth. But somehow I seem to have got my life share of it in my boyhood, and to have been, *Scottice*, "stawed"; *Anglice*, satiated.

"Crowdy * ance, crowdy twice,
Crowdy three times in a day;
Gin ye crowdy me ocht mair,
Ye'll crowdy a' my life away,"

said a forgotten bard, whom I quote from memory, and who accurately reflects my experiences in this matter.

Regarding "kail," I have pretty much the same feelings. When I came to know the late Sir Isaac Holden in Parliament, I had many conversations with him on the art of prolonging life, as his achievements in that direction—he brought an indifferent constitution through to near ninety—seemed to me to make him an authority, and he was loud in his praise of "kail." Of course, the "kail" he meant was not the thing called "Scotch broth," manufactured in English eating-

* A sub-genus of porridge. Oatmeal cakes are really porridge in thin strata, solidified by heat.

houses, but the "kail"—cabbage, greens, and coleworts generally—boiled and consumed *without throwing away the water*. My venerable friend contended that the water was the valuable essence of the dish, because it contained a vegetable extract,* which had the effect of preventing the blood from becoming acid, or in some way objectionable. That may be, and, if so, my blood must have been sweetened to a very high degree, which I hope is not yet exhausted, but my temper was embittered by this *crambe repetita*, if I may so term the repeated cabbage, which had not seldom to be gently forced upon me. Whether I could take to it again I do not know, because I cannot procure it. The people about me insist on boiling the cabbage, throwing away the extract, and then asking me to feed on the lifeless remains.

I have a more tender recollection of a peculiar stew in which broad beans and peas played the leading rôle, and which my mother was skilful in concocting. But the secret of it died with her. I have never encountered it again, and I fear never shall. We were compulsory vegetarians. I did not make the acquaintance of butcher meat until after many years. We had an occasional interlude of fish, in the shape of herrings, and a small creature, locally called a "garvie," who bore a suspicious resemblance to a sardine, with dried haddock, cod, skate, etc., derived at a cheap rate from fishermen who had come all the

*What this extract is, I cannot tell. Sir Isaac, I think, said it was potash, which, I believe, is alkaline. Medical M.P.'s whom I consulted differed, of course. Some held it to be alkali, some salt, some acid, while some bravely declared they did not know, but that it was some anti-scorbutic, which, I understand, is not scientific language.

way from Buckie, in Banffshire, to work off their surplus stock. As for drink, water *à la hermit* was our *ordinaire*, and milk *à la Virgil* our beverage *de luxe*. Alcohol in every form was debarred. I did not know what spirits meant until I went to college about eighteen or nineteen, and I am not sure that I should not have done better to abstain from cultivating this branch of knowledge. My father never drank much, but when I was five or six he became a total abstainer, partly, no doubt, because he found liquor was a luxury he could not afford, and partly because he had ascertained that it was not suited to his temperament.

He even went so far as, in a rash moment, to become president of a total abstinence society, which was set agoing by certain zealous gentlemen, chiefly in the weaving line of life, who walked out from Dunfermline on a Sunday and lifted up their voices in the market-place of the burgh. He soon found it necessary, however, to relinquish that post, owing to the actions of the apostles of temperance themselves. For they got into the habit, when their missionary labours were over, of throwing themselves on the hospitality of the president, with or without invitation, and displayed a capacity for dealing with tea and buttered toast to which Mr. Chadband's consumption of similar dainties, under the catering of Mrs. Snagsby, could not have held a candle. My mother, also a devotee of teetotalism, with an Old Testament admiration of prophets of every sort, and a readiness to feed the hungry as far as she could, stood it three or four times, but when she saw that it threatened to become a permanent institu-

tion, her feelings began to wax cold, and she said so to a sympathetic audience. At last the crisis came. I was stationed as look-out at an end window, which commanded about an eighth of a mile of the road along which the marauders must come. Presently they hove in sight, half a dozen strong.

I instantly gave the signal, and we set to work; locked and barricaded the door, pulled down a blind or two, then fled, and, like Adam and Eve, and with a share of their probable feelings, hid ourselves amongst the trees of the garden, there to await the development of events. The latter developed quickly. A hum grew into a clamour as the lecturers conversed, possibly of temperance refreshments. Then, like Lord Ullin's men in Campbell's ballad, their trampling sounded nearer. Next came an ordinary knock. Two minutes passed and a louder knock ensued. Two minutes more, and there came a series of resounding thuds, with violent shaking of the door. Other two minutes and I spied the head of a lecturer, who must have been mounted on the shoulders of another lecturer, peering over the wall. Apparently he neither saw nor heard anything to his advantage, for his head gradually disappeared, and incontinently we heard the contingent march away with muttering accompaniment. I was despatched to the look-out, and when I had seen them out of sight and reported the coast clear, we reoccupied the temporarily deserted home, with a half-ashamed consciousness that we had been engaged in a not too courageous and decidedly anti-Sabbatarian transaction. *Mais que faire?* What *could* we do? Who will cast the first stone? My father resigned his presidency as soon as

he could, and retired into private practice of the water-drinking virtues, a practice which I am bound to say he maintained without break till his dying day. The society, I regret to add, came to grief through the relapse or other falling off or away of most of its members.

The clothing department required very careful management. There were five of us—two parents and three, at one time five, boys—to be rigged out in decent dress and foot gear out of twenty-six or thirty pounds a year, after providing bread, groceries, coals, education, doctor's fees, etc. My mother, however, to whom my father left all details of domestic administration, always cleared the difficulty, although, of course, by a very "close shave." For ordinary wear we dealt in fustian, or "moleskin," as we called it, which, when new, made a very brave show indeed, and corduroy. On Sundays we came out in broadcloth, carefully laid aside in lavender after church, so as to give it as long as possible a spick and span appearance. This was common form. There was one inhabitant of the burgh, for instance, who, to my certain knowledge, wore the same Sunday apparel for twenty years, including even the "dickey," a ludicrous but extensively used removable shirt front, which gave him a falsely gorgeous aspect.

Of course, there was a continual process of repairing going on, for no rents or rags were to be tolerated, while as an older boy outgrew his working or decorative suit, his exuviae were "made down" to a boy of smaller dimensions. When absolutely new garments were required, the circulating tailor was brought in.

His coming was quite an event. He had ham and eggs, and other unheard-of delicacies, besides half a crown a day. He was enthroned on the table, where he sat cross-legged, cutting and stitching and chattering and feasting until the clothes were finished, and then he departed to fulfil another engagement. I may add as to the matter of boots and shoes that we had to brush them daily, which was rather resented by the other boys of the parish, who had a polish only once a week, and not always that. To go barefooted in summer was reckoned a privilege and a luxury.

The house, or rather the four or five rooms of it which we occupied, though not ornamental—we could not afford ornaments—was the perfection of order and cleanliness. My mother, who was a woman of acute intelligence and refined taste, saw to that. She could read and write, the latter with difficulty. She knew Scott, from "Waverley" to "Castle Dangerous," and generally succeeded in getting hold of any work of fiction that was making a noise at the time. I recollect more particularly "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and some of the Brontë and Dickens' books, which we boys also, of course, industriously perused. The rest of her reading was the Bible, manuals of preparation for the communion, and a series of highly-spiced evangelical tracts which were left weekly at our house and the neighbouring village by certain pious ladies from the burgh. These had undoubtedly made an impression upon her. While I was still a young boy, I made the discovery that she literally entered into her closet—it was the small storehouse of most of our very miscellaneous library—and shut the door, and prayed

to the Father which is in secret. The sound of the voice filled me with awe, and on such occasions I took myself away, as I felt she would not like what she had been doing to be known. I may add here that she afterwards emancipated her mind from the Evangelical denomination, and on her death-bed, after I had myself quitted the clerical profession for some time, she told me to my great gratification that she entirely respected what she was good enough to call my "intellect and honesty" in the transaction. At the time I speak of, however, and for many years afterwards, she was in the state of mind I have indicated.

I never could exactly make out who she really was. She did not resemble either in appearance or character the family out of which she came, and some things which she said to me in her last hours invested her with a sort of mystery to me which was new, but which I have never had time, nor indeed inclination, to clear up further. There was an unmistakable streak of the aristocratic temper in her nature, the effect of which was to put us in a certain attitude of aloofness from the other people in the village, the burgh, and the parish generally, who formed, along with ourselves, the numerically preponderating class of poor folk, or the local "masses." As a young woman she had seen a good deal of domestic service in manses and the houses of Fife county families. It was out of one of these latter places that my father married her. I remember being struck by the narrative of one of her experiences in the manse of a minister who afterwards became Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly, and to whom, long before the Free Church

days, of course, she acted as a sort of housekeeper. This reverend gentleman scarcely ever went out of doors. He never visited his parishioners unless some of them sent for him in sickness. He spent nearly his whole time in his study, writing out and committing to memory two sermons a week. In the latter days of the week my mother would hear him pacing his study floor hour after hour, laboriously getting by heart what he had as laboriously composed. I have read a volume of sermons which he published by request, and of which he gave my mother a copy, and I can testify that they are about the driest and dreariest essays in Calvinistic divinity in any language known to me. And yet his church was crowded to the door, forenoon and afternoon, with eager audiences, many of whom had come miles from neighbouring parishes. The secret was partly his hermit and "holy" reputation, but mainly that he used no "paper," which the normal Scottish church-goer to this day detests. The apparent ease and absence of break or hesitation with which, in stately fashion, he rolled out one elaborate sentence after another, stating, with quiet dogmatism, the most tremendous propositions on the most inscrutable subjects, exercised an irresistible spell over his audience. It was a pure triumph of rhetoric of speech, for rhetoric does not need to be violent to be successful.

One of the chief, if not absolutely the chief, contributions to civilisation made by the aristocratic, leisured, and cultured classes is refinement of intercourse and manners, and elegance in domestic

arrangements. My mother had a rare receptivity for such impressions, and what her early employments had taught her she brought to bear, as far as her materials would allow, upon the management of her own house. We could not, of course, have the positive elegances and refinements with which wealthy people, who are not also of the vulgar rich, can surround themselves. We could not have Rembrandts or Titians, or silver plate, or Turkey carpets, or walnut upholsteries, or dancing parties. But we could negative coarseness, inelegance, and vulgarity, and that was done. Everything could be put in its proper place and kept spotlessly clean, and that was secured. We had always a plain, very plain, tablecloth at meals, even for the everlasting porridge and "kail." We had at first no carpets or hearthrugs, but my mother manufactured them herself by clipping up the clothes in which we could no longer face the public into small pieces, and then stitching them on to sheets of cheap canvas, a work that must have been as tedious as Penelope's web, only there was no cancellation of progress. As she was a firm believer in the Apostle James's dictum that "if any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body," and generally in that very wise teacher's deep practical philosophy of tongue-discipline, she and my father set their faces like flints against "vulgar words," of which there were only too many about. I never heard a coarse or even undignified expression in the home of my boyhood.

I cannot imagine a better use of such means of life as lay to hand than was made by my father and

mother. It called for a day-to-day struggle with difficulty, that might have broken down at any moment. But there never was any break down or relaxation of effort. The result was a home which, though plain, contained all the essentials of domestic comfort. There were several such homes among the poor people of our class, although none, I think, quite equal to ours, an inequality due less to defect of effort than to inferiority of intelligence. But in too many instances, especially on the part of the wife and mother, the fight with difficulty was given up, and things were allowed to drift and sink into hugger-mugger; and I am convinced that much of the misery of poverty is due to the abandonment of energetic and continuous effort to make the best of it.

II

A SCOTCH SCHOOLING IN THE THIRTIES'

I PROCEED now to sketch the training, religious and political, intellectual and moral, of which the home I have described was for me the early and principal scene, dealing in this chapter with the school life, which was, of course, engineered from home. As I have already explained, my father had determined that his family should have the best education that could be got in the neighbourhood, and accordingly, from six years of age, more than sixty years ago, until I was past fifteen, nearly my sole occupation was attending school during the day, and preparing for it at night. I was fortunate in my two schoolmasters—the first, Russel by name, having persuaded my father, nothing loth, to have me started in Latin when I was eight years old, thus destining me to an intellectual calling, for which I cannot be too grateful to him and his successor, Mr. John Christie, a famous school-master in his day and district, who took me up when I was ten, and made me understand whatever I learnt, and would not allow one step forward to be taken until its predecessor was thoroughly mastered. He was a master of method, perfectly clear-headed, with a rare capacity for conveying to others, and especially to us young people, whatever he knew himself.

The school which he taught "single-handed" was not a parish school, although worked on the ordinary parish school model, down even to examination by the Presbytery, he himself, indeed, having come to it out of a parish schoolmastership. It was a foundation, bequeathed by a laird in the parish, somewhat more enlightened and less selfish than the rest, for the free education of twenty-five natives. The schoolmaster had a salary, a residence over the school (an arrangement afterwards changed), and the liberty of taking in fee-paying pupils from any quarter, parochial or extra-parochial; in my day there being about a hundred of us of this latter class. I was taught Latin, Greek, French, and geometry; grammar, in which I found great delight from the clearness and simplicity of the teaching; penmanship, in copy-books full of moralities, often cheaply sneered at, but which have done me at all events a great deal of good; the elements of science and literature, in such books as Ewing's Elocution and M'Culloch's Courses of Reading; all, except writing, in classes, *viva voce*.

The rest of the time not occupied in a class was spent at the writing-desk, working through manuals of arithmetic and algebra and geometrical exercises. The result was that by the time I was twelve to thirteen, I was an expert in all branches of arithmetic, in algebra, up to and including quadratic equations, and had done every available exercise on the first four books of Euclid. I must record, however, that I stole a good deal of time from the arithmetical and mathematical hours for pleasanter and, in certain respects, more profitable pursuits. A certain classical editor

called Dymock, and others whose names I now forget, had, manifestly under publishers' directions to swell their books, added enormous appendices of history and mythology to the texts of their Cæsars, Ovids, Sallusts, Virgils, Livys, Horaces, etc., which formed our Latin reading. These, along with the above-mentioned Ewing and M'Culloch, were an absolute godsend to me in the somewhat weary task of ploughing the arithmetical and mathematical sands, although to get at them I had to work double speed, so as to produce the full tale of sums and problems on the slate. The result was a memory fairly well stored with historical, legendary, scientific, and literary material, no doubt chaotic as to arrangement, and heterogeneous in character, but serviceable nevertheless.

The day's work brought us on to about five o'clock, the advanced classes being mostly taught after the elementary multitude had gone. There had been an interval of an hour, which was employed in bolting home, bolting some dinner, and then bolting back. The school discipline, however, did not stop here, but extended to between two and three hours of the evening, when translations made during the day had to be written out, to-morrow's translations prepared, Latin, Greek, French, and English composition executed, or mathematical exercises worked or attempted. This proceeded day after day, and week after week—Saturdays yielding only a half-holiday—for nearly nine years of my life, from six or seven, that is, to past fifteen. There was a vacation of five or six weeks about September, although even then a certain amount of revisal work had to be done, and exhibited

on the reassembling of the school. We had no other holidays. It was hard work—both parent and school-master seeing that it was regularly and efficiently done. Yet I cannot say I disliked it, and I look back upon it with thankfulness to those who organised and carried through the discipline. I enjoyed the clear-headedness I was constantly obliged to cultivate, and the thoroughness which the system of writing out all that was important compelled.

I must not omit to notice a voluntary element in this educational process. The school possessed a library, consisting of various histories, ancient and modern, books of travel and adventure, like Anson's *Voyages in the Spanish Main*, the journeyings of Mungo Park and Captain Cook, the "hardy Byron's" trials and feats in South America, etc., with fiction of the Miss Edgeworth order, which delighted me greatly, although I remember "*Belinda*" proved rather a hard nut to crack. I read most of them two or three times over. Besides this, there was a very mixed collection in a small room or closet in our house already referred to, mostly contributed by an uncle of my father's, who was a voracious reader. He was a heckler to trade, that is to say, he heckled when he did anything of a bread-winning character at all, but when he had heckled up a small balance, he gave himself a good time among old book shops, from which he carried off and read anything he could get cheap, sending us a selection, when done with, at half-price. In this way I made the acquaintance of such books as Gurnall's "*Christian Armour*," Boston's "*Fourfold State*," Matthew Henry's Bible, Wilson's "*Tales of the*

Borders," bundles of *Chambers's Journal*, Burnet's "History of his own Times," odd volumes of Swift, Pope, Cowper, Bunyan, Defoe (including "Robinson Crusoe"), and much else. Two books I remember prizing immensely when very young—Blind Harry's "Wallace," and an extraordinary issue in about twenty parts called the "Terrific Register." Blind Harry must have been Hamilton of Gilbertfield's version, abominated of semi-pedantic Scotch scholars, but dear enough to Scotch schoolboys. The "Terrific Register" was well named, containing, as it did, all the great murders up to date, the biographies of Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard, David Haggart, Burke and Hare, and other worthies, escapes from the Bastille, the stories of Deacon Brodie, Nichol Mushat and Begbie, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and other blood-curdling narratives. Probably its fascination helped to develop the imagination, but I had to pay the price for it, wakening, as I did, sometimes in the dark with a start, half-believing there was an assassin or robber in the room, and expecting every moment to feel his fingers getting round my throat for "burking" purposes.

My schooling was over before the days of Parliamentary grants and "payment by results," and the Government inspector, with his surprise visits. Nominally, the school, like the parish schools of the district, was under the surveillance or suzerainty of the Presbytery of the bounds, but the only act of superintendence ever performed by them was an annual visit, hyperbolically called the "examination," which was in reality a sort of exhibition fête, duly announced

and prepared for, when we appeared in our Sunday clothes, accompanied by our parents or other adult friends in similar gala attire, and, under the suggestive guidance of the master, did what we could to astonish the fathers and brethren by feats of scientific, grammatical, classical, mathematical, and catechetical proficiency, and, more particularly, by splendid declamations of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," or "Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day," or "Romans, countrymen, and lovers," or "It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well," or that famous passage in the Johnsonian oration of Chatham where he declares that, if he were an American, as he was an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed on his shores, he would never lay down his arms, never, never, never. Happy was the boy who got "Never, never, never" to do. It invariably brought down the Presbytery.

Correspondingly unhappy was the boy who had to commence by saying "My name is Norval, on the Grampian hills," because if a certain reverend chest-nuteer happened to be there, he invariably stopped him, and said sternly. "And pray, sir, what is it in the Grampian valleys?" with the effect of making a wreck of that boy for the rest of the recitation. For we stood in tremendous awe of the Presbytery. A parish minister in those ante-Disruption days was really an awful being in the eyes of the people and their children. But half a dozen of them mustered in a body deepened the feeling of awe almost to the point of unendurability. I remember how at my first "examination," when I was a very small student, the

sight of the Presbytery made my flesh creep as if I had been reading something especially gory in the "Terrific Register"; and even the revelation that, when stripped of gown and bands, they actually had on ordinary, very ordinary some of them, coats and trousers, and that when they met they laughed to each other as if they had been haruspices—and perhaps they were, although I did not know much about haruspices then—while it roused within me the horrible suspicion that they might be only men after all, like the master himself, or Sandie Millar, the precentor, did not substantially abate the reverential terror with which I regarded them.

I fear that in my earlier "examinations" I practically broke down through sheer nervousness, but as time went on, I began to enter into the traditions of the place, and learnt from the elder boys what questions were sure to be put if such and such a reverend divine were present. In history it was indispensable to get up the name and date of the discoverer of America. It was also advisable to know approximately when and between whom the battles of Hastings and Bannockburn were fought, the number of King Henry the Eighth's wives, and that John Knox was the author of the Reformation in Scotland, whatever that was. In arithmetic you must be able to face the problem of how many herrings could be purchased for elevenpence at the rate of three half-pence for one and a half. In religious knowledge it was hopeless to attempt doing anything without a verbatim acquaintance with Effectual Calling. It was useful to know that Moses wrote the Pentateuch—we had

the book in our small book-closet at home, with "Moses's Works" embossed in gilt letters on the back, sandwiched in between Blind Harry and Boston. You were bound to recollect the names of the two celebrated Israelites who, alone of the host that left Egypt, succeeded in clearing the wilderness and getting into Palestine, as there was a clerical impostor from an adjoining parish who was dead certain to put the question, that he might have the chance of repeating, as if they were his own, the once well-known mnemonic lines—

"Joshua the son of Nun, and Caleb the son of Jephunneh,
Were the only two that ever got through
To the land of milk and honey."

Everybody thought what a wonderfully clever fellow he was. Years afterwards I found him out, and to this hour I hold that man's memory in scorn. The four or five of us, out of about a hundred and thirty or forty boys and girls—there was a perfectly innocent and innocuous promiscuity of sex in our classes—who studied mathematics and the classics had to be ready with a statement as to the "Pons Asinorum," the Ablative Absolute, which the rev. grammarian who tackled the ancients seemed to consider the article of a standing or falling Latinity, and the number and names of the cities that contended for the nativity of Homer. He was also pretty sure to ask for the First Aorist of *tupto*, and what a *dolichoskion engchos* was, but as regards the latter, manifestly to lead up to a poser about the etymology of "bayonet," of which he seemed to think himself the patentee. Curiously enough, years afterwards, when I was being examined

by another Presbytery far north, and for another purpose, a proud Presbyter suddenly asked me the derivation of "bayonet," as if he felt sure that would gravel me; but when I immediately rapped out "Bayonne," he evidently thought me a lad of erudition, and forebore further interrogation. Then when the Presbytery had fired all their shots, the successful competitors were called up to receive their prizes from the hands of the father of the rev. Court, who next proceeded to praise the school and its master to the skies, and concluded with a lengthy prayer ranging over the whole educational field and much else. The "examination" then broke up; the prize-takers and their friends wending home happy, while some, not all certainly, of the prizeless ones, sought to demonstrate to slightly glum relatives that if there had not been the grossest injustice, they would have had the prizes themselves; the Presbytery in the meantime adjourning to dinner in the manse, carrying off the schoolmaster with them as a participant in the doubtlessly chastened orgies of the occasion.

Not having had personal experience of the new system of Government inspection and payment more or less by results, I cannot say whether its effect on the youthful mind is better. I hope it is. The old Presbyterial superintendence was a formality and a farce. It secured, indeed, that the schoolmaster should have at least a rudimentary acquaintance with Latin, with a view to the future supply of clergy, but as far as the actual working of the system went, if the Presbytery saw that the Bible and the Catechism were taught, however mechanically, they were satisfied,

and left the rest very much to take care of itself, unless things showed up very badly indeed. This left the teacher practically his own master, and free to teach what the locality would pay for ; but where he was, as he very often was, a man of capacity and enthusiasm, I am not sure that the state of things was not considerably to the good. Although he had to meet, and very properly meet, the utility market, he was always anxious to have the cleverer boys in the higher branches, while we lads were genuinely desirous of proving to so tremendous an Areopagus as the Presbytery that we were up to something, especially in those absurd recitations, which, however, were not an absolute absurdity. They made us letter-perfect in a considerable range of standard literature—I have often wished I had got more—and they ensured our speaking the best English we could muster. We spoke broad Scotch, which is merely old or northern English, outside the school, but inside we spoke a perfectly correct English, the new or southern English. For centuries no Scotsman, not the poorest ploughboy, has ever misplaced his aspirates, although our Doric tone and accent might differ from the *patois* of White-chapel or Mayfair. And who is to settle which is the standard? We keep the standard yard and the standard pound in the Tower ; where is the absolute English pronunciation kept?

However that may be, I am certain that the education I had from my schoolmaster, teaching us, especially us advanced boys, from a liking for it, while making us like it as well, and not from a mere desire to grab the uttermost farthing of fee-grant,

was as good an education as was to be had in the more expensive and highly organised schools, if not better. I had occasion to test this. A wealthy and well-known Edinburgh citizen, who for some years had rented a neighbouring country house as summer quarters, and interested himself greatly in the education of the parish, happened to take a fancy to myself, and when I was slightly past thirteen offered to my father to give me a session at the High School of the metropolis, I helping his two boys, who were something younger than myself, with the preparation of their lessons. Of course I went, and equally, of course, the new experience opened my eyes to much I had never seen before, and enlarged my general horizon very considerably. To live with people who kept a liberal table, and could surround themselves with all the elegances of life, was a great change from the bare simplicity and stern frugality of home. To go about in Sunday clothes every day was an almost incredible experience, although the necessarily scanty and not always fashionable supply involved me in some rather startling devices to keep up appearances. Acquaintance with this new and larger life was, perhaps, the chief addition to my knowledge which I gained at the High School.

Ambition had not as yet taken any governing position among my motives; the universe still wanted a good deal of examining, and I am afraid I did not toil entirely like one of the heroes of Dr. Samuel Smiles. I was too much before my class in some things, and too much behind it in others. In Greek and mathematics I knew already all they had to teach, and, with

little exertion, took good places in both. In Latin I had the whole subject of prosody and versification to get up, which kept me behind. There was, indeed, one kind of versification which I practised with pleasure, but that was English, and because learned old Boyd, our bluff but thoroughly likeable classical master, offered Saturday as a holiday to every boy who would send him an adequate copy of verses which he could read to the class. Stimulated in this way I concocted weekly supplies of the most terrible doggerel ever written about "Bannockburn," or "The Massacre of Glencoe," or "Rivuletta," a nymph of my own invention, and other topics which I have now forgotten, and then rejoiced to devote the Saturday to exploring the Edinburgh of Scott, whom I was busy devouring from end to end, at hours when I should have been otherwise employed—the Castle, the Canongate, Croft-an-Righ, Holyrood, Nicol Mushat's Cairn, the Dumbiedykes of douce David and Jeanie Deans, Salisbury Crag, where I barely saved my life while climbing the "Cat's Nick," Arthur's Seat, the Figgate Whins, and Blackford Hill.

By this means my command of English synonyms was probably improved, and I acquired an extensive and early knowledge of Old Edinburgh, which invests it with a halo of romance in my memory to this hour. But as regards book-learning, I do not think that, except in the way of a little Latin verse-making and revisal of what I knew already, I made very much progress. Waiting while boy after boy went stumbling through his unintelligent translation was not only weary, stale, and flat, but unprofitable too. At my old home

school all this time would have been devoted to learning something new, as would also have been the time lost in moving out of one department into another, waiting, in the meantime, for the second one to open ; while, especially in the higher work, instead of having only a ninetieth share in a master, I should have had a whole one to myself, practically as a private tutor. I have paid £30 a year for a far less effective education for boys of my own than I myself got at my early home for thirty shillings, including books, even though that made a considerable hole in the family income.

At the time of which I am writing an education on the lines I have indicated was possible in nearly every parish in Scotland. The parish school could almost always prepare for the University. Many of the masters had gone through all the elaborate preparation demanded by the Scottish pulpit, and not a few of them, technically called "probationers," and sometimes "stickit ministers," held the church's licence to preach. Especially was this the case in the northern counties, where the well-organised distribution of a foundation called the Dick Bequest did much to create a higher standard of education, while the policy pursued by the Aberdeen Universities—there were still two of them then—of assigning their numerous, and in a good many cases highly valuable "bursaries" by open competition in Latin composition, or "version-making," as it was locally termed, gave a great stimulus to the scientific study and practice of Latin style over the whole district from which they drew their students. The result was that, more than anywhere else in Scotland, the parish schools of the north were taught

by "probationers," licentiates of the church, "stickit ministers," no doubt, but learned and able schoolmasters. As a consequence, when the greatest Scottish ecclesiastical event of the century—the "Disruption," so-called—took place, and hundreds of the pulpits of the Established Church suddenly became empty, large numbers of them were filled from the parish schools.

It might be an inevitable necessity, but it was not a universal success. A good "dominie" was not, as a matter of course, a good "minister." His habits and age, in too many instances, unfitted him to be—we shall not say an eloquent—but even an interesting preacher, or an interesting personality in any way, and made him quite incapable of competing for public favour with the probably popular divine whom he succeeded; a state of things by which, as I heard at the time, the late Dr. Thomas Guthrie, a famous Free Church leader in his day, and who, although his eloquence might be a little tawdry, and his humour somewhat homespun—I say nothing of his thought—could always move an average Scotch audience to tears or laughter at will, was tempted to remark, with some sarcastic glee, that the "Moderates"* had gone rummaging through the schools and "rypit out † a' the auld roosty rawzors" ‡ that could neither scrape nor cut, to try and put a decent face on things, but it was a bad job at the best.

* Those who accepted the decision of the Civil Courts in the questions then at issue, and remained in the State Church, and who were called and were Erastians, as contrasted with the Evangelicals, who demanded spiritual independence, and left the Church because they could not have it.

† Searched for, and dragged out roughly and indiscriminately.

‡ Rusty razors; useless tools, generally. Here, specially, preachers past service.

But whatever may be said of the old preacher-schoolmaster when placed in a false position, he helped greatly to maintain an almost universally diffused form of the higher education in ante-Board-School Scotland. Roundly speaking, in every parish, a boy who wanted it could have a preparation for the University. I doubt if that is so now; and my hope is that educational reformers will not rest until they have organised secondary education on such a footing that no youth anywhere, with the capacity and inclination for a University career, shall find it impossible, from mere reasons of locality, to obtain the preliminary training of which he would have been sure under the old system.

Then there is one point in which both systems were or are about equally defective, I mean an arrangement for industrial and technical education. There is nothing worth speaking of in that way at present. There was nothing at all in my school days. There was provision for the two or three of us who desired to go into professions, and for the scores of my school-fellows who were to go as clerks or shopmen into the more or less distant towns. But there was no special provision for those who were to work on the land or at handicrafts; and the little burgh offered no scope to apprentices, there being less than 1600 people in the whole parish. Things are little better yet. I cannot help thinking that a few millions—for to do it well would require millions—saved out of the lavish, or unnecessary, and especially the mischievous expenditure of the country, and devoted to a thorough system of technical and industrial education, would pay in

every sense, not only by saving our trade from destruction by highly educated foreign competition, but by raising the social plane of the working classes through the elevation of general and special intelligence created by a scientific comprehension of their various vocations, while their happiness as individuals would be indefinitely increased through the exchange of what at present can often be only a dreary, because rule-of-thumb, drudgery for an intelligent application of principles to practice, than which no purer or higher enjoyment is open to a rational being.

III

AN OLD-WORLD CALVINISTIC UPBRINGING

UNDER this heading I shall begin by describing my own early religious training as a type of what was substantially going on all over Scotland in times and scenes into which neither the "higher criticism" nor modern scientific or speculative thought had as yet penetrated, and while railways, telegraphs, and daily newspapers, and the whole machinery of rapid and constant inter-communication were still in their infancy. This training was, I am satisfied, a direct tradition from the Reformation times, down through the Covenanting period, the King William and Carstares* settlement, and the stern "Relief" dissent, from which my father had received it, and was passing it on in nearly unimpaired form. I am certain that my father did, to the best of his power in his family, what his father did in his. And what was done in our household was done in the great majority of similar households over the country. Especially was this the case among dissenters, such as the Cameronians, Original and other Seceders, Old and New Light Burghers and anti-Burghers, Relief and others—the U.P. Church had not yet taken shape, nor till 1847. The Free Church did not come into

* The leading Scotch ecclesiastical statesman of the day.

existence until my Calvinistic training had proceeded twelve years on its way (1843), for I was cradled into the system; but the Free Church movement, whatever its essential merits or demerits, had at least the distinction of giving an immense impetus to the practice of religious exercises throughout the entire community, and of reproducing, to some extent and temporarily, Reformation days.

My father did not join the Free Church, or, as the usual mode of speaking was, he did not "come out at the Disruption"—a phrase, by the way, which my old friend, Russel, of the *Scotsman*, whose successor I was to be long afterwards, found very serviceable when a lady of rank and of strong Liberal leanings, and who took a deep interest in the brilliant Liberal editor, once asked him when he became bald. "Well, Lady T——," said Russel, instantaneously, and with accentuated solemnity, "my hair came out at the Disruption."* At our house we did not go the way of Russel's hair. We stayed in. My father was very much badgered and urged by the zealots of "spiritual independence,"† in which the original "non-intrusion" claim‡ latterly became merged, to "come out." But he stuck to his point, and generally summed up his argument by declaring, in direct and knock-down

* This *vox technica*, in the meaning of its originators, signified, not a disruption within the Church, but the disruption of the Church from the State; what was left—the "residuum," as it was called—being, as Dr. Chalmers put it, not a Church, but a "nullity."

† The claim of the Church to be "independent" of the civil tribunals in matters which the Church itself declares to be "spiritual." Identically the same demand is made by the English High Church and Ritualist party of to-day.

‡ A claim that patrons should not be allowed, by means of the civil power, to force ministers upon congregations against the will of the Church Courts, professing to act in the interests of the people.

Doric, that he believed the whole thing was "just the ministers wantin' mair pooer" (more power). It was usually about this stage that he was asked if he did not know that he was a miserable "Erastian." Neither disputant, I daresay, knew exactly what an Erastian was, or where the term came from, but the inevitable reply, of course, was that, if the reasoning was right, a bad name would do no harm.

This is not the place nor the time to discuss the "Free Church" controversy, although, if it were, I think I could show that, notwithstanding the important political and even philosophical truth underlying it, the theory of it with which I became familiar as a boy-listener had a great deal to say for itself, and that the imperious ambition native to the ecclesiastical temper, spurred on by the spirit of defiance engendered by the conflicts with authority which had arisen, and by the fanatical and almost *tête-montée* excitements of the hour, and relying on an obscurantist, if aspiring, theology, identical, on this point of "independence," with that of Rome itself, had pretty well everything to do with an agitation that was often wild and unregulated in speech and deed, with an act of sacrifice that was picturesque, indeed, in its moral aspects, and stimulating in its moral effects, but lamentable when tested by the standard of cool, practical reason, and with the passionate pushing of a "spiritual" claim which, if carried out to its logical developments, would be utterly intolerable in the secular state and incompatible with civil stability. There is the less need to deal with the special "Free Church" controversy seeing that during the past half-century it has ceased

to be of much practical moment, having become merged in a far deeper and more momentous question, to deal with which will tax to the utmost, if it does not overwhelm, all the power and wisdom of all the churches, not only here, but all over the world, that question being not whether the "Free Church" or any other ecclesiastical or theological claim has a Biblical basis, but whether that basis itself is valid, or any longer defensible.

But although we did not join the Free Church, we were, as far as family discipline went, full in the line of the Puritan tradition, and the Knox and Melville impulses. My father, though born and bred in the "Relief" connection, attached himself to the State Church. He could not do otherwise. When we settled down in our permanent home, the Free Church was still seven or eight years in the future. There was no dissenting tabernacle, or little Bethel of any sort, in the burgh. There was nothing for it but the parish church, even if he had been disposed to stickle for the "Relief" shibboleth, which I do not think he was. I fancy his own father had grown less keen over his special denominationalism than he had been in his Jacobinical and combative youth, and my father, indeed, must have connected himself with the Establishment before I saw the light, and had apparently felt no call to repentance. However that may be, as far as religious tone, apart from sectarian divergence, was concerned, he brought the "Relief" spirit with him into the Establishment, whose traditional sentiment was somewhat different. Religious Establishments are the natural and congenial home of moderation, as

it calls itself, or "Moderatism," as it was called by unadulterated and thorough Scotch Puritanism, with a shrug and a shiver which did not denote respect or affection.

Accordingly, as regards family religion, there was not so much or so strict walking in the old ways within the Establishment as among the dissenting communities, on which fact Adam Smith comments with suggestive ingenuity; but to my certain knowledge, there were various Established Church families in the parish in which domestic religion was maintained on the ancient lines, and I have no doubt it was the same everywhere else. Nor would I say that it was the poorer class of the people that was specially distinguished for loyalty to the Puritan tradition in this matter. The middle class had it in much the same proportion as regards quantity, though, perhaps, somewhat diluted in point of intensity. It was when you came to the aristocracy that the heart of the devout Puritan failed within him—or her. These lords and lairds were nearly all Episcopalians, who were well known to be semi-Papists, and when they had attended the parish church on the "Sabbath" morning, having no chapel of their own cult to go to, they did not return in the afternoon, and there were suspicions and head-shakings over the question whether family devotions were kept up to any considerable extent, or to any extent at all, in their lordly or lairdly mansions. To the evangelical mind a "half-day hearer" seemed little better than a heathen; and I recollect being almost paralysed with horror, in my days of fear, when on my way back to the afternoon "sermon" with others like-purposed, at

meeting a well-known neighbouring laird who was only a "half-day" man, and not always that, and hearing him whistling over and over again on his dogs, just as if it had been some other day. The question rose to the lips of all of us whether such a man could come to a good end, which, indeed, he did not. Returning home late one night, he fell into a disused and unfenced quarry, and was killed, and there were not wanting pious interpreters of Providence in the parish to suggest that, if he had employed his "Sabbath" afternoons to better purpose than whistling on his dogs, his days might have been longer in the land.

Before I say anything more, I wish to observe that if in my account of my religious upbringing my father and mother should be made to appear as unreasonably stern or narrow or harsh, the blame must be placed, not on their native dispositions, which were tender and affectionate in the highest degree, but on the system which they inherited and had pressed upon them every day of their lives. This system they sincerely believed it was their most sacred duty to administer both in the spirit and in the letter; and believe it and administer it they did all the days of my boyhood without faltering or relaxation, although in after years they reached a fairly advanced stage of emancipation. I should add that, although the system in its essentials has long ago ceased to have any hold over me, I acknowledge with gratitude certain moral biasses and intellectual outlooks which its inculcation, during so large a section of the most impressionable period of my life, made a permanent part of my nature.

Sunday, of course, was the chief day of our religious discipline. I have said "Sunday," and in so doing have already broken the law of my youth. "Sunday" was tabooed as a heathenish name, or, at all events, an Episcopalian one, which was not much better. The traditional and half-contemptuous, half-compassionate couplet—

"Pisky, pisky, amen,
Down on your knees and up again,"

expressed the feeling with which we regarded Prelacy, with all its phraseology and performances. The true-blue name for the first day of the week was the "Sabbath,"* or occasionally the "Lord's (Loard's) Day." It would be impossible for me to describe the feeling which was created in my mind by the weekly recurrence of our Sabbatic observances. All of a sudden everything that I had been doing last week had become wicked. Latin, Greek, mathematics, were now wicked; so were marbles, "tig," and races; so were walking, except to church, laughing, singing, except psalms, playing the flute, "fiddle," or any instrument of music, reading newspapers (specially wicked), or anything except the Bible and "good" books. There was scarcely anything that was safe to do from our rising in the morning until our going to bed at night, except reading the Bible, singing psalms, saying or joining in prayers, hearing sermons preached in church or read at home. Breakfast, dinner, and tea were permitted, because they were necessary to the execution of the Sabbath programme; but even during these meals we were not to speak our own words or

* Pronounced midway between "Sawbath" and "Sabbath."

think our own thoughts. To me the day was a terror, it was so difficult to keep it perfectly ; and I knew the doom of Sabbath-breakers.

My father and mother enforced, as they rigidly practised, the directions of the church standards in the matter, as they had been themselves trained to do. There was no possibility of mistaking these directions. They insisted on "spending the whole time in the publick and private exercises of God's worship, except so much as is to be taken up in the works of necessity and mercy" ; and they forbade "unnecessary thoughts, words, or works, about our wordly employments, or recreations." My father would not shave on Sunday. It was not "necessary." He could do it late on Saturday night, and as he was light-whiskered, the effects would carry him over the public part of next day at all events. All boots were brushed and Sunday clothes laid out on Saturday, so that every possible moment should be saved for divine service. I do not know if my father would have gone so far as a well-known Highland divine, who walking one Sunday to officiate at a church several miles away, accompanied by a friend, when the latter, after two miles had been traversed in solemn silence, ventured to remark that he thought they were going to have a fine day, pulled up at once and said to the other sternly, "Sir, is this a day to be taalking of days?" but *he* certainly abstained from anything that could be called "worldly" conversation, and I recollect his expressions of displeasure against the Kirk Session—of which he had not then become a member—for allowing the church door to be turned into an advertising board, not only

for statutory announcements, which they probably could not prevent, but for notices of "roups," that is, auction sales of agricultural produce at various farms throughout the parish, especially farms tenanted by elders of the church. It was not so much this favouritism that scandalised him, as the "sin" of obtruding "worldly" considerations at a time and place divinely appropriated to the things of eternity alone.

Half-hearted Puritans have often been anxious to find a back door of escape through "works of necessity and mercy." In Sabbatic controversies I have heard works of that kind made very comprehensive indeed. I recollect, when James Hannay, a literary man well-known in London in the sixties, came down to Edinburgh to edit the *Courant* newspaper, now long defunct, but then the living, and in his hands lively, organ of Scotch Toryism, he chanced upon one of our numerous Sabbatarian conflicts, in which a certain Rev. Dr. Begg, a well-known Free Church leader, and one of the most orthodox men that ever lived in any age or country, was seeking, in his loudest and most imperious clerical style to narrow within the strictest limits the sphere of "works of necessity and mercy." The doctor was understood to possess a really marvellous familiarity with King James's translation of the Scriptures, a familiarity, however, which did not extend to the sources from which it was derived. Hannay, as might have been expected, took up the cudgels in favour of broadening the definition, contending, indeed, that there were no bounds to the range of "works of necessity and mercy," and illustrating his point by declaring

that if, for instance, Dr. Begg had to consult the New Testament in the original, "it would be a work of necessity for him to have a Greek dictionary, and a work of mercy to lend him one." No such latitude, however, was encouraged in our family circle. On the contrary, the spirit and letter of the standards were loyally and vigorously complied with, and "necessity" and even "mercy" were interpreted down to the very lowest minimum, because the time we were dealing with was not our own property, but God's.

Let me state precisely what was the practical effect of the Puritan doctrine of "Sabbath-keeping." It must be remembered the Deity of Calvinism exists outside the world, on which he acts mainly through second causes. His so-called "immanency" in man and the universe, which seems to be the refuge of latter-day "Theism," is foreign to Calvinism. We should not have understood it at our place. I am not sure that I comprehend it now, or can distinguish it from Pantheism. But we thought that the Deity, as it were, gave us a weekly lease of time. We were to pay him a rent beforehand, consisting of a whole day, deducting a few hours for sleep and meals, spent in worshipping him through various public and private uses of the Bible. If that rent or tax were not paid, it might cost "the pains of hell for ever." But that done, the rest of the week was not his, but our own, subject to the remaining nine commandments and their numerous logical consequences. We were at liberty to make our living or our fortune, if we honestly could, and to enjoy ourselves, within certain restricted limits; but we must make a sacrifice of the first day to the

Deity, by withdrawing it from business and pleasure, and spending the whole of it in Biblical occupations, which He had ordered, and in which we understood He had a pleasure in seeing us engaged. That this view of the "Sabbath" as a sacrifice or time-tax paid to the Deity was extensively or universally diffused I had ocular proof many years afterwards when I had become a minister in Edinburgh, and one of our chronic Sabbatarian controversies was on. This one was, I think, about the opening of the Botanic Gardens on Sunday; and I remember, during the thick of the fight, seeing a cab, with huge posters on the back and sides of it, driven leisurely through the city, as if there had been a municipal or parliamentary election going forward, and on each poster, in letters six inches long, the legend, "Give God His day." The pious agitator evidently took the sacrificial or tax view of the matter, and regarded the amount of Biblical exercise that would be neutralised by the time proposed to be spent by the public in the gardens as a dishonest deduction from the exaction as stated in the Divine demand-note.

During a large part of my boyhood my life was made miserable by my conscious inability to keep the "Sabbath" as I believed it ought to be kept. During the rest of the week I felt comparatively safe, as most of the forbidden joys were beyond my reach, and the rest I thought I could easily do without. But on the "Sabbath" my rebellious thoughts would often be too much for me. During the reading, or the psalm-singing, or the preaching, I would catch myself wondering whether I would get permission to go to

Torryburn races that week, which I very much doubted, or whether my school-fellow, Peter Moyes, of Shire's Mill, would pay me back the penny I lent him a fortnight ago to buy apples with, which also I very much doubted. Instead of driving these thoughts out, I would indulge them a little, and then I knew I had committed a sin, or rather two sins. I knew also from the Catechism that "*every* sin deserveth God's wrath and curse, both in this life and that which is to come," while the terrible threatenings denounced against all "Sabbath-breakers" by the monthly evangelical tracts already mentioned filled my imagination with hideous and terrific prospects. I knew, indeed, that all this could be avoided if only I put faith in the dogmatic section of the Catechism, and I tried hard to put faith in it, although I could not make out with any clearness any meaning it might have in it. But I knew also that unless my faith were "saving" faith, it was no good; and how was I to get "saving" faith, and know that I had got it? That I could not have it without "grace" the Catechism told me, and the tracts continually urged me to pray for "grace." But I was aware that in order to pray for grace, I must have grace to pray. How was I to begin? I was travelling round a circle, and could not get forward. Many a time I sank back baffled and bewildered, and blamed my own "wicked heart." But then, if my heart remained wicked, what was to become of me?

One day a thought struck me. I went over the Fourth Commandment in my mind—I knew it well—and I noticed that it only forbade "work," and said

nothing about "play" or "thoughts." Perhaps I was not so wicked after all. I determined to speak to my father about it. I asked him if it was really wicked to think about play on the "Sabbath-day." "What did I mean by that question? Did I want to play at bools (marbles) on the 'Sabbath'? The very thoct o' sic a thing was a sin." He was quite stern, but I was desperate, and I ventured an argument. I said I thought the commandment only forbade "work," and did not mention "play" or "thoughts." He was down on me at once. Did I know I was talking "scepticism"? There must be no scepticism. I must keep the "Sabbath-day" as it should be kept. I said no more. I was frightened at the charge of "scepticism." I had heard him often denounce it. He might praise a particular man for high qualities of head and heart, but when he added that he was "very sceptical about religion," we felt that the commendation had been all but cancelled. On any other subject he would welcome question and argument. But he would have no question or argument about the received opinions on religion. We must think and do what the Bible bade us think and do, and the Bible bade us think and do what the ministers and the Catechism said it bade us think and do. He was transmitting in all its purity and power the tradition of Protestant authority under which he had been reared himself. Anything different was "scepticism."

I had no distinct idea of what "scepticism" was, but I knew it must be something dreadful, as I heard it denounced almost every Sunday at church even more

sweepingly than at home. The minister was young, ignorant, and shallow (though, of course, I did not know that then), but with a splendid voice, and a free use of his arms and fists, whether for general gesticulation or emphatic thumping of the pulpit cushion. I can see and hear him now, holding up the "daring sceptic" to general odium, and painting a terrific picture of his future fate. Then some other Sunday we had the "blasphemous Hume" set out as an awful warning, when the "good David" was shown up in all his absurdity and wickedness. Then some further Sunday we had Voltaire and Cowper's cottager in chiaroscuro, in which shudder and thrill alternated as the sketch developed. There was no argument. It was undisguised, authoritative cursing. It seemed to be the way all through the church, from the highest to the lowest. I found it in full blow years afterwards when, as a student, I attended the theological lectures of the Very Rev. Principal Lee, of Edinburgh University, most pleasant and obliging of antiquarians, when he opened what promised to be an up-to-date reconciliation of "Genesis and Geology," by stating that he intended to expose "some impious conclusions which audacious professors of 'science, falsely so-called,' had drawn from certain fossils which they had excavated from the bowels of the earth." The rest was equal to sample.

I subsequently met the same authoritative exclusiveness in a much humbler, though not humble, ecclesiastical official—I had almost said dignitary—the beadle—he insisted on being called church-officer—of the first ministerial charge I held in the Church of Scotland.

I used to ask him for the addresses of the people whom I thought of visiting, and in one case, after telling me where So-and-So's residence was, he added that he was a "deëstical [*sic*] kind o' buddy, and he wadna advise me to coontenance him." It was in the best style of Protestant authority I took my own way, however, and found the "deëstical" one a man of singular modesty and intelligence. One night my Most Orthodox Beadle—I mean church-officer—came to me with a melting tale of his family misfortunes, and begged me to lend him £5 for a fortnight. I let him have the money. That night he and his made a "moonlight flitting,"* no marble tells us whither. I have never seen or heard of him or my £5 since. I should like to for several reasons. His name was William M'Cracken, and my address can always be had on application to my publishers.

I was cured of my "scepticism"—for the time, and could only lament the wickedness of my heart, and hope that a change would come over me. I made up my mind to do my best in the way of "giving God His day," both in thought and act. The tracts, indeed, assured me that I should consider myself very fortunate in having the chance of making this sacrifice to the Divine Ruler of all, because it was a happiness above all others to have communion with Him through prayers and psalms and Bible-reading and Bible-preaching. I knew the words of the hymn with reference to church services—

"I have been there and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below."

* A house removal by night.

I could not honestly say that I felt much, if any, of this happiness ; but that was probably further proof of my depravity. The prayers made me miserable, because their confessions reminded me how bad I was, and therefore in what danger, while the intensity and range of them, which I could not follow, made me suspect that my case must be more desperate than I thought, as probably I was so bad that I could not properly feel how bad I was. The Bible-reading seldom awoke any interest. I could make nothing of the prose Psalms and their high spiritual raptures ; nothing of the Prophets, major or minor ; nothing of the Epistle to the Romans, and most of the other Epistles, while the Revelation looked to me like a collection of riddles.

The narrative books I could follow, but I was afraid I had only a story-book interest in them. The common sense of the Proverbs often commended itself to me, but I had read enough in the tracts to know that cold morality would never save me. The Gospels, except John's, most of which puzzled me, did, I must say, awaken most interest in me, but my difficulty in realising the miracles, which beset me from my earliest days, frightened me once more about my evil heart of unbelief, and the utter impossibility of my taking up my cross and following the Master made me despair. The parabolical and paradoxical form of much of his higher ethical teaching puzzled me. I did not see how I was ever to love my enemies when I thought of the malignant tricks played me by those young ruffians whose father kept the Red Lion. And yet I was bound to do it. What a task ! I liked better the direction to do to others as I would have them do to

me, and often tried, although I sometimes wished the other party had been trying too. But in a course of Bible reading from beginning to end, which was the right thing to do, this exalted morality came seldom round, while our Catechism did not emphasise it at all.

The congregational singing of the psalms and paraphrases I did enjoy, but it was for the music, which, although a good deal mixed, both in time and tune, especially when led by a "precentor" whose key-note always fell, and whose high notes were generally flat, relieved the heavy prose work, and was pleasing to my youthful ear, unaccustomed to music of any kind. But not seldom my pleasure was marred when I noticed the words we were singing. There was one paraphrase, strange to say often sung, in which occurred the words—

"But bloody hands and hearts unclean, and all the lying race,
The *faithless*, and the scoffing crew who spurn at offered
grace ;

They, seized by justice, shall be doomed in dark abyss to lie,
And in the fiery burning lake the second death shall die."

Perhaps I was among the "faithless," and I could get nobody to console me with a metaphorical Hell. On the whole, during those early and credulous years, I seldom lay down to sleep on Saturday night without an uneasy or even apprehensive mind. I did not anticipate to-morrow with pleasure. It would certainly be a long and probably a hard task to shut out the world and get through the exercises. But then, unless I did it, there was the doom of the "Sabbath-breaker" to be faced. I was in the proverbial position that is bounded on one side by the deep sea. So I usually ended by once more resolving to do my best.

On Sundays we were usually engaged for fifteen hours, in round numbers, directly or indirectly, connected with the special avocations of the day. Of these, fully seven were devoted to exercises of Biblical worship, including the reading of "good" books, tracts, sermons, and other literature having a Biblical reference; three hours and a half to conversation on the sermons, services, and other religious topics; two hours and a half to preparations for worship, dressing and changing our dress, and walking to and from church; and two hours to meals. I am distributing the conversation, of course, over the journeying and the meals, and allowing each its strict quota.

We were usually at breakfast at 8 a.m. My father's practice was to pronounce a very long grace at all meals, Sundays and other days as well. It was the traditional way of keeping up family worship among people whose work did not allow time for separate reading, singing, and prayer. At the Reformation period, men like the Regent Murray prefaced dinner with half an hour of the "Word"; and when Irving, on being asked to say grace at a dinner of his admirers to which he had been invited, went on for half an hour without showing any signs of stopping, and the host, on touching him and suggesting that the dinner was getting cold, received for answer, "Who art thou, O man, that wouldst stay the outpouring of the Spirit?" while Irving went on as before, he was simply continuing the universal tradition of Scottish Puritanism. Burns, in his day, girded at "three-mile prayers and half-mile graces." My father's traditionary form of the exercise was not quite on this scale, but it was really a

prayer-grace, longer on Sundays than at other times.

Breakfast was over well before nine, and as we did not start for church until half-past ten, we had a good hour and a half to get through in a way that would satisfy the Catechism. Getting into our Sunday clothes was admittedly a "work of necessity," but it did not take up much time, even if done leisurely, so that there was more than an hour in which "worldly thoughts" must be kept out of the mind by reading the Bible and "good" books. I preferred the books for that hour. That was not from want of regard for the Bible. On the contrary, every copy of it was to me a kind of fetish, and regarded with a sort of idolatrous reverence. All our copies were kept apart from books of merely human authorship. But I found it easier and pleasanter to read, say, "The Pilgrim's Progress" than the prophecies of Ezekiel. Then the "Apocrypha" was permissible, with a caution; also Cowper's Life and Poems, except "John Gilpin." So were Kirke White, Blair's "Grave," Young's "Night Thoughts," Lives of certain missionaries, a History of the Reformation, a book about the Persecutions of the Covenanters and Martyrs, Peden, and Renwick, and John Brown, etc., under Charles II., with all the wickednesses and cruelties of Claverhouse and Dalzell and Grierson of Lagg, and the "bloody Mackenzie." I was fortunate in making a great "find" for "Sabbath" morning use in the shape of a very large volume of Ancient History, wanting title page and conclusion, but bound so as to sell better off the bookstall. I consulted my mother about it, and showed her how it dealt with Greeks and

Romans, Medes and Persians, Assyrians and Babylonians, and other nations mentioned in the Bible. I showed her that it used even the blessed word Mesopotamia. She thought I might safely read it. This was an immense relief to me. I liked it, and, though I sometimes feared that it was a worldly delight I was enjoying, yet, on the other hand, there was the mother's approval, and the undoubted fact that it put Bible peoples in a new and instructive light.

By half-past ten we were on the way to church, which was a good Scotch mile away. We were a solemn, often silent, and rather slow procession, part of the road being uphill. Any conversation that arose had to be "edifying," and my father would often do what he could to "improve" incidents and persons encountered on the way by impressing the value and necessity of truth-telling, honesty, perseverance, justice, mercy, etc., and denouncing dissipation, idleness, gambling, wastefulness of time or money, oppression, and, indeed, all kinds of vice and wickedness. These wayfaring moralities were not thrown away, and I believe did more good than hours of the prescribed "exercises." I was glad when we got inside the church, which was a restoration, in as good taste as the pew and gallery arrangements demanded by Presbyterianism would admit, of the only remaining fragment of a famous old Abbey, some of whose abbots, in the old days, had taken a high place in the literature and history of the country. The solemnity and stillness of the place, broken only by the melancholy clang of the massive bell in the high, square tower, with the view of the graveyard and tombstones through one of the windows,

impressed me with a feeling of something mysterious, serious, grave, even saddening, though not unpleasantly so, that was far above the sensation experienced in the work and bustle and fun of my everyday school life. The sentiment was not in vain. It comes back to me still. It was, I believe, the awakening of that sense of the unutterable and the inexplicable and the almost sternly majestic and overwhelming, in or transcending life, which, as I understand things, is the essence of the soul's religious attitude, and without which existence would be a shallow, commonplace, and virtually vulgar thing.

I am not sure that I liked being aroused out of this mystic waking dream by the entrance of the beadle with the pulpit Bible, and his subsequent return for and with the officiating clergyman, whom he carefully shut in, and left alone, and unaided as it looked to me, in his responsible elevation. Years afterwards, when my course of life made it an experience of my own to be similarly locked in and left to myself by beadles, a sense of defencelessness and helplessness often struck my heart with faintness as I looked round a gazing congregation and wondered how I was ever to face them and satisfy them. I have had something of the same feeling on platforms and various other scenes of public utterance, and I have been told that stage-fright is a painful experience in the dramatic profession, but none of them is, or can be, I think, so formidable as the pulpit-fright, with which I often had to struggle. In my early preaching career I occasionally turned absolutely sick, at home, at the prospect before me, and even still, after thousands of public appearances of

various kinds, I have always more or less of a nervous sinking at heart when fated to face the public. The only security is to have something to say that you can yourself respect, and which will buoy you up, as it were, and plunge resolutely into the water, and swim for your life. You are morally certain to come safe ashore.

One of our "ministers," I am certain, was never without this feeling. I say "one" of them, for the old burgh, although in my boyhood a small place, had at one time been a populous seat of the girdle-making industry, for which it was famous all over and even beyond Scotland, and of which it had a practical, if not a chartered monopoly. Then, in the old days the people had lived in the shadow of the Abbey, and might have felt it strange not to see a plurality of clergy about. Anyhow, we were a collegiate charge, and it is the senior colleague, the minister of the first charge, that is, the holder of the better living, and tenant of the "manse," whom I have in view. He was an elderly man, of clerical lineage, frigidly dignified manners, exemplary and amiable character, scholarly and not without mental power, but timid, shy, and retiring, and perfectly incapable of "roughing it" in any shape or form. Late in life he married a young wife, and at the time there was much speculation in the parish as to how he had plucked up the courage assumed to be needful for securing a matrimonial position. In the pulpit he seemed to be always in a state of mortal fear. He had three prayers, which he had got by heart—as had also his hearers—like the multiplication table, so that he could not

possibly break down. In preaching he could not look his audience in the face, but kept his eye steadily on his manuscript, often suspected from its yellowish hue to be an old one of his father's, who had also been a parish minister, and which he read in a monotonous and scarcely audible sing-song, his finger following the line, "pewin' (ploughing) the paper wi' his nose," as certain critical members of his flock irreverently put it.

His colleague was a pear from a different tree. Much less worthy of respect, either intellectually or as a man, he was "nae slave to the paper," and his prayers were memorable performances, especially one which began, "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out; let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits," an apostrophe preludent to a truly wonderful series of rhetorical fireworks of anything but a precatory character, and reminiscent of the well-known Yankee clerical chestnut which commemorates "the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience." Of the two, we young people preferred the elder divine, though really for a selfish reason. His sermons, as far as I can now infer from very nebulous recollections, must have covered the entire Calvinistic system, from the eternal decrees to the day of judgment, and were considered too high and too dry, to say nothing of their lifeless and scarcely articulate delivery, for the comprehension of the young. Accordingly we received a dispensation from attending to our senior pastor's prelections, provided we read the Bible during the liberated

hour. And so, when what the Scotch Presbyterians called the "preleeminaries," meaning thereby the singing, prayers, and reading of the Scripture lessons were over, and the sermon came on, I turned with positive delight and a good conscience to what the pious American Sunday-school boy designated "the fightingest parts of the Bible."

The victorious march of the Israelites through the Red Sea, and the collapse of Pharaoh and his chariots; the sanguinary exploits of Joshua among the Canaanites and Amorites; the downfall of the walls of Jericho before the blasts of the rams' horns; the day's pause of the sun and moon over Gibeon and Ajalon respectively; the warlike doings of Deborah and Barak; the nail and hammer slaughtering of the too-trustful Sisera by Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite; the expedition of the Danites to Laish, and their successful massacre of the unsuspecting inhabitants; the career of Elijah, and especially his destruction of the forty-two mocking children through the agency of the two she-bears, and his miraculous flotation of the woodcutter's axe-head; the exciting duel of David and Goliath; the stirring as well as tragic adventures of Samuel and Saul and Jonathan; in a word, the immense collection of warlike and wonderful tales between and including Genesis and Esther, with Daniel and Josiah thrown in, formed an inexhaustible fund of, fortunately, hallowed entertainment, which made the time fly pleasantly. If, occasionally, ethical or sceptical questionings arose in my mind, I put them down. I was not like the young Arab of Aberdeen who, when his Sunday school teacher, after a successful effort to

get him in for one attendance, told him the story of Jonah and the whale, witheringly exclaimed, "Gey like!"* and fled to return no more. Enough for me that it was the Bible, and so I hastened on to the next story, thankful that my senior pastor was so bad a preacher. Because the junior colleague, who was, at all events, audible, and was supposed to be intelligible, stopped off the private reading and made us boys responsible for his text, and his "heads," if he had any. Beyond what I have mentioned already, I retain no recollection of his preaching, except a sermon on the Resurrection, which must have been a perfect triumph of imaginative absurdity, and fairly made my hair stand on end, especially a closing picture of the final rising, with unappropriated bones flying and clashing through the air from all points of the compass, and sent me home a sadder, though not a wiser, lad.

The service lasted about an hour and a half, of which it behoved at least forty-five to fifty minutes to be occupied by the sermon, the other exercises being rather slightly regarded as a sort of sacred padding used by the preacher, with pious astuteness, to fill up time. I am told that twenty to thirty minutes is now the vogue, but that would not have passed muster in the days when I was a church-going boy. Brevity in a preacher was always suspected by "good judges of a sermon" as a sign that he "hadna muckle in him." It would have required Paul and Apollos combined to make twenty-five minutes succeed. I recollect being much impressed with this tendency of the popular judgment shortly after I was settled in my first parish.

* That is, "Highly probable," used ironically.

A new man had also recently come to the neighbouring parish, who was a votary of brevity. We "exchanged pulpits," and my ultimately-swindler beadle told me that "the folk were real angry at bein' pit aff wi' Maister Blank, and nae wun'r. He just gied us a quarter, and knockit the hail thing clean oot inside the 'oor"; meaning that my congregation were offended by having Mr. Blank imposed upon them, and that it was not surprising, as his sermon was only fifteen minutes long, and he finished the entire service within the hour. My rev. brother's terseness became quite a scandal. As I myself gave full measure, and occasionally overflowing, some of his parishioners came to me proposing membership. I advised them, of course, to attend their own parish church, but they said they "really couldna. It was a mere waste o' claes gaun to hear Maister Blank. Ye were nae shuner* comfortable doon i' yer seat than ye had to get oot o't again." And certainly, to spend perhaps three-quarters of an hour getting one's self up in one's Sunday's best for only one quarter's preaching did seem an excess of expenditure over income, and disappointing to hearers accustomed to a more liberal supply. My neighbour, however, was a man of sense, and finding condensation a failure, took to cultivating a reasonable longiloquence, and soon recovered his usefulness, or, at all events, his popularity.

We had no fault to find with either of our pastors on the score of quantity. But complaints were loud and long among homebound critics about the senior minister's "dreichness" (tediousness), "fashionlessness"

* "Shuner"—"Sheunner" with French *œu*.

(deadly dulness), and "slavery to the paper." Many of the disappointed ones took to attending neighbouring churches on the days when our senior pastor officiated. My father was very unwilling to become a deserter, and for a long time contented himself with severe criticism of ineffectual preaching, but at last sought out an Old Light Anti-Burgher luminary at Kincardine-on-Forth, a small town some three or four miles further up the estuary, "under whom" he "sat," along with myself, on occasional Sundays for two or three years, but of whom I now recollect nothing, except that he had a large silver-haired head, and occasionally stamped with his foot during his sermon, from which I infer that he must have been an animated preacher. I noticed that my father was at pains both on the way back and at home to contrast the performances of the neighbouring Nonconformist whom we had been "hearing" with our own parochial divine, whom, perhaps, we ought to have heard, very much, of course, to the disadvantage of the latter. As a matter of fact, he was acting upon an unwritten rule of the Puritan code, that condemnation of clerical sins or shortcomings was, from the sacredness of the subject, receivable as religious conversation, although it might make quite enough of room for the old Adam as assistant to the new saint.

An instance of this peculiarity has stuck to my memory as part of my experience when, long after the time I am speaking of, I was minister of Trinity College Church, Edinburgh. A few preliminary facts require stating. An old and historical church had been knocked down to make way for the old Waverley

Station of the North British Railway, and, owing to municipal squabbles, not worth rehearsing, was as unconscionable a time in rebuilding as Charles II. acknowledged that he was in dying. During the prolonged interval the congregation, in a manner, lived in lodgings, shifting about from one Sunday meeting-place to another, according to the caprices or necessities of the city authorities. During the eight years of my incumbency our tent was pitched in one of the three churches that are, or were, included under the spacious roof and famous spire of the cathedral of St. Giles. Its modern and civilized name was the Old Church, but it had long been popularly known as "Haddie's Hole," from having been or contained the prison of Lord Haddo, son of the then Earl of Aberdeen, during the wars of the Covenant. It was also reputed to enclose the scene of Jenny Geddes's memorable and fateful demonstration against the Dean of Edinburgh. As you entered from the High Street its door faced you across the breadth of the common entrance hall of the three separate temples. On your right was the church of West St. Giles, and on your left the famous "High Kirk," or premier church of Edinburgh, now, I understand, a place of worship with a very gorgeous interior, but then an extremely gaunt, dreary, and empty structure, with pews so deep that if you dropped into one you might be very thankful if you could keep your head above wood, and catch a glimpse of what was going on. The congregation had cleared out at the "Disruption," and the two clergymen who had succeeded the highly popular divines who had disrupted, although men of ability,

were past their prime and their popularity, and were attended on Sundays by a very scanty audience even when reinforced by the Judges or the Town Council, to listen to the reading of, for the most part, ancient MSS., which had once been highly effectual in other scenes of pulpit labour, but had apparently lost their earlier power.

It so happened that an old parishioner of my own, and a steady church-goer and sermon critic in his day, had taken to what friends correctly judged to be his dying bed, and his daughter, a very excellent person, but, like many Presbyterians, not yet entirely emancipated from the traditions of the viaticum, was very anxious that some religious service or conversation should be had with her father before he quitted the world. My venerable friend, however, steadily parried her efforts to inveigle him into anything of the kind. He did not exactly take up the attitude of the dying old Scotch laird who, when his pastor offered to pray with him, exclaimed in alarm, "Loard's sake, minister, it's shurely * no come that len'th yet." He simply said it was not necessary. In her distress the daughter came to me, and asked me urgently to call. I elected to join the pious conspiracy, and arrived. The old man said he was glad to see me, but he did not look it. He knew quite well what was on foot. I tried my best to get him to make some observation of a religious character, chiefly for the sake of the daughter. Out of regard to my presence, I think, he made an effort to this effect—"Terrible lazy men on the left haund ; gaed to hear them ae Sawbath ; vera

* The "u"—French *eu*.

flet (flat) discoorses ; een never aff the paper ; awfu' lazy men." I asked the daughter what he meant, and she informed me that one Sunday, finding I was to be absent, he had turned to his left into the High Kirk, and come home very disappointed and full of complaint. "Jeanie's perfittly richt," he added, "laziest men I ever saw."

I began to see how the land lay. He was doing what he could for "Jeanie." He was having a religious conversation with me. What else could it be? Was it not about ministers? "Father," she said, putting it directly, "wad ye no' like the minister to mak' a prayer wi' ye?" "Vera flet discoorses on the left haund—terrible lazy men." I asked him if he would care for my reading a "chapter" with him. "Flettest discoorses I ever heard—een never aff the paper." 'Twas throwing words away. My ancient friend had the genuine Puritan aversion to sacerdotalism, or its substitute, or imitation. He would submit to any amount of prayings and preachments in the public assembly, for that, he understood, was a scriptural duty ; or he would privately discuss religious topics with a friend, as he considered he was now doing ; but when it came to actual and personal dealing with the future or the unknown, he would have no interposition of the ceremonial or the official ; he wanted to be left alone. It reminded me of the last hours of our great Scotch scholar, Buchanan, when he did what he could to keep Mess John Davidson at bay with sarcasms about transubstantiation, to the huge satisfaction, no doubt, of that faithful pastor. Andrew Melville also visited him. If ever there was a chance for a display

of Puritan zeal and unction, it was surely when Andrew Melville was by. But Andrew had more sense, and knew better. He talked with his old master about the proofs of his forthcoming "History," and so departed. He was aware that the veteran fellow-humanist—for Melville was all that—neither wished nor needed the intrusion of formalism in the supreme crisis. My aged parishioner was not intellectually a Buchanan by any means, but in this phase of sentiment they were identical. I rose and shook hands with him as we said good-bye. He did not ask me to come back, but he was pleased to say that we had had "a vera refreshin' conversation."

At home we had a good deal of this sort of refreshing conversation during dinner, when the senior pastor had been officiating in the morning. This, of course, was suspended during the "Anti-Burgher" interlude, and ceased altogether after my father "was made" an elder—a very imposing rite to us of his family, and of which, I am afraid, we were, for the time, somewhat carnally proud. After that my father's respect for the old gentleman's character made him silent about his preaching, except when he positively praised it, as he occasionally and gladly did when an exceptionally good MS. had been selected from the "barrel."* The two men, indeed, became considerable friends, my father being rather glad of the chance of fighting the older pastor's battles in the Kirk Session against the bumptiousness of the younger one, who was an aggressive and not very amiable or

* Scotch divines were reputed to keep their sermons, original or derived, in barrels. I have my own still, but in a largeish tin chest—a doleful property.

sensible person, and must have had a good many bad quarters of an hour with his colleague's champion, who was constitutionally, though not indiscriminately, disposed to take the weaker side, and had a direct and emphatic way of expounding his ideas which was often more plain than pleasant to the listener.

Even in the critical days, however, we had not much time for this phase of religious exercise, having to dispatch our dinner and hasten back to the afternoon's service, moralising or silently but piously reflecting, by the way. This service was simply a repetition of the morning's, with, of course, different texts, psalms, prayers, and "chapters," made more tolerable, I am bound to admit, by the interval, which was not enjoyed by the congregations of many large and scattered rural, or, in Knoxian phrase, "up-a-land" parishes, especially in the North, where they had to hear both sermons at one sitting, divided only by a psalm and prayer, the whole service occupying three or four hours of continuous exercise.

[Here the fragment of "Recollections" abruptly terminates.]



EDUCATION AND CHURCH LIFE

BY

J. CAMPBELL SMITH

I

ANNOTATIVE AND SUPPLEMENTARY

DR. WALLACE'S memories of early years, unfortunately not carried beyond school days in the element of precise biographical fact, are, so far as they go, a record of mental growth and culture, moulded, shaped, curtailed, and rounded to completion in the light of the reflection and manifold experience of after years. They are the unforgotten and important parts of early life, written by a man completely mature, or at least as mature as a man like him can ever be, who thought a record of the influences that affected his mental development worthy of memory and of record, but thought, or wrote as if he thought, the small prosaic facts of his youth of no consequence whatever, and not worth unfolding to contemporaries in the case of a living man with a probable course of work and duty before him that might be hampered or impeded by too minute a record of little things more likely to provoke sneers than promote edification.

The writer of an autobiography intended for publication in his lifetime may well pass over in silence many facts that after his death become matters of curiosity and interest to those who desire to know the whole truth about every completed life, after death has rendered it impossible to discover how the externals

of objectivity modified and limited or expanded the mind, which, though the true essence of the man, can be made the subject of conjecture and inference after the inner knowledge can no longer be unfolded or confessed. Robert Wallace did at rare times talk about himself, his prospects, and his early history, but he had in him a bigger endowment of taciturnity than is the inheritance of most Scotchmen, coming, I conjecture, from his mother's side of the house. He knew well enough that I had been for years a mason, and had saved the money upon which I lived in half-crown lodgings when his fellow-student, but I never knew that he had ever worked, or tried to work, as a quarryman until I read the preceding pages in MS.

In these reminiscences the personal element, apart from the element of mental evolution, has been almost entirely ignored. If it will serve no useful purpose, it will at least gratify a not unnatural curiosity to tell a little more about him than any man involved in life's battle who has exaggerated the thinker and suppressed the man, and who feels uncertain of victory or of defeat, and somewhat indifferent about both, cares to tell about himself and the share that casual circumstances have had in his anxieties and his successes.

For the instruction as well as for the encouragement of young men in our free country, it may be well to know a few of the biographical details of a man like him, both as a stimulus to hope and hard work, and also as a warning against the surrender of the oases of reality for the tempting mirage overhanging, in various aspects, the dry sand of human selfishness. He was a strong man, both physically and mentally—one among

tens of thousands. He drew several prizes in the big lottery of life. How far and in what way they were thrown away or filched away from him are subjects for all the thoughtful who can compare the work of the teachers of our generation with their wages and their rewards.

It has not yet been denied that Robert Wallace was a native of Fifeshire. His birthplace is claimed for three parishes in that county, to wit, Ceres, St. Andrews, and Leuchars. I think it certain that Ceres, a pretty, pleasant village near the county-town of Cupar-Fife, was the home of his father's family as far back as human tradition goes, and can be trusted. His father's father was what was called in last century "a customar weaver," or otherwise, a manufacturer of cloth out of home-grown materials for homely local use. Generally, this class of artist was furnished with yarns spun in winter evenings in the farm- and smaller country-houses from lint and wool grown on the farms and sent to the "customar weaver" to be put upon bobbins and pirns, and be warped, placed on the loom, and woven into cloth for towels, table-cloths, bedding, and the Sunday and everyday dresses, "hodden grey" for the men and damask for the women of the district, "gentle and semple."

Dr. Wallace had an idea that his father's father was the first to introduce damask weaving into Fife, an industry that in the memory of many still living has led to large prosperity in Dunfermline, Freuchie, and other towns and villages. What the grandfather Wallace may have invented for damask or done to introduce it into Fifeshire I don't know, but I know

that my father's father and his grandfather, going back to 1700 or further, were engaged in the same line of business and that the bills of my grandfather's grandfather for the dresses worked by him for Mrs. Morris Trent of Pitcullo, near Logie, another weaving village in Fifeshire, where he grew lint on his own feu-farm and wove homespun yarn into cloth of all kinds used in the district, were complained of by her uncongenial husband in the middle of the 18th century, though her bill did not come up to thirty pounds, just as a modern husband would of a draper's bill of one or two thousand pounds. Among my grandfather's "back-load" of religious books, and better taken care of then than most of them (except one), was a thin parchment volume containing patterns for damask towels and table-cloths that must have been in existence before grandfather Wallace was old enough to invent anything.

Ceres, which is still an interesting village, continued to be a habitat of weavers till machinery destroyed the hand-loom trade, a habitat of other country tradesmen also, especially masons, some of them with a talent for sculpture as well as a few of them with a taste for poaching and training dogs that did not bark. The damask-weaver's son Jasper, perhaps from foresight as to the fate of hand-loom weaving, but more probably because of a sanguine, restless, nervous temperament, took to gardening, serving a sort of nominal apprenticeship for gradually increasing wages in the garden of the adjoining estate of Craig-hall. Having thus acquired by experience the skill necessary to take charge of a garden himself—a garden as distinguished from a kail-yard (for the

culture of which no special skill is required, unless it may be the modern art for the growing of fiction and vulgar Scotch in it), he shifted from place to place for the sake of wider experience or larger wages until he found a wife in the mother whose merits are recorded with such affectionate heartiness in the *Reminiscences*. I once had an interview with her—one and one only. My college acquaintance with her son had often started in my mind a desire to see his mother, because I had never met any man of his abilities whose mother was not, whatever her sphere in life, a woman of uncommon mental gifts. The kindness of holiday friends carried me twice in carriages to Culross, from which Wallace hailed in his college days. On the second occasion my aged, warm-hearted host, Mr. John Ritchie, the original capitalist of the *Scotsman*, gave me leave to desert him and the young ladies of his pleasant party, and the inspection of pictures and other curios in Valleyfield House, and go and see Wallace's mother. She was rather astonished by my unexpected visit, and looked shy to begin with, but was neither shy nor silent very long. No stranger ever took more readily to me or ceased more rapidly to be a stranger. I saw his father afterwards, and talked with him for a time on the parapet of one of the battlements with which the old lady of Dunnomarle had fortified herself against her discarded husband and the world. The father was not shy, but burly, sturdy, and self-possessed, brusque and humorous, with or without intent, fit to fill his own place in the world most successfully, but not, as it seemed to me, to be very comfortable in a higher sphere. On the

other hand, the mother seemed to me to be a born aristocrat in brains, blood, and feature. I saw in her the source of all her son Robert's talents, except his humour, of which she might also have been possessed in its more subtle and delicate essence, though she gave little indication of it to me. Her face, which was pale and finely chiselled, had on it, when in repose, the expression of intense sadness, if not of positive melancholy. Her dark eyes had in them an occasional glow of the kind which is associated with poetry. I fancy she had in her an element of the poetic, sentimental, and emotional which he had not inherited, and that she wanted the keen, somewhat severe critical insight and proneness to satire and ridicule which he possessed, and which made him formidable to fools and pretenders through all his active iconoclastic life. To one kind friend who watched over her death-bed she stated that one of her parents belonged to the peerage, and I can quite believe that statement not utterly unlikely to be true. My studies and observations in physiognomy and phrenology, persevered in since boyhood, however, do not enable me to divine or even conjecture the aristocratic family from which Wallace's face and eye and profile can possibly have been inherited. His contour of face and skull and under-jaw have always forced me to class his physiognomy, facial and cranial, with the type of Burns; he was, to my eye, with such skill as lay behind it, a sort of Scotch cousin to Burns, to whom the heritage of poetic vision and utterance, transcendental, light, and emotional, had been granted sparingly by the award of Destiny, but not entirely

withheld, though the power or perhaps the clear call to utter it had not been given.

Over the details of my conversation with his mother the dust of forty years has gathered. One of them, however, clearly remembered, is conclusive to me as to where her son was born. Her husband, at the time of his birth, was gardener at Clayton, a small residential estate on the banks of the Eden, in the parish of Leuchars, my native parish, and known to me from childhood, but most familiar to me during the time that it was the home and property of William Pagan, a nephew of Allan Cunningham (not unknown in literature and art), a banker and writer in Cupar, best known as "A Road Reformer," because he persistently for years, in speeches and pamphlets, advocated the abolition of tolls. Mrs. Wallace asked me if I knew Clayton, talked about old acquaintances at my native place, which is within three miles of it, and told me that Robert was born in the gardener's house at Clayton. Next time I met him I told him of my interview with his mother, and of what she said about his birthplace. He said he understood he had been born at Bloomhills, an estate near St. Andrews. His birth* is not registered in the register of Leuchars, but is registered as having occurred at Kincaple, an estate on the St. Andrews side of the Eden, and divided from Clayton by that stream. He was baptised by the Rev. Dr. Buist, the minister of the second charge of St. Andrews Parish Church, one of the most gentle and

* The St. Andrews register of his birth is as follows:—Robert, son of Jasper Wallace, gardener, Kincaple, and Elizabeth Archibald, his wife, was born 24th June, 1831, and baptized by Dr. Buist some time thereafter.

beautiful of old clergymen in our college days, but, I am afraid, a rather dull, though sensible preacher, and certainly unmatched for slowness of utterance among all the orators I have ever heard. Jasper Wallace, who was sometimes afflicted with dissenting prejudices, may have disliked the Rev. David Watson, the minister of the parish of Leuchars, in which Clayton is situated, who, when preaching, rarely looked up from the paper, but wrote and read excellent sermons, being a very superior classical scholar, who could repeat Horace by the half-hour, as also tales of his Edinburgh college days, when John Leyden and Brougham, by their oddities and eccentricities, amazed their contemporaries. He had the reputation of an aristocrat and a Moderate, and was not loved by Dissenters.

How fortunate the boy Robert Wallace was in his teacher, his parents, and the circumstances that mould and develop character may be vaguely inferred from his account of them, but can never be precisely known. Suffice it to say, broadly and confidently, that few Scottish students among the thousands who enter Scottish universities at the age of eighteen or at any age have acquired such an extent of accurate preparatory knowledge as he had, spreading over the whole field of college learning. An exceptional senior like William Tennant, author of *Anster Fair*, or John Leyden or Robert Lee may have known some few branches of academic learning better, but they were out of proper proportion and in crude masses and could not be utilised for examination purposes as young Wallace had been trained to utilise and disclose with accuracy and celerity all or most of his

knowledge. For fulness, accuracy, and readiness he certainly had no equal, though he had several seniors in a class which was said to have been one of the best that was ever gathered from the four winds to the old city. My belief is that for ready and complete college lore he could have proved that he knew more than all the rest of us put together.

The duly remembered and not unduly eulogised scene of schoolboy days and labours is the not inconsiderable village or little old burgh of Culross, anciently a disjoined portion of Perthshire, but lately annexed legally to Fifeshire, to which it has always been annexed by contact of soil. Few such places are in Scotland or can be elsewhere found for stimulating and unfolding the mental faculties of a boy with brains. It occupies a picturesque situation on the picturesque and many-storied Firth of Forth. Traditions of Dunfermline and Falkland hover over its waters as well as ancient tales of the northern fortalice of Edwin of Northumbria, once the real and still the nominal capital of Scotland, beautiful Edinburgh, of which it may be said more truly than of most cities of the planet, "All save the spirit of man is divine." Traditions also there are of which Culross Abbey is the focus of association, and of the wonderful coalpit that had an entrance surrounded by the sea, out of which when James VI. on a visit of inspection emerged and saw nothing but water, he shouted "Treason, treason!" also traditions of St. Mungo and St. Serf, and of the murder of Macduff's wife and children having been perpetrated by Macbeth somewhere in the neighbourhood at a place called "Dunnomarle," which is the old

name of the old maid's castellated mansion, either actual or transplanted, where Jasper Wallace was gardener and where his family were brought up so comfortably and so well, more comfortably, I venture to say, than the families of most contemporary working men in Fifeshire or in any other Scottish shire of which I have trustworthy knowledge.

II

A ST. ANDREWS HUMANITY COURSE

IN the centuries when the Church was dominant in Scotland all the knowledge and studies necessary for the Church fell within the definition of Divinity, and all that were of a secular character fell within the definition of Humanity, including the Latin language, which most especially and emphatically of all was recognised as the language of humanity, and thus secured for the Latin chair when it came into existence the name of the Humanity chair, a name which it still retains in official documents and in the talk of those who venerate, with or without understanding, the hoary traditions of antiquity. The living spirit as well as the dead soil of St. Andrews is a store of ecclesiastical ruins not readily recognised by the modern fashionable visitor or sojourner, who will probably discover the most lively language of "Humanity" not in the Latin class-room but on the Links, sacred to golf by day and flirtation after sunset, where the dialects are more remarkable for variety and vigour than for purity or for such philosophical, grammatical structures as the celebrated philologist and Principal, John Hunter, could have understood and expounded. According to custom the United College Humanity course began in October with a competition for bursaries, and ended,

after four winter sessions of six months or thereby, with examinations for the degrees of B.A. and M.A. The course of studies for the Church was followed in the other College of St. Mary's, which has a grand old hall, and a venerable thorn-tree said to have been planted by Queen Mary, who suffered so much for her religion as to entitle her to pass for a saint in any Scottish divinity college. A very few Humanity students attended St. Mary's for Hebrew, Church History, and Biblical Criticism, but they were for the most part men aspiring to the ministry of small dissenting churches, who had no complete theological colleges of their own, and who ran no risk of being converted to the confessional dogmas of the Established Church.

The bursary competition for years had been held a few days—generally on the Tuesday—before the opening of the United College in the second week of October. We gathered in 1849, as our predecessors from time immemorial had done, about fifty of us from the burgh and parish schools of the East of Scotland in accordance with advice given by schoolmasters, parish ministers, doctors, and other men who were supposed to know something about University education. The bursary competition of Aberdeen was a week earlier, and sometimes a stray competitor came from Aberdeen, where his success had not come up to his hopes or opinion of his own merits. Successful competitors from the schools of Midlothian were matters of obscure tradition. The most of them came from Perth, Dundee, Kirkcaldy, the Border counties, with an occasional unit from besouth the Tweed. The

largest number, however, had that year and for years before come from the Madras College, St. Andrews, the tide of success there beginning with Carmichael and culminating in Dr. Woodford, appointed in 1850 to be Her Majesty's first Inspector of Schools for Scotland—a left-handed production of the Scottish peerage, brought up in obscurity and left in obscurity until, by dint of precision of intellect and sleepless energy, he obtained a very high place in the bursary competition at Aberdeen, which merited success determined his career in life, much to the honour of the Madras College, and latterly to the advantage of all education in Scotland.

The competition room was, as usual, the Greek class-room, one of the largest and best-lighted of all the class-rooms. Two or three gentlemen, supposed to be professors, one of them, certainly, Dr. Pyper, the Latin professor, were there to start the race. We were planted on the benches 5 or 6 feet apart, to prevent copying. Ruled folio paper, of the kind long in use for the examination of M.D.'s, was handed to each youth, upon which, and which alone, he was directed to write his exercise, and in the seat assigned to him, during the next three hours. The College Church bell, sacred to the memory of Kate Kennedy or some other real or mythical personage, had scarcely ceased vibrating with the last stroke of 9 a.m. when each in his own way, some in a flurry, some in a fuss, some in slow, deliberate style, attacked the exercise, which was the translation of some twenty lines of English into, or back into, Latin prose. The professorial persons stood or sat and watched

as sentries for short periods, and then dwindled to one, who sat reading and, to appearance, sleeping by turns. Two competitors got up and walked out during the first hour, apparently having found the exercise impossible for them. A third also, with sonorous boots, a little later got up, stamped up the passage and slammed the door, shaking the dust of six months off it, and setting some of the lighter-hearted a-laughing. A few handed in papers a little before the lapse of the three hours, some with jaunty, others with hopeless, airs. The professor, who from time to time had opened his eyes and looked at a gold watch on the table, at last said, in exact words or in substance, "At the end of five minutes I must call in your papers, for then your three hours will have expired. Come back at one, and you will have the opportunity of taking part in the rest of the competition." We went back, nearly all of us, and had from one to four to translate a passage said to be from Quintus Curtius, describing Alexander the Great's taking of Gaza by means of a cuniculus or tunnel, and to answer a few questions as to grammar and idiom.

On the following Saturday we all met among a small mob of students of different stages of progress to hear the result of the bursary competition. We had to wait for nearly an hour before the door of the big hall was opened, and during that hour there was some horse-play, some chaff, and some comic acting. One of the chief performers was Wallace, a tallish, solemn-visaged lad, looking about 18, and, except when jeering and mimicking, appearing to be older.

By a dark brown mark on his neck over the parotid gland I recognised him as the competitor who sat exactly in front of me, whose composed demeanour as he chewed his pen and read over his exercise induced me to read over mine a third time, with the result that I discovered an error that would have set me down in the list of bursars, and perhaps too far down to get a bursary. There were six of them, all of the same value of £10 a year, of a total worth probably not the thirtieth part of what are now competed for as the use and wont preliminary to the session. Wallace had the first bursary assigned to him ; Tom Wood of Colinsburgh, afterwards an M.D. in the Indian service, the handsomest and one of the cleverest of us all, who now lies in an Indian grave, got the second ; I got the third and, but for it, could not have attended college ; Alexander Hay, Rockhampton, now D.D., of Queensland, got the fourth ; David Simpson, afterwards an M.D. in India, the next. For those who intended to go through the complete curriculum (and bursars were bound to do it or lose the bursary), the classes for the first-year students, were the classes of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, and the work of the professors was to traverse ground that had been previously gone over at the Madras Colleges of St. Andrews and Cupar and other high-class schools, including a good many of the parish schools, whose teachers had enjoyed a partial or complete course at some of the Scottish Universities. Except in Latin, the very rudiments of the subjects were gone through. In Greek a start was made at a pretty rapid pace with the alphabet. Many of the


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students by the end of six weeks were called on to repeat the Greek verb, and probably half the class repeated it without any serious mistake.

From time immemorial this had been the practice in Scottish university classes. I was told by a class-fellow of Brougham and John Leyden (the Rev. David Watson, of Leuchars) that Leyden, when called upon to recite the Greek article, recited it in such an energetic, rustic, Roxburghshire style and accent as threw the whole class, including the meek, prim, sedate Professor Dalziel, into convulsions of laughter, little dreaming that Leyden was predestined to turn out the greatest linguist of them all.

Dr. Andrew Alexander was the Professor of Greek. He was not popular as a professor. He had been translated from Aberdeen to St. Andrews, it was said, through the influence of ballooning certificates. The story used to go that a St. Andrews professor complained years after to one of the authors of the certificates that the subject of them had not yet quite come up to the high character that had been given in his testimonials. "Maybe—it's possible," retorted the Aberdonian, "but ye'll need to gi'e him far better certificates before ye get quit of him." I believe he was not a great Greek scholar, though I did not find that out myself, but he could teach a great deal more Greek as a key to ancient thought than 99 per cent. of St. Andrews students had time or inclination to learn, also much erudite rubbish about various readings and such like, more unpleasant to understand than to forget. He was, however, a man of no inconsiderable powers, mental and personal. His natural gifts were

the gifts of an orator, and they ought to have raised him to the position of a very popular preacher had he remained in the Church. He was rather deaf, had a grand, grey figure, and often looked like a prophet listening intently, if somewhat vacantly, for the whispers of inspiration. What he heard too often in his class was the sound of disorder, talking, whistling, the imitation of distant trains, and such like. His little speeches by way of appeal to and denunciation of those who were "taking advantage of my infirmity" were among the most effective brief spurts of eloquence I have ever heard. They touched the not-unkind hearts of the thoughtless noisy lads for a day or two, but a relapse gradually and very soon occurred, and I came to see, what further information as to the disorder of class-rooms both in Edinburgh and St. Andrews subsequently confirmed, that the residual monkeyism of the ancestral ape is not to be excluded from college class-rooms by considerations of generosity or of honour or of humanity. One member of the handsome family of this mal-appreciated professor spent mental powers coming near to genius upon burlesques of Carlyle, fragments of poetic composition, fugitive writing for Glasgow and Edinburgh newspapers, and a reply to John Stuart Mill's attack upon Sir W. Hamilton, to which Mill had no better answer to give than that it was a "rollicking" production. I, for my part, did not come upon any collision of wit and logic in that Mill-Hamilton fray, in which Mill was assailed with so much cleverness and so little reverence. The name of this son was Patrick Proctor Alexander, M.A., and



for the amusement of any one who cares for a laugh at great philosophers I refer to his volume on Mill and Carlyle. These great men he treats with much the same levity as the St. Andrews students treated his father.

The Professor of Latin, otherwise called Humanity because it was not a Divinity class, was Dr. William Pyper, a gentleman whose skill in every language, except English, was seriously doubted by most of the critics in the class benches. He had spent the prime of his life as a teacher in the High School of Edinburgh, and had somehow—partly by merit, but probably not without influence—obtained the presentation to the chair from the Duke of Portland, the lineal representative of Sir John Scott of Scotstarvit, who, in the days of Cromwell, founded the chair, as also the four oldest of the college bursaries. Private patronage has seldom been more conscientiously administered than it was by the descendants of "old Scott of the Staggering State," although some of them, *e.g.*, General Scott of Balcomie, have been more famous for skill in cards than in Latin.

Dr. Pyper certainly was a true master of the English language, skilled in nice distinctions and in precise expression, and capable of rising into the region of eloquence on adequate call from Latin authors at parts lighted up by the orator or the poet. He read Ovid, Virgil, and Cicero, with three or four books lying open on his desk. They were supposed, and certainly seemed to be, "cribs," but with their help (if he needed it, which I don't aver or really believe), he gave an idea of the meaning of prose and verse which came as a new revelation to those who

had been drilled and toiling at that very literal translation which is, or used to be thought, necessary to the learning to translate Latin or Greek, but which, too long or too rigorously persevered in, creeps like cramp or paralysis over the spontaneous and easy writing of English, repressing elegance, and effectually clipping the feathers of oratory and of poetry, as can be seen by all who have eyes to see in a great deal of the literature exhibiting strong intellect but broken-winged expression which emanates from Aberdeen. It was really in the region of literature or of rhetoric that Dr. Pyper was of value as a University teacher. Before we heard his expositions and translations, most of us had never seen any literary merit or beauty in the Latin classics. We could all say heartily and very sweepingly with Byron, who had passed under the harrows of Aberdeen literalism, that we hated Horace and others "not for their sins, but mine." Dr. Pyper modified the hatred, and sometimes removed it. He was a solitary, modest bachelor, but he was not blind to the appreciation either of literary or of living beauty. His library exhibited more tree-calf and gold than any other professor's I have ever seen, but looked so ornamental as to suggest that he had one set of books for use and another for show. Some critics described him as "a mere dominie." To my mind his chief defect was diffidence, and that is not a common characteristic of dominies. At times he talked fluently and eloquently, but pretty often a spasm of absence of mind struck him, and then his current sentence collapsed into "that, that," and became unfinishable. About the latest information I gathered of him was

years after his death from a medical journal giving an account of a post-mortem examination of the spinal cord of Dr. Pyper, which seemed to me to account for years of bad health, as also perhaps for some of those collapses of memory which we students looked on with callous amusement and no conception of their possible sad cause. Let me record that I never heard one unkind or unjust word from him, and that until I sat in his class, Ovid and Virgil had been dull, prosaic authors for me.

In the second year our work advanced into higher branches of these respective subjects under the same three professors, but we also came under the influence of a fourth professor, more exacting in his demands upon our time and attention than all the other three. He was W. Spalding, an Aberdonian by birth and education up to the date of his devoting himself to the studies which qualify for becoming a member of the College of Justice in Edinburgh. He was one of the most accomplished, thorough scholars in Scotland. I could not name any of his contemporaries who knew so many subjects of academic culture so well, down to the dark and bitter roots of them to which he delved through conscience or fascination as not one in ten thousand can do. He had been called to the Scottish Bar and had peered through the dust of questions that fashionable pleaders for the most part are privileged and happy to ignore. He worked at law as if he believed that the business of an advocate was to discover the whole truth and to avow it. He was afflicted with a sharpish temper and an irrepressible contempt for meanness, and in a few years, though not

quite briefless, he discovered that, as a practising advocate, it was impossible for him to be either rich or happy. Fortunately for him his learning and literary faculty had attracted the attention of Jeffrey, and his influence and that of his coterie placed him in the chair of Rhetoric in Edinburgh, where he drilled the students of Edinburgh in English literature as they had never been drilled before, and, I am afraid, not often since; and afterwards translated thence to the chair of Logic, Rhetoric, and Metaphysics in the United College of St. Andrews, where he was free to cultivate literature on oatmeal, well-sheltered from the temptations of wealth and of fashionable society. He held the chair there from 1845 till his death on 16th November, 1859, and proved for St. Andrews the most effective practical teacher ever seen in it from time immemorial. No St. Andrews professor, I believe, ever gave so much work to his classes or took so much work out of his students. Except when he lectured on oratory in law courts and elsewhere, his lectures were dry, generally very dry, but his talk about essays, exams., work coming and past, affected the students in some indescribable fashion like an epidemic of enthusiasm. They studied and wrote for him by day and by night. He read their exam. papers and essays and marked their errors with red ink and with notes that indicated the effects of passing through the office of a W.S., in a style never exemplified by any Scottish teacher that I know of, except, perhaps, Dr. Melvin of Aberdeen.

That philosophy and poetry became more fascinating under his thorough academic drill may have been said

with truth, but could not be so said by me. The flower garden of the Muses ceased, under his training, to be a mere paradise of beauty, and became a field, not without flowers, but with weeds as well, and incapable of producing either fruit or flowers without vigilant attention and well-directed hard work, such toil as the United College never had known before. We all toiled hard for Spalding in mastering the Scottish Philosophy of Reid and Stewart, with occasional fascinating glimpses of the much more Titanic Sir William Hamilton; also still more occasional and superficial glimpses of Rhetoric as a science, but a very thorough survey of the empire of Logic and all its dependencies and their relations. His practical exercises, which were the best training exercises in formal Logic, set in three or four pages of print, outwardly a little like an old chap ballad or a modern religious tract, must have cost him hours of ingenious devising, and his reading over of the examination papers upon them and correcting them in red ink, after the manner of an advocate revising a law paper, but more thoroughly, must have involved an amount of drudgery undergone by no contemporary.

From the digging, pruning, trenching of the garden of the Muses we escaped into the class-room of Moral Philosophy, where we found more pleasures of the imagination and less work. This happened when the third session brought us to the class of Professor Ferrier, the most conspicuous man of genius then connected with the College, assuming that Sir David Brewster and Spalding did justly get credit for certain mental specialities that might not unfairly be con-

sidered genius or approaching to it. Ferrier himself defined genius to be "the power of seeing wonders in common things." Brewster had indeed seen and proclaimed some of these wonders; the greatest wonder that Spalding discovered in himself and others was the wonderful power and utility of work. What he did himself and stimulated others to do was little short of miraculous; I can fancy that many an indolent student, who never worked for any one else, thought it altogether miraculous, a miracle seldom, if ever, to be repeated, and probably never repeated with the large majority of them. With Spalding we became acquainted with literature as a sort of trade, which embraced smelting, forging, hammering, filing, grinding, polishing, and other processes for aiming at the useful or the beautiful, at least the saleable, in the church, book, and newspaper market; with Ferrier we got a glimpse of it as a realm of chaos waiting for the eye of the philosopher, the poet, the seer, to draw out of it what he had inspiration to see and interpret and power to reveal to his fellow-men. Both were teachers rare and priceless, but it was fortunate that Spalding came first. He was what Jardine of Glasgow was, in the expression of Jeffrey, "the intellectual grindstone of the college." Jeffrey, who could appreciate learning, though not very learned, took Spalding by the hand in his toilsome, neglected, advocate days, and I doubt not did so because he had discovered in him resemblances to his old teacher, especially the old grinding grit, supplemented by far more varied and accurate learning. Few, indeed, of the Edinburgh Reviewers possessed such accurate scholarship as Spalding, certainly not Brougham or

Horner or Cockburn, or even Sydney Smith, all of whom were successful talkers, and one of whom carried conscience and industry into all things, and success into few, in which he much resembled Spalding. Ferrier was the nephew and son-in-law of Professor Wilson. If he never supped in Ambrose's Tavern he had partaken largely from childhood of the subtle, ethereal, protean spirit that glorified the feasts and toddy of that tavern. Though born to be a professor, and to look like one of the ideal physical type, say, of Sir William Hamilton, he had been liberated from professional buckram and pretence by familiarity with the clever, free-lance irreverence and hatred of pretence that inspired the juvenile gospel according to Blackwood.

In the fourth year we left the old, not-unfamiliar fields of Classics and Mathematics behind us and were introduced to Chemistry, Anatomy, Human Physiology, and Natural Philosophy. Attendance at the Chemistry class was necessary for the M.A. degree in St. Andrews alone of British universities, because it was suspected that otherwise the professor would have very few students. Mr. Connell, the professor of our day, was a courtly gentleman, with the manner and address of an Edinburgh advocate of the first quarter of last century. His father, Sir John Connell, was also an advocate, who received the honour of knighthood at the jubilee of George III. in respect that he happened, at that lucky time, to be Procurator of the Church of Scotland. He wrote a book on Teinds, which is still sometimes referred to as an authority, and Connell himself wrote a book on Election Law

which was smothered in its infancy by the Reform Bill of 1832. The father's knighthood and church connection did not at the bar secure practice for his son, who was glad to accept the Chemical chair at St. Andrews with its £300 or so a year, and much more fit to discharge its duties than most of his unscientific predecessors at the bar and nearly all his successors would have been. The bulk of what he told us, which did not get beyond inorganic chemistry, could have been learned from Dr. George Wilson's book or Turner's Chemistry. His few experiments, however, were well done, with the help of an assistant of skill and nerve. His lectures were clearly and neatly expressed, and better read than most of the sermons we were doomed to hear. He had been absent from his class for two or three sessions, during which Dr. Adamson of St. Andrews (one of the earliest experts in photography) did his work. He was nervous and, at times, a little peppery, not without cause, yet he kept fairly good order and secured steady attention except from unteachable idlers. One of his benevolent innovations for the culture of the students was to invite the more diligent of them to a supper party, to which there came also about an equal number of the charming young ladies of the city. The male and female element gathered in separate clusters round tables laden with portfolios and illustrated books without showing any sign of affinity, chemical or social. When supper was announced the professor committed his gracious, much-admired wife to the care of a solitary bachelor professor, offered his arm to one of the best-looking and most mature of the young

ladies, and, giving no introduction whatever, intimated, "You young gentlemen can find ladies there for yourselves." With some laughter and many blushes, the selection of partners took place, but no chemical experiment of the session excited such genuine alarm and trepidation among the infant chemists, or was so well remembered, as "Connell's cooky shine and supper."

Our teacher of that session who had most to teach us was W. L. F. Fischer, the Professor of Natural Philosophy. He was a native of Germany, and a diligent, capable student of nearly every university subject except Metaphysic, which he despised, not through ignorance, but from an incapacity to find in transcendental realms or clouds anything beyond vanity and vexation of spirit. In his native country he had been a capital student both at school and college, so successful and so deserving as to attract the attention and secure the praise and friendship of Encke (of comet renown), who was one of his teachers. After he had graduated in Germany he found occupation in the family of an English gentleman with mathematical knowledge and taste, named Armitage, who appointed him tutor to two or three clever, capable sons. This gentleman, recognising his mathematical abilities and varied learning, and being not unaware of the scarcity and poverty of German professorships, advised him to try his luck as a student at Cambridge, where the lottery of prizes was more tempting than any that Germany had to distribute to its swarms of votaries of plain living and high thinking. He also volunteered to supply him with the necessary funds. The advice

was taken, and in three or four years this experimenting German came out fourth wrangler on a tripos in which Thomson, since famous as Sir William and Lord Kelvin, had assigned to him the second place, a place which many mathematicians have declared to be beneath his real merits in everything except the power of rapidly dashing upon paper full answers to questions in bookwork. Slow penmanship was also an infirmity of Mr. Fischer, aggravated by want of familiarity with the foreign English language, with which he never became perfectly familiar either as a writer or a speaker. His college of Clare Hall elected him to be one of its fellows, and he, in no long time after his wranglership, was appointed to the St. Andrews chair, considerably to the disgust of Scottish mathematicians, who object to be slighted in their own country for Cambridge or for Germany, and chiefly, I believe, because of the zealous conviction of Sir D. Brewster that Cambridge alone is capable of supplying the highest mathematical wants of our scientific age. That conviction I cannot gainsay, though Sir David himself was a poor mathematician, far inferior to the average gold medallist of St. Andrews, and yet he cut no inconsiderable figure in the world of science both as an expounder and a discoverer. I have no doubt that Mr. Fischer knew more mathematics, pure and applied, than any man that ever filled the Natural Philosophy chair in St. Andrews, indeed a very great deal more than most of them; but I would be uncandid if I were to conceal that hardly one of them can have communicated less knowledge to the large majority of his students. The truth is that, like too many eminent Cambridge men,

he taught over the heads of nineteen-twentieths of his class, partly because he took much more knowledge than they possessed for granted, and partly because the higher mathematics is of no use whatever to the bulk of St. Andrews students, and Scottish students, as a rule, are not very prone to give their days and their nights to studies that will yield no pecuniary return. This and much more about science and its votaries can be learned from the recent life of the well-known Dr. Lyon Playfair, latterly Baron Playfair of St. Andrews. Few St. Andrews families have made so much out of science as his family have done. He had excellent scientific faculties of all kinds, except, perhaps, patience. He never reached Professor Fischer's class, but if he had he could have learned little or nothing in it. He did enter Professor Duncan's class, and says of him in his autobiographic records, that "he knew his subject thoroughly, but had not the faculty of explaining difficulties"; but his compliment and his censure are both erroneous. If a youth of his parts could not apprehend Duncan's explanation, his preparation for college must have been very imperfect, for no clearer exposition of mathematical topics than Duncan's ever came from human lips. I feel certain that no student of Lyon Playfair's ability ever wrote of him as Lyon Playfair has done, whatever some clever students may have written of Professor Fischer.

Our mathematical professor, under whom we sat for three years, was Thomas Duncan, commonly and affectionately known as "Tammy," one of the most simple, unsophisticated, guileless, good-hearted, and

just of men, best known to the world as the life-long friend of Dr. Chalmers, who pronounced him "the best specimen of the natural man he had ever known," and to whom the impulsive, fiery orator applied for guidance, advice, and consolation in all his personal troubles and distractions. Chalmers was confided to his care when he entered the United College at the early age of eleven years. Duncan was about two years older, a tall, raw-boned, farmer's son, very peaceable himself, but muscular and resolute enough to keep the peace among his fellow-students, and among other performances in that kind he rescued John Campbell, afterwards Lord Chancellor of England, from a sound drubbing by John Leyden on his way to fame as a poet and philologist, because Campbell, holding the office of "censor," reported Leyden to the professors for irregular attendance at church at the time that all three were studying for the ministry at St. Mary's College. After finishing his divinity course and being licensed to preach, Duncan, who was too cool, severe, and immoveable for a pulpit orator, found employment to teach the mathematical classes of the college for Professor Vilant, who held the chair for many years, but owing to ill-health and other causes, frequently had its duties discharged by assistants. John West, one of them, a sort of mathematical genius, was the author of a system of mathematics which Carlyle found to be of use when he translated Legendre's Geometry, and he used to talk kindly and sadly of West to Scotch educationists, lamenting his becoming an episcopal clergyman and being expatriated to the West Indies to

end his days "among the niggers and the Blue Mountains." Chalmers was another of these class assistants, and as a mathematician first showed his uncommon energy and the mental power which made him the greatest pulpit orator in Scotland, after he became minister of Kilmany. From the position of assistant professor Duncan passed to the office of Rector of Dundee Academy on James (afterwards Sir James) Ivory being translated to the more conspicuous work of teacher in one of the great military schools in England. After Duncan had laboured for many years in Dundee (assisted at one time by Robert Mudie, afterwards author of "Babylon the Great" and some sixty or seventy other volumes), and sent forth from its ruinous, ill-endowed academy many accomplished mathematicians who distinguished themselves in business and the learned professions, he was promoted to the mathematical chair of St. Andrews, and for at least a quarter of a century was one of the chief attractions, if not distinctly the chief attraction to that ancient but poverty-stricken university. In our day his reputation was, according to different tastes, rivalled by that of Spalding and Ferrier; but his classes stood unique in one particular, that there were prizes in all the three of them (founded by John Carstairs, of London), and his system of written competition was such that it was taken for granted that the best mathematician in each class, barring accident, seldom if ever failed to gain them.

His thorough impartiality led every student to believe that he would get whatever he deserved. His subject matter, viewed from the Cambridge standpoint,

must be admitted to have been superficial, but it was at least as deep as Scotland required for its schools, its churches, and its civil engineers. The clearness of his expositions was an incalculable help to lads who had come from parish schools, simple equations, and three books of Euclid, or from boat-building, house-building, gardening, the plough, and the airy leisure of a shepherd's life.

The Natural Science classes which Wallace did work for systematically, diligently, and very successfully, were the Chemistry class and the class of Anatomy and Physiology, and he stood second in both in the ultimate list of honours, equal, however, in the latter class, with a gentleman who afterwards obtained the highest place in the competition for the Indian medical service. Both these classes would have been available in our day for the degree of M.D., and would have saved one of the four years' study necessary at that time. That he ever seriously thought of becoming an M.D. I cannot say. He talked of it as a possibility. He attended the classes, however, I believe, because of his interest in the subjects; and in the faithful study of Carpenter's "Comparative Physiology," Erasmus Wilson's "Anatomist's Vade Mecum," and Dr. Day's Lectures, I believe he committed to memory more huge vocables than he had ever done in any winter of his word-devouring, studious years. The class was a small one, but it contained no careless student, and several of its members competed successfully for Indian medical appointments. Dr. Day was the best lecturer on physical science I ever heard in Scotland, equalled, and perhaps surpassed in my limited experi-

ence by Faraday and Tyndall in London. He was equal to Huxley in clearness, and master of a more easy-flowing, graceful, and cultured English style, and had, besides, a keen and delicate sense of humour. He had been a medical student in Edinburgh among the forties, and a close companion of the Goodsirs, one of whom, John, became the famous Edinburgh professor, and the other, Harry, perished with Sir John Franklin among Arctic ice; also of Edward Forbes and the other lively young sparks of that brilliant student day who formed the Oinoromathic Society in which the wine of Scotland and the wisdom of other parts of Britain circulated in free and easy, but never profligate style. Day's Cambridge course gave him a proficiency in mathematics which probably no other medical professor in Scotland ever possessed, and a power of expounding what he knew which few, if any, of the professors that Cambridge has bestowed upon Scotland have ever seemed to possess, they being, for the most part, with very isolated exceptions, inarticulate dungeons of learning and unintelligible lumber. He was always carefully prepared, often with notes that he seldom looked at. He stood up in easy, gentlemanly style, watching through his spectacles that all were attending, and talked out what he wished to be understood, reverting obliquely to points, and not shrinking from repetition if he saw what he had said was not fully comprehended. Syme, of Edinburgh, who struck as straight, though sparing of words, with his tongue, which was not fluent, as with his knife, which never hesitated or stammered, and Henderson, distrusted by

professional bigots because of his leanings to homœopathy and other heresies, were the only two of the Edinburgh men who came near him when I used to stroll for curiosity into the Edinburgh class-rooms. However, I can believe that in accuracy and elegance of scientific expression neither of them equalled Christison and Douglas Maclagan, when these gentlemen got into the witness-box to expose the poisoning skill of a Palmer or a Pritchard.

Up to Day's time St. Andrews had for centuries under its ancient charter been in the practice of granting the degree of M.D. to all who could pass satisfactory examinations showing a competent knowledge of medical science, wherever that knowledge had been acquired. The examiners, from time immemorial, had been capable, conscientious men, most of them in later years being Edinburgh men quite fit to be professors, though chairs were found for some of them only in course of time. But as Edinburgh grew as a medical school, in love of science, but also in love of money, it occurred to some of its jealous, unscrupulous professors and their friends to set up and keep up the slander that in St. Andrews "medical degrees were sold." One result was a sham inquiry by the Royal Commission of 1859, in which, in the opinion of those who knew best about St. Andrews and the subject, witnesses were selected, not because of their knowledge of the subject, but because of their ignorance of it, and the conclusion arrived at, suspected of being a foregone conclusion that required evidence only to give an excuse for it, was that St. Andrews should in course of years be deprived of the

power of granting medical degrees, the Duke of Argyll and Lord Colonsay, the members of the Commission that knew St. Andrews best, both dissenting from this conclusion and protesting that the evils alleged, if they existed at all, could be cured by strict regulations as to examination, and would be, if full, accurate knowledge was the real desideratum. That Dr. Day or his not less eminent and conscientious predecessor, Dr. Reid—both of whom were far enough from that atheism, theoretical and practical, that has been supposed to infect doctors for hundreds of years—could have stooped to sell licenses to break the sixth commandment, only the very ignorant or the very uncharitable can possibly believe, and only the dishonest and the ignorant could possibly assert. Dr. Reid's life has been long before the religious as well as the scientific world, written by Dr. George Wilson, one of the most truthful and saintly of men, though he too was a St. Andrews examiner of candidates for M.D. for many years, and is slandered by implication as art and part in the corrupt sale of medical degrees which ought never to have been granted. Dr. Day was Chandos Professor of Anatomy and Medicine and the chief controlling member of the Graduation Board, and during his time more degrees were granted than in the time of any of his predecessors, owing to the rush of English apothecaries who had been practising medicine for years, and others who had been obliged to acquire their college education at different colleges and were desirous of the degree of M.D. as a certificate of adequate professional education, not as an essential condition to their con-

tinuing to prescribe and dispense drugs. And my belief, founded on closer information and knowledge than that of any man who has dared to assert that in Day's time the St. Andrews degree was given for money and without proper and thorough examination in writing and orally, is that the assertion is as groundless and as impudent a slander as was ever uttered by men pretending to scientific or other truth, a slander involving not merely Dr. Day, but also a number of celebrated men of science in Edinburgh who regularly acted as St. Andrews examiners, and who were both as capable and as incorruptible as any medical examiners in Scotland. St. Andrews University, with its illustrious record of centuries never disgraced by corruption or mendacious greed, may, through its union with the college of the populous, wealthy, go-ahead city of Dundee, become in the future—through its full equipment of classes, its infirmary, its numerous and various hospitals and asylums for the treatment of every disease, bodily and mental—a famous medical school; but that is no reason why it should have been deprived of the power enjoyed and exercised by it from the date of its foundation of conferring medical degrees, after adequate examination, without clear proof that the power had been abused—proof that could have satisfied Lord Colonsay and the Duke of Argyll—unless in the public interest this power of graduation, after the tests of examination alone had been taken from every other institution in Britain, and not left unjustly, or at least unintelligibly, to favoured or unenvied institutions in London, in Dublin, and

in Durham. Edinburgh has and deserves a great and honourable reputation for surgery, but not for the kind of surgery it meanly and selfishly promoted or caused to be applied to St. Andrews.

Wallace worked hard for all his classes. Without regular and careful preparation he could not have kept the highest place in most of them. He was seldom seen on the streets and hardly ever on the Links except on the afternoons of Saturdays and Sundays. No atmosphere in Scotland is so well adapted to study as that of St. Andrews. The stillness of solitude and partly of death broods over it. There are no strong temptations, except to golf, which is a luxury rather expensive for most students ; also a little temptation to toddy, which is supposed to communicate an odour of gentility, if not of a sort of sanctity, to the Divinity students. I never saw Wallace with a golf club in his hand nor heard of his displaying such a symbol of academic indolence. But I was seldom on the Links, at least when golfing was going on, though when I could I joined the mobs that followed Allan Robertson, Tom Morris, and other crack players. I was once drawn into trying the game for one holiday forenoon. In the course of the after part of the same day I felt weary, sleepy, and not disposed to read, and, without much reflection, I arrived at the conclusion that the game of golf was a dangerous temptation for a student that required to get on or lose the best chances he could hope for in the game of life, so I renounced golf when I might have learned it. Since I have grown too old to learn I have regretted my early hasty resolution, and I rather think that it is the only virtuous

resolution I ever made of which I have pretty steadily repented.

Wallace had no inclination for any sport. He found his amusement in his work by watching for the odd and comic that tend to appear in all things serious whenever stupidity, pomposity, or empty pretence comes near to them. He was born to be an irrepressible satirist. All the peculiarities of his professors received due attention from him—Dr. Alexander's vacant but angry expression of deafness and the glare of his spectacles to the wrong side of the room when the echo of a well-forged railway whistle came back to him; Spalding's dashing of his gold ring as if to smash it on the table when two inattentive students ventured to whisper together; Ferrier's elucidation of metaphysical mysteries by the two ends of his walking-stick and his oval silver snuff-box; Dr. Day's grave or grim physiological jokes, annotated by the twitching of the restless ends of his moustache; Connell's nervous fidgetiness at chemical explosions and his own precedent or succeeding explosions at the supposed awkwardness of his nervous assistant; Professor Fischer, with his shy, sensitive manner, his Germanised accent, and his Cambridge demonstrations on the black-board, which nine-tenths of the class could not understand; Professor Duncan, with his old umbrella, older hat, and finger marks of chalk imposed by taking his chin and his half-open fist into his confidence when any temporary mathematical puzzle or fit of abstraction came over him. All these men were well aware of Wallace's great ability, but I rather fancy that all of them, except Ferrier, suspected him of being

a bit of a wag. And if Ferrier had heard the kind of help that he gave in whispers to the blockheads of the class when they stood up to answer questions in a state of very blank ignorance, he would not long have been a solitary believer in Wallace's philosophical gravity. Never have I seen such amazement in a generally severe philosophic face as one day when Ferrier was conducting the oral examination of a Highland ex-shepherd, who had come to the college to prepare himself for being the pastor of some two-footed flock. After a few simple leading questions, which by the help of whispers produced the information that Dr. Reid was reputed to be the founder of the Scottish philosophy as a bulwark against scepticism, Ferrier put the question, "Against which of his contemporaries was the polemic of Reid chiefly directed?" After a pause, Wallace whispered "Plato," loud enough to be heard by me and others sitting within a few feet. "Plato," said the Highlander in a bold, clear voice suitable for the pulpit. "Plato!" exclaims Ferrier in a tone of astonished despair. "When did Reid live, and when did Plato live?" The Highlander could tell nothing about either, or about Hume, except that Hume had written "History," and he thought it was the History of Philosophy. Ferrier never again enquired into that student's metaphysical progress, nor did he find out how he came by the information that Reid was a contemporary of Plato.

Professor Spalding, with whom Wallace was, while in his class, an especial favourite, "one of the best students he had ever taught, either in Edinburgh or St. Andrews," was made the victim of practical joking

of a more elaborate and annoying sort. An important part of Spalding's class-work was a series of essays written at home, and, among others, every year a descriptive essay and an argumentative or declamatory oration, besides others, with the option of treating some philosophical subject, such as the association of ideas that had been expounded in the class lectures. To prevent copying of books and the writings of others, word for word, as well as to test the honesty of the student, Spalding required to have appended to each essay a declaration by the student stating the books he had consulted, as also any other extraneous assistance of which he had availed himself. Like most other students reputed clever at writing, Wallace was greatly bothered by applicants for help. He was not unwilling to oblige friends who were not utterly unfit to write decently by solving a difficulty in answer to a question, or demolishing some illogical conclusion when stated to him for information or for his frank opinion. But when a student, who could not write a decent paragraph, begged him for an essay, he expected some fun for his pains. An essay on Wordsworth's "Peter Bell," which he wrote under the influence of opium—a solitary experiment—one evening, and knew so little what he had done that he told me when he read it next day he could not, except from knowing his own handwriting, have known who its author was, went before Spalding, after being copied out by some helpless but ambitious critic, and procured some encouraging but rather cautious praise, for the professor was quite as much puzzled about it as Wallace himself had been, though

in a darker psychological region of personal identity. Another student as dishonest and more stupid, who had no literary faculty whatever, asked Wallace and other two friends to help to write a descriptive essay for him. Wallace drafted the essay—at least so I was told, and in my opinion he alone could have done it of the whole gang of our practical jokers. It was a boyish, ludicrous account of a day at rabbit-shooting. Wallace read the draft to the presumptive author and his other two friends. When they could not restrain laughter, the presumptive author, who was training for the Free Church ministry, smelt a rat and he said, "Wallace, that won't do." The two assessors solemnly agreed, and said, "Wallace, you'll leave that out," or "you'll require to alter that a little"; so it was altered, and perhaps made a little more absurd than it was before, after they had become able to keep their gravity. The net result of the rabbit-shooting was that he did not "happen to hit any of the furry fraternity," and it concluded—

"I wish to all a fair good-night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light."

The declaration as to authorities said, "I only consulted 'Marmion' to copy from it that sublime quotation with which the essay ends." How this promising young Free Churchman got through with his other essays, except the last, I have no credible information. But for the last he again applied to Wallace and his two comic assessors. They had to find a subject for him as well as to compose an essay. Spalding had conceded leave at this time to give by

way of essay a summary, more or less critical, of some subject upon which he had been lecturing to the class. The subject selected was thus set forth by way of title-page—"Account of $3\frac{1}{2}$ Lectures on the Association of Ideas," and it proceeded to caricature the subject, with the help of tea and sugar and pigs and donkeys, and the demand for a "pivot" of "Archimedes or William Rufus, it was some great mathematician at any rate," and ended by a declaration that no books had been consulted, but that he had to confess that some of the illustrations were suggested to him. Professor Spalding, in a red-ink note, not without acidity, pointed out to him how his want of honesty had brought about his being exposed, befooled, and disgraced. I have an impression that the professor himself realised also that the exposure and caricature in its effects went rather beyond one stupid, dishonest student and his simpleton declarations.

All our professors were men of marked individuality, tending to verge towards oddity in more than one of them. For all the oddities of college life Wallace had a keen eye, as also for indications of every merit out of the ordinary and dull prosaic level. That any of our professors, except Ferrier, did much to lift us into ideal or transcendental regions, I should not venture to assert dogmatically. But I think he, at least, did. He brought us into closer contact with living literature and glowing enthusiasm in the search after truth than any of the rest, indeed, than all the rest. Wallace was ready to laugh at his somewhat lame extempore notes of comment, uttered apparently on the inspiration of

the moment, as also his quaint, homely illustrations of metaphysical notions, as also at his wit, which, though sometimes ponderous, was always genuine, and not unworthy of the nephew of Susan Ferrier, the greatest mistress of repartee among Scottish novelists. Professor Spalding was the merciless enemy of bad grammar, clumsy sentences, and bombast. I think he moderated the Johnsonian tendencies of Wallace's juvenile style, as also his affection for the mannerisms of Dickens. To no author was he so much indebted as to Dickens for comic dexterities of phrase, artistic leverage for pushing quackery and humbug over the precipices of the ridiculous into the contemptible. But, by the end of his teens, neither Spalding nor Dickens had anything of essential value to teach him. I don't think he cared much for mathematics, but his school preparation had been of the best and he did the class-work thoroughly, both in the three mathematical classes and in the class of Natural Philosophy, up to the last fortnight, making merry at the expense of both professors, who were shy, modest men and bachelors, exposed to the jokes of their lady friends, one of these professors being Chalmers' lifelong friend and superlative "specimen of the natural man," to whom he applied, in all his cares and controversies, for calm advice and for the "solace of the cold immobility of his countenance." Without effort, except the effort to keep a solemn face when he was aiding and abetting mischief, Wallace was always first in the Latin and Greek classes, but I believe that in these classes his intellectual gain was in English and Rhetoric rather

than in the ancient languages. He attended a few of Macdonald's lectures on Natural History, at least he was bodily present, also Sir David Brewster's gratuitous course on the Philosophy of the Senses. He did pick up interesting facts from Brewster, not because he was steadily attentive, but because he had an open ear and a receptive memory for everything that was strange. Everywhere he picked up bits of information that in after life he used for odd illustrations, and from these two teachers he gathered little else. They both expounded, without stint, the curiosities of science, Brewster with a semblance of elastic system, as his popular writings can indicate, Macdonald without any system, apparent or attempted. He was a most kindly old gentleman, had been an extensive Highland proprietor, owner of the estate of Ballyshear, and had gone through it because of too much hopeful faith in science and in humanity. His learning was extensive, but confused, his lectures were rambling and mystical, yet secured attention by scintillations of eccentricity that savoured of genius. Lord Monboddo's monkey, who became an ancestor of the human race by wearing off his tail by diligently sitting on it, was a much esteemed patriarch in the Natural History class-room, and Wallace did not speak of it with disrespect even after he became a clergyman; indeed, in the pulpit I have heard him declare that atheism was not necessarily involved in evolution.

As St. Andrews is one of the smallest of cities and of universities, its students do not get hidden in the masses of the inhabitants. They are known in their

red gowns by day, and if any unprofitable mischief be done at night they get the blame of it. They have opportunities in their small classes—seldom exceeding forty in number—of knowing each other and of studying individual character, unequalled in larger towns and in crowded college classes. They had, besides, societies of various kinds—an Orphean Society, for songs and psalm tunes, which once a session or so was permitted to displace the precentor and other males in the choir of the College church; also a Literary Society, a Classical Society, and, I daresay, other social gatherings at which the aroma of toddy was not unknown, if rumour could be trusted. As for me, I may say I never mixed a tumbler of toddy until my St. Andrews College course was over, and I never saw Wallace handle a wine-glass there except at the before-mentioned “Connell’s cooky-shine.” To me the Literary Society proved more valuable than most of my literary classes. That it was so useful and essential to Wallace, I can hardly say. His first speech was delivered with as much determined, grim composure as the most of its successors. Of course, whenever he could, he was prepared with ideas if not with the precise order of words. His memory was unsurpassed among us. He could trust it, and I never saw him fail to make a good speech, though he may not have said all he intended to say. After he became an M.P. he often, perhaps generally, used notes. I never saw him use notes until he was instructed, or corrupted, by the example of the House of Commons. Indeed I doubt if he got much instruction from the House of Commons that

was of any good to him. He could fully understand and greatly admire the intellectual processes of Lord Salisbury and the present Prime Minister, Mr. A. J. Balfour, though, being a determined democrat, his mind was closed against their conclusions, at least against many of them; but though he admired Mr. Gladstone's dexterity as a manager and a tactician, and a wonderful spinner of sentences, he could never grasp, as a whole, his political principles, nor ascertain the foundations of his faith on any subject permanently affecting the interests of the race of man in our or any other country. To him Gladstone's "well of truth" seemed to have many shiftable bottoms. Had Wallace read from notes in his brilliant oratorical days in Church Courts it certainly would not have advanced his influence or popularity as a Church leader. I have heard his detractors in Edinburgh accuse him of elaborating his impromptus the night before, and weeks before. I have no doubt he had a large store of both jokes and arguments laid up in his memory, like Sheridan and all men who enjoy jokes, whether they have invented them or not. But he did not require to stalk his jokes; he could take them on the wing as fast as any man I have seen, except, perhaps, Russel of the *Scotsman*, who never sought to depreciate Wallace's oratory or wit. Wallace's first jocular shot at my expense was fired in the Literary Society more than fifty years ago. Wallace was working for some change in the constitution of the society (I forget what), but I saw no reason for the change, and had, one or two Saturdays previously, committed myself to the conservative side, and I had again declared against change, giving as a

reason "that, having put my hand to the plough, I was not going to look back." Wallace, in reply, said that "whatever faith they gave to what I had said, none of them would doubt my tenacity of the plough-handle." Laughter filled the room and blushes my cheeks, for the plough-handle had not been entirely strange to me in springs not long preceding, and since then I have never used this Scriptural mode of indicating my determination to look and walk straight-forward. All had laughed at me, but the majority voted as I voted, and the senseless discord grew so hot that Wallace by and by seceded and joined the Classical Society, much to the loss of all of us members of the Literary Society, for he knew more about oratory than any of us; probably to his own loss also, for contradiction that is not trivial but substantial is vital to an orator in the culture of the varied powers that combine to give the force and the charms of eloquence.

III

ENTERING THE CHURCH

WITH success and distinction going through the St. Andrews United College curriculum is, of course, to reach a most valuable stage of progress and the starting point for a hopeful career in the pathway of life that lies, more or less in darkness, before the aspiring and anxious student. But it does not follow that it is perfectly easy for a poor man's son to find that pathway. I believe that no Scottish graduate of the spring of 1853, and perhaps very few of other springs, could have surpassed Wallace in a fair and thorough competition over the whole range of subjects taught in the United College, St. Andrews, including human physiology, anatomy, as also chemistry. But what to do with his learning was a more tangled problem than any he had puzzled over in his four college years. There were no Indian Civil Service competitions at that time. A Medical Service competition there was, but he would have required to pass three years of medical classes in Edinburgh or elsewhere, in addition to the medical and chemical classes of St. Andrews, which at that time counted for one year. Dr. Daniel Wright, M.A. and M.D., of the Indian Medical Service, who was bracketed second with Wallace in the St. Andrews medical class, came out first

among the whole host of competitors when he tried for a place in the Indian Medical Service. But Wallace could not afford to spend three years and £200 or £300 going through medical classes. Just as little could he spend nearly that sum studying Scotch law, and then £350 or thereabouts of extravagant and almost prohibitive entrance fees to the Scottish bar; still less pass through a five-years' apprenticeship and pay £700 to have the honour of writing W.S. after his name, and the chance of writing briefs for pleaders more lucky, but much less clever, than himself. Teaching was the only occupation in which he could make sure of the means of livelihood. He had had experience as a teacher from a very early age. The capable elder pupils of his day in most Scottish schools acted as "monitors," teaching the juniors in accordance with the monitorial system propounded by Dr. Bell and by Lancaster. Moreover, he was a sort of domestic tutor when he attended the High School of Edinburgh and distinguished himself, not in classics, but in English verse (forgot, so far as I have ever heard, by all his class-fellows except the late Bailie Colston, a man best known by the criminal sediment of Edinburgh, but a man well deserving to be known and honoured among bailies for his literary culture, classical and vernacular, as well as for his rather liberal dispensation from the police bench of "60 days"). When at college, also, Wallace did some tutorial work for fees and a great deal more gratis for imperfectly prepared college contemporaries. There are some great scholars who absorb learning like a sponge, but cannot give it up again, unless reduced in

measure and mixed with mud, but Wallace was not one of these. His expositions of alien observations and ideas may have been inaccurate, but they were always clear. He never dealt in confusion except for purposes of caricature.

Wallace's special education for the Church was found in practical ministerial work rather than in college classes. When teaching classics in Cupar-Fife he was under the superintendence of the Presbytery of Cupar. He was examined by them on 17th October, 1854, and 23rd October, 1855, as a condition of his entering upon what are known as "partial sessions" at St. Andrews Divinity Hall or St. Mary's College, two of which partial sessions count for one regular session of attendance at classes required by the Church. These classes, for the requisite full sessions, I believe he attended in Edinburgh, with a regularity I daresay considerably above the Edinburgh average. My belief is that he never was voluntarily absent from Dr. Robert Lee's class, because his teaching was always clear, distinct, and of vital interest. From a letter by him (long after published in Dr. Story's "Life of R. Lee") a great deal can be learned of Dr. Lee's work as a professor, as also of Wallace's ideal conception of a professor's work, which, from all I have learned, Wallace strove, and not unsuccessfully, to realise himself. Only of another two of the Edinburgh Divinity professors have I heard him say anything that could be remembered. One of them was Professor, alias and more notably, "Endowment Robertson," of whose Quixotic benevolence he had an

admiration measureless as itself, recognising also his elephantine strength and ponderosity of intellect, but laughing at his long, involved, clumsy sentences, and his Aberdeen-awa idioms and brogue. I don't think he believed much in the bulk of his old-fashioned teaching, but he thought his heart was sound and kind enough to neutralise all the sulphurous theology of the North of Scotland. The miracle of the university for him was the unexampled chaos of small but accurate, though trifling, details stored in the memory of Principal Lee. In his long, industrious, but dreary life he could utilise very few of them, but neither could he forget, though most of them deserved to be forgotten. Towards most of his teaching, such as his sweeping refutation of geology, Wallace's mental attitude wavered between wonder and contempt. He could covet his extraordinary powers of memory, but not the powers of his reason or understanding. One of Wallace's college exercises, written for his class with unusual care and pains under the inspiration of Carlyle, was rejected by the old Principal as being "bad theology and bad English." Wallace revised it sparingly in the light of his criticism, committed it to memory, and recited it to the people of Newton-on-Ayr as one of his competition sermons, and, as he expected, that congregation of parson-tasters did not agree with Principal Lee. Nevertheless, it is much to be regretted that so much of the knowledge that Principal Lee possessed should have sunk to oblivion when his kindly old heart ceased to beat.

Though Wallace's college course of divinity had not been very regular or distinguished, as soon as it was

technically over he applied to the Presbytery of Edinburgh, within the bounds of which he had resided for about two years, for licence to preach, and readily obtained it, perhaps to the later regret of some presbyters, in July, 1857. Within a few weeks after Wallace obtained licence the Rev. George Stewart Burns, of Newton-on-Ayr, a warm-hearted, faithful friend of mine, in whose company I had scented sporting gunpowder as well as port wine, was called to a larger or better-paid sphere of usefulness. In Wallace's interest I wrote begging Burns to give him a chance of preaching to the Newton-on-Ayrians, and by return of post, or near it, he wrote assenting to my request, and giving Wallace a choice of days when he would be glad to be relieved from pulpit duties. Wallace went and preached (I think for his third pulpit appearance) and charmed the people. Some weeks later he required to preach again, and he again gave great satisfaction, all the greater, he told me, in a sort of confidence not worth preserving now, because in the forenoon sermon he forgot the thread of his discourse, but resolutely talked repetitional nonsense for at least five minutes, and then suddenly recollecting his prepared matter, darted on with and through it with a joy and energy that he had never before experienced. His resolute effort and fortunate escape from "sticking" gave him fortitude and buoyant hope for the afternoon.

When Robert Wallace, at the bidding of his destiny, resolved to become a minister of the Church of Scotland, he resolved to accept the Confession of her Faith as the confession of his faith, and to preach it to those among whom he was appointed to minister.

Stifling the doubts that must have been, and clearly were, engendered by the dreary education of his youth, and the philosophical and other debates of loosely-bridled comrades of his college years, few of whom were ready or willing to profess unqualified orthodoxy, I believe he for years faithfully held to his resolution. In the main, if not out and out, he preached the Calvinism of the Confession of Faith in Newton-on-Ayr and in Trinity College Church, Edinburgh, and contradicted it as seldom as he could, even in Old Greyfriars', Edinburgh, the church which Hume had attended regularly, and most of the honest, intelligent doubters of Edinburgh, in Dr. Robert Lee's time. The student who had been taught by Professor Ferrier to admire, almost to revere, Spinoza was not likely to be very much shocked by the blind, scorching predestination of Calvin. But revolting though it may be to the human sense of freewill and of conscience, he entertained a conviction that the preaching of Calvinism had been of inestimable value to Scotland, a value beyond that of the vaguer, looser creeds of England and of Ireland, and that it had given the Scotsman patience to endure his misery and the courage to fight against it, and die fighting, as if he felt assured that a friendly ultimate decree had been set apart for his rescue and victorious escape from the wrath to come. Besides being a born rationalist, he (Wallace) was also a born logician, and he duly appreciated the logical cohesion of the propositions in the Confession of Faith and the mode in which they dovetailed into each other. He thought the system of Calvinism was valuable as an instrument of

mental training, valuable as a system to live and work under, even if mainly false, because a credible assumption, though false, is better than a boat built entirely of the loose or repellent atoms of doubt to sail over a starless, sunless sea. However, the force of circumstances, which is of course a strictly Calvinistic force, drew him away from unmodified Calvinism. His regard for truth and justice led him, in course of events, to uphold, by vote and argument, his old teacher, Dr. R. Lee, in his controversies with the irrational, moribund, but honest bigotries of some of the clergy of Edinburgh, supported steadily by a representation of superstitious pretence and cunning from Aberdeen and the less intelligent Highland districts. When he went with joy to find a home of his own in the manse of Newton-on-Ayr, and to discharge the duties of a minister to the congregation of skilled, experienced parson-tasters who had selected him, I do not think that he ever dreamed of becoming a leader of Liberalism in the Church, or of doing anything likely to alarm the douce Christians of Ayrshire beyond giving public expression to an admiration of Burns even more unqualified than their own.

The congregation of Trinity College Church, who selected him to fill the place of their former able minister, promoted to an assumed wider sphere of usefulness, and an ascertained larger stipend in Leith, was not one of the fashionable congregations in Edinburgh; but there is this to say for it that it had the insight and intellect to follow the example of Newton-on-Ayr in the choosing of Robert

Wallace, and to stand loyally by him so long as he remained with it, and that is probably what no fashionable congregation in Edinburgh would have done, except the one for which he severed himself from the friendly and faithful in Trinity College Church. For years they had been in the condition of a congregation without a church. Their venerable and beautiful and ancient church of Mary of Gueldres had been removed to find space for railway accommodation, under powers of an Act of Parliament that contemplated its being rebuilt on a new site more suitable to display its architectural beauties, and to serve the purposes of worship on Sundays. Years slipped away while the righteous and æsthetic town-councillors were looking out for a site. Before it was found a majority of dissenters arose in the Council who, because of their love for the poor and their hatred of the Established Church, thought it would be better to keep the £17,000 they had got from the Railway Company to build the church, and spend it on charity among the poor, orthodox dissenters not being excluded. Latterly, after sixteen years' scheming and dodging, they got a decision from the House of Lords that the "charity" of Trinity Hospital, which had got from the Railway Company, not the value of the church and its site as a mere piece of heritage, but the money necessary to rebuild, and as near as possible reproduce, the church of 1462 on another site, had the legal right to spend the bulk of it as they chose, or, in other words, that a charity was entitled to fleece a railway company and its shareholders for the benefit of the poor upon the public

but false pretence of rebuilding on a new site the ancient architectural structure as near as may be, it being the hope of the pretenders that the poor would be always with them, but the Established Church as short a time as possible.

Very early in his college course the gossip of his friends and admirers had it settled as certain that Robert Wallace was to be a lawyer, in all probability an advocate or barrister, and for the profession of law he appeared to be specially well fitted. All the St. Andrews students who had preceded him and succeeded in law were, so far as history and tradition can tell, poor scholars in comparison, and John Campbell, who had been perhaps the most successful climber of them all, was, though always diligent, one of the poorest and dullest of them, having no specially strong faculty, except a capacious and retentive but loosely accurate memory and very plain, strong common sense. But, as stated, by the time of his graduating M.A. in April, 1853, the expense of a legal education and the extortionate entrance fees which guard the entry to all the genteel legal trades' unions in Scotland rose up as an insurmountable barrier, at least for a year or two. To help him to live and look about him he had accepted the office of classical master of Cupar Madras Academy, which he held for a session or two, giving great satisfaction to the not very many connected with the county town of Fifeshire who were capable of duly appreciating himself and his work. While there his musical tastes and conversational attractions took him a good deal into company. He saw and jested with

ladies, many of them young and lively, with the natural, unconventional liveliness of such poetic soil as Fifeshire and Ayrshire. He fell in love, and he became engaged to one of the brightest and handsomest of the belles of Cupar. A temporary impulsive inclination to marry at once and settle down as a teacher was overruled by his sagacious mother, who insisted on his continuing his studies for the Church, which he had begun by way of taking a partial session in order to enlarge his experience, as also his liberty of choice for after life. Out of his mother he drew most of his power and insight, and I am not aware that he ever disregarded her advice or acted to her any part except that of a most dutiful son. I believe she was much more of a seer than the mob of Scotch mothers whose ambition was and is to see each her own son "wag his pow in a poopit," however little could be shaken out of the pow. Though teaching was not to be his staff for life, he found it to be a very useful temporary crutch. He had casual work in it for the time of his Divinity course. He had also the easy and entertaining job of reading Horace to a member of the College of Justice who had strangely loved Horace in his youth and had become blind. Between Horace and his blind admirer Wallace had more fun than often falls to the lot of teachers of classics, public or private, but he confessed to me that he thought the old gentleman paid too dear for this late feast in the resuscitation of Horatian wit. He also taught something—I can't tell all what—perhaps it was religious knowledge—to the inmates of the Edinburgh Blind Asylum in Nicolson Street, and

contemporaneously he acted as chaplain for that often-criticised but never-quite-useless institution. He regularly conducted religious services in it, and had often propounded to him by his blind flock or pupils sceptical difficulties, especially regarding their personal infirmity, of a sort which it was difficult to answer, even more so than those that he generally met afterwards in his calling of a parish minister, for which this chaplaincy of the blind was an excellent preparation. His predecessor in the Blind Asylum was his friend John Duncan, D.D., first of Abbotshall, then of Dumfries, and lastly of Scoonie, a man of vast study and speculation, without Wallace's energy in action, but his superior in accurate, encyclopædic learning, after the manner of Whewell, and a humourist after the manner of, and not inferior in range to, Sydney Smith, if he had had as large and dense a mass of dulness to shoot his shafts into as merry, muddle-headed England afforded to Sydney Smith. Strange that two such men as Duncan and Wallace should have been found to act as chaplain for the Edinburgh Blind Asylum for fifty pounds a year! Both in after years looked back upon their experience there as a valuable part of their education as ministers and reflective men, and both found their work not unpleasant, though anxious, the social comforts and courtesies of it being ameliorated and elevated by the delicate aid and prudent guidance of the accomplished Miss Bathgate, afterwards matron of the Merchant Maiden Hospital, sister of two well-known lawyers, and not their inferior in intellect and in culture, which now solace her old age in a home under the South-ern Cross. Duncan was appointed in December, 1854;

Wallace succeeded him in January, 1856, and resigned on his election to Newton-on-Ayr, in October, 1857, to the charge of which he was ordained on 23rd December, the directors of the asylum expressing their high satisfaction with the services of both Robert Wallace and John Duncan, as well they might, though, if they had followed the course of most Edinburgh official persons, they would not have done it with men whose range of power and of culture was so markedly different from their own. The time of Wallace's work in Edinburgh extended from the beginning of 1856, except the interval when he was in Newton-on-Ayr, to an important date, 1880, when he left Edinburgh under stress of events to commence a new career in life as a student in English law, a career which he had very early longed for, but which probably began too late, though by reading and experience in Church Courts he had kept himself familiar with legal principles much better than some successful lawyers, including most of the pettifogger school, have either the inclination or the intellect to be able to do. Among the blind he laboured for nearly two years for £50 a year, and when he ceased to be a minister he was earning probably a larger income than any Scottish clergyman. He was minister of Newton-on-Ayr from 23rd December, 1857, to 21st December, 1860, when he was translated to Trinity College parish, somewhere in Edinburgh, and its church, predestined never to be built because of the unscrupulous zeal of the pious children of the Disruption and the charity law of the truly great Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Westbury, whose hatred of pretence and cant

was so genuine that if he could have rightly divined the motives of those who objected to the decision of the Court of Session in favour of rebuilding the church "in the same style and model as the old" would have been sorry, I doubt not, to give effect to motives so saturated with sectarian jealousy and spite.

Destiny, which surrendered the old numbered and marked stones of Trinity College Church to the rains of twenty winters, and latterly to thieves and purchasers of consecrated Catholic rubble, however, in due time found for Wallace another pre-Reformation church, the church of Old Greyfriars, a church more noteworthy in the history of religious liberty than any other in Edinburgh. George Buchanan's bones rest in its churchyard, and over them the zealots of a later generation walked as they hastened to sign the Covenant upon the few flat gravestones that had been placed in this fashionable Protestant burying-ground. Rationalism found an early voice in its pulpit, in the historian, Principal Robertson, also in Dr. Inglis, who was nothing if not rational, however much he may have fenced himself off from heterodoxy. Dr. Robert Lee, probably because of the industry and zeal of ignorant writers in newspapers, became more notorious to the public and more detested by narrow bigots incapable of foresight and of logic than any of his predecessors. Wallace was his disciple and ally in every suspected and forbidden field, and when Lee had been worried to death by the yelling pack of dull divines and duller elders, the congregation which Dr. Lee had gathered and educated, not unnaturally chose Wallace as his successor, and the Presbytery of

Edinburgh were content to give legal effect to their choice. They presented and ordained him to Old Greyfriars on 26th December, 1868. They did what was right, probably for the best, though some of them may have repented of it, not without suppressed curses and unshed tears.

The actual work of a parish minister of the Established Church is matter of very general knowledge in all the parishes of Scotland. Preparing in substance, with or without notes, or writing out and committing to memory two sermons a week, and delivering them, Sunday by Sunday, is the most regular and essential part of the work, and by itself, if well done, much harder work than falls to the lot of most busy professional men, as any man of culture who has tried to write a sermon, even without committing it to memory, will most readily believe. It is understood also that the minister should visit, once a year or so, all his flock, converted and unconverted, as well as outlying Christians, who are too particular in some matters of creed for the Established Church, if they will receive him with decent civility, and that he should be ready to give advice to all and sundry on all difficulties, theological, moral, matrimonial, to the saving thereof from the bills of doctors and of lawyers.

Wallace did his visiting very thoroughly in Newton-on-Ayr, and did not neglect the sceptics who seldom, if ever, attended church, extracting amusement, if not instruction, from their theological doubts and difficulties. He followed the same course when he came to Trinity College Church. He told me

that, so far as he could find out, he had called at the door of every house in his parish, as described to him by rather indefinite and, in parts, undiscoverable boundaries. Only two or three Dissenters of the more bitter sort received him uncivilly, and upon them he did not waste his breath for many seconds. He told me of the poverty and misery he saw in dens of drunkards and of thieves and other outcasts, of the abodes that had no bed except a shake-down of straw and rags, with two bricks for a pillow, of the limited furniture of a chair or stool or two, and a table with a fractured top and one or more legs in a lame condition, of women who had been genteelly brought up knitting or sewing for sixpence a day, "just Hood's women of the 'Song of the Shirt.'" For some of them he tried to find help to keep the ill-fed lamp of life burning. Shuttlecock retort was a familiar game with him, but I don't know that in his character of a visiting clergyman it ever got so far as it did with Dr. A. K. H. Boyd. In one of his parishes he called at the door of a dissenting tailor. The tailor knew he was likely to come, and was ready for him, in answer to the knock opening the door himself, not very wide, and speaking bravely through the aperture. "I am a Free Churchman. I can't receive an Erastian minister, but if you are to visit as a gentleman, you can come in." The D.D., actual or prospective, rejoined, "I am obliged to you for being so very civil, but when I visit as a gentleman, I don't visit tailors."

Much of Wallace's best, at least cleverest, work was done gratuitously. He was in the foremost demand for soiree and after-dinner speeches. His speeches in

Church Courts were of the highest order, and when he had timeous warning, were thought out and elaborated with no inconsiderable pains, most of the important passages being written out and committed to memory. Without any special preparation he could speak well, ably, and always worthily, if the subject was not too serious to admit of jocular treatment. His oratorical manner was equal to the first rank in Scotland. A few of the Parliament House advocates could turn sentences as well and as elegantly, but lawyers' oratory has for many years in Scotland been deficient even in the semblance of earnestness. Zeal was pronounced "a feeless faculty" by Lord Cockburn. He could dissemble it well, but since his day there has been no forensic play-acting except burlesque. I listened for forty years to lawyers' oratory, the best procurable or at least the most fashionable, and the best speeches I ever heard in the General Assembly in Church cases were delivered by Dr. Story in the Craigrownie case, and by Wallace in the Ormiston case, in favour of clergymen who, though prosecuted by the brethren of their respective Presbyteries in consequence of scandal due chiefly to dissenting optical illusion and petty parochial spite, were unanimously acquitted by the General Assembly, a jury of hundreds, and said by Lord Cockburn and some other supercilious persons, to be a "mob," yet nevertheless, to the best of my belief, the most enlightened and conscientious jury that acquits or condemns among civilised mankind.

IV

THE GREYFRIARS REBELLION AND ALLIANCE WITH DR. R. LEE

THE Greyfriars rebellion was a miniature revolt against superstition, unreason, and ugliness. It was a half-unconscious protest against the excesses of the Reformation as they broke out in Scotland under the preaching of John Knox and the lust for plunder of the barely civilised plutocracy, which divided the wealth of the religious houses among saints and thieves, and converted the cathedrals into quarries, and manifested its pious power, in the course of generations, by divesting of their ornaments the parish churches, with the double purpose of saving expense to orthodox heritors and liberating the people from all regret for the loss of the æsthetic accompaniments that appeared in the worship of the pre-Reformation Church, and in the churches that in pious times had been built and mortified for the purposes and fascinations of that worship. Dr. Robert Lee had spent his youth in England, and had never discovered that there might not be some beauty in holiness, nor had Dr. Wallace, though his associations with Culross Abbey were very much those of a good Mohammedan who says his prayers among the ruins of an Egyptian temple, dedicated to Isis or Osiris.

Both these men, though ultimately D.D.'s, were born rationalists, and were constitutionally incapable of pinning their faith to any dogma of pure superstition. They might treat it with a semblance of reverence, and even a feeling of reverence, because of its influence in the history of vanished generations who had filled their place in the scheme of divine providence, and according to their lights had done the work appointed for them to do. But that the wisdom of the forefathers should bind the children, however unfit to bear examination that wisdom might be, had not been conclusive to their reason. In short, they were unable to see any necessary alliance between holiness and ugliness, and they did not believe that any man is bound to believe the utterly unbelievable. They further had aimed at the fundamental doctrine of Protestantism, which is that the individual man is responsible to God, and to God alone, for his belief, and that the only practicable and conclusive test of truth for him is the utterance of the spirit of truth in his own soul, that soul which was created and constituted for him as his, and his alone, by the God that made him.

Since the era of the Covenants the religion of Scotland has cooled down from its lava heat and escaped from some of its pungent sulphurous superstitions. Rival sects, having tried each other by persecutions of one kind and another, have in the course of generations discovered that force does not create true faith, whatever it may do for noisy hypocrisy, and that toleration is an essential security towards sincere convictions. The moderates after

Culloden helped to steady the balance of cold reason, and the dissenters who forsook the church because of its spiritual coldness and want of evangelical fire helped to supply the zeal that was wanting in the church and to stimulate real religion in those who duly considered their fervid preaching and their self-sacrifice. By the conflict between zeal and reason, and by the fortunate combination, by heated controversy, of the two, the progress in rational religion has gone on amid debates about the relation of church and state, patronage dishonestly usurped, church endowment, spiritual independence, the sin of Cæsar paying for the teaching of religion, and the relative sinfulness of teachers who take his money as payment for the discharge of Christian duty. To the raising of the dust, and also to the dispersion or laying of it, all the eminent ministers of all the Presbyterian churches have contributed actually, though in confused proportion, for no dust seems growing smaller and smaller in controversy than ecclesiastical dust. After the first quarter of the nineteenth century, magazines and newspapers came to the assistance of reason, not perhaps by such contribution, but by the caustic surgery of ridicule applied to the miracles or monstrosities of enthusiasm.

Among the host of able, rational, moderate clergymen who fought the battles of liberty and church improvement in the nineteenth century, Robert Lee and Robert Wallace, singly and in co-operation, deserve to be remembered. Robert Lee was the leader of his day, for he was first in the field, but Robert Wallace was an able ally and successor,

the stronger of the two in broad intellectual ways and power, but inferior in taste and quasi-feminine insight and tact to his teacher and leader. Both were brought up among the surroundings of the working-classes, one on the banks of the Forth, the other in England, beside the Tweed, and both as clergymen in different parishes had extended their knowledge of the feelings, convictions, antipathies, and prejudices of the Scottish peasantry, and of the more wealthy but not often more wise who occupy a social position above those who work for their bread. Both had the advantage of a St. Andrews education, in College classes, and regularly in the College church, and whatever other teaching they could extract from ecclesiastical ruins, some of them dating as ruins from the days of Knox and others from ages that have no written history.

Each had been ordained in two parishes before the final promotion to Old Greyfriars, a parish which is the last sphere of usefulness for most incumbents. When Robert Lee received his first charge as a preacher at Arbroath, the people of Scotland (omitting the few Episcopalians) went to church to have a talk at or near the church door, and to hear a sermon. Praise counted for next to nothing, prayer counted for very little unless when the preacher made prayer the vehicle of going through and indicating his opinions upon the most clamorous items of gossip of the parish or the district. Robert Lee was from the first careful in the preparation of his prayers. He selected and read scripture lessons which rather surprised his audience, and he often repeated the Lord's Prayer, which beyond doubt suggested Popish formalism to some of

his hearers, and the remark that they could all say the Lord's Prayer for themselves. He worked hard to make the services of the sanctuary both interesting and instructive to his hearers, and that was his habit to the last. He never shrunk from directing his sermons to the existing life interests of the people he was trying to guide in the way they should go, from pointing out clearly the distinction between right and wrong as not to be settled by fashion or by worldly success, and from applying ridicule, with delicate but cutting dexterity, to those vices that are winked at in the possessors of wealth and power, but mercilessly punished in the poor, whose bad example is harmless.

At Campsie he no doubt acted according to these rules, doing for his parishioners whatever as a minister and teacher he was able to do. The Disruption came, clearing out the pulpits and desolating the congregations of Edinburgh, and Lee was appointed by the Town Council of Edinburgh (probably ere long much to their astonishment and regret) to be one of the city ministers, his church to be the Old Greyfriars at which the Covenant was signed, in which Hume, as a mature man, and Walter Scott, as a lad, had attended worship regularly, and the pulpit of which had been occupied by Principal Robertson, Dr. Inglis, and other famous men, a grand old church wanting nothing except a congregation. Before Lee had sufficient time to collect one, on 19th January, 1845, it was reduced to the bare, blackened walls by fire, caused by an overheated flue. He and his small flock required to take shelter, for the time being, with a still smaller flock that sat like scattered crows among mist in the Assembly Hall.

The minister of the Tolbooth conducted the forenoon service, and Dr. Lee the afternoon service. Dr. Lee was then in the full vigour of his powers, and he preached on the conduct of human life and its relations, moral and religious, with a plainness, a breadth, and a boldness, a reasonableness and a practicality that I have seldom heard equalled, and in all its varied merits never surpassed. Among other subjects that he discussed was certainly the doing of things decently and in order in church, and he undeniably touched with the sting of a satirist the sauntering of congregations into church during the singing of the first psalm, and the treating of it, not as a portion of the becoming praise of God, but merely a "decent noise" to conceal the patter of belated feet. The awkward, lounging contortions of worshippers supposed to be engaged in prayer also came in for an occasional touch of notice far short of being eulogistic, because of the influence of disorder upon spectators with fixed ideas of propriety or elegance, without, however, any concealment that it is the heart that prays, and not the bent knees or the contorted elbows. The efficacy of unwritten and even of unspoken prayer was never denied by him; what he did protest against and condemn as unsuited to the worship of an educated congregation was the use of rash, ill-considered, vulgar language that might seem profane and even blasphemous to any congregation that was not intoxicated with enthusiasm or some sensual stimulant, and so rendered unfit to realise what is implied in the prostration of the soul of man before its Maker and Judge. He never asserted that the

best prayers may not be extempore ; he did assert, in substance, if not in words, that the ear of heaven had been wearied with more profane mad raving in the form of extempore prayers than in all other possible forms.

While the Town Council were busy with annuity-tax agitation and setting the Free Church upon the highest clerical pinnacle, Dr. Lee had from the inside of a few and the outside of many churches (the Unitarian Church, not without a suspicion of truth, being said to be one of the former) collected a congregation bound to him by ties more purely intellectual than held together any other congregation in Edinburgh (not excepting Dr. Candlish's, which followed close to it in that matter, and quite deservedly), and very unlikely to dissent from any reform or improvement in public worship that he might propose for their acceptance. The changes did not all come together. The windows were filled with stained glass at intervals by persons of intelligence and munificence who did not think it likely that much soul-destroying error could secrete itself in stained glass. Lord Brougham put in one of them in memory of his grand-uncle, Principal Robertson, once a preacher of rationalism in this church. John Inglis, Lord President of the Court of Session, did the like in memory of his father, another of the ministers, the most powerful reasoner in the church of his day, though how much of rationalism he revealed in the pulpit has not become matter of history, perhaps because his contemporaries in the Presbytery were afraid of him, or because they had more charity and intelligence than their successors. As to the

propriety of standing when singing and kneeling at prayer, Dr. Lee certainly recommended it, leaving its adoption, however, to the congregation and the kirk-session. The congregation were left to the freedom of their own will, and on a day suggested or arranged the large majority of the congregation adopted the new, or at least, the improved postures. Four or five conscientious men, none of whom looked particularly steady on their feet, continued to stand up at every prayer (except when they forgot to get up) for many weeks or months, and some strangers, newspaper spies, and the like, also stood up, taking the practical benefit of a good look about them for purposes not strictly pious. To introduce the organ required some time. Money had to be collected among the congregation and their friends. Some subscribed for love of music, some for love of contradiction and of liberty. The organ was built, and in due time set up. No member of the congregation openly objected to the "kist o' whistles," or to the standing to be better able to sing, or to the kneeling at prayer, or the "hunkering," as it was called by some extraneous objectors, the single noteworthy man among them being Dr. Begg of the Free Church, who alone of all the objectors to Dr. Lee's changes ever said a word in my hearing against them that seemed to me to be rational and sincere, he being, I was satisfied, convinced that the æsthetic alterations were a vicious departure from the simplicity of the Presbyterian worship of Scotland, a pandering to the sensual, and a deadly opiate to the spiritual.

The history of the "Greyfriars innovations," as they

were nicknamed by the enemies of Dr. Lee, is told in Dr. Story's life of him as clearly as can be, and perhaps more fully than even the curious into ecclesiastical disputes of half a century ago will care to know. If it be otherwise, I am surprised to have come across so few men who have read Dr. Story's book, for I have found it to be a thoroughly careful bit of literary workmanship, containing in it as little insincere rubbish as any ecclesiastical biography I have ever read, and disclosing the lifework of a true, sharp, nimble intellect, working under the guidance of an enlightened conscience, the pressure of a truly religious spirit, and a genuine enthusiasm which never escaped from the control of common sense or forgot that a faculty of recognising the ridiculous, even in sincere religious effervescence, is one of the safeguards of mankind. I learned a great deal from Dr. Lee's pulpit discourses from the summer of 1856 to the end, but I learned from this book and the excerpts from his writings, intended for no human eye, that he had a more deep, intense religious nature than I had discovered from his public utterances. One Edinburgh critic of fine penetrating insight too hastily spoke of him as "flippant." I knew always he did not wear his heart upon his sleeve. I know now that his mask was the mask of a cynic or a stoic, or both. It was not the fashionable mask of the typical Edinburgh hypocrite, who, except when eating and drinking and swearing, tries to look a great deal better than he is. The Pharisee of the gospel is a decent, virtuous gentleman compared with the fashionable Edinburgh hypocrite. How many such pretenders there may have been

among Dr. Lee's enemies and revilers, as also among Dr. Wallace's, is not a matter of statistics, but that they all acted on grounds that could bear the light of a court of conscience is beyond the range of the most charitable belief. One other item of conviction I have had forced into me by this biography and that of other men that have toiled for the welfare and enlightenment of Edinburgh is that the record of their deeds, whether for good or for evil, does not excite interest beyond their contemporaries, and a decidedly Laodicean interest even among them. There is a monumental-stone indifference and oblivion.

Dr. Lee, however, did have opponents, many of whom may have been sincere, but few of whom could escape from the suspicion of being prejudiced and irrational. The full story of their twistings and stone-throwing, and archery through the loopholes of overtures at Dumfries and Aberdeen, and their attacks, which savour of the useless mischief of boys or of ossified men creeping back to silly second childhood, must be sought in Dr. Story's book, and in the newspapers, by those who have time to spare and a taste for understanding the skirmishing tactics and shifty, furtive evolutions of the pigmies that hurried forward impending consequences that they hoped to avoid. Wallace had come under Dr. Lee's influence when a student in his class of Biblical Criticism, and had his growth in liberalism judiciously fostered and moderated by what he heard and studied for in that class. In all his controversies with church busy-bodies and church courts, Dr. Lee had Wallace's full sympathy and, whenever it could be given, his willing and unflinching

assistance. Before he was in a position to give much, Dr. Lee and his united congregation had carried all their innovations safely to victory, except the recognition as lawful of the reading of Dr. Lee's prayers from a printed book by himself and other occupants of Greyfriars pulpit. He had published several of his prayers that he used to repeat and improve upon gradually, as he could from time to time improve upon idea and expression, in a volume of "Prayers for Public Worship." The General Assembly, on 24th May, 1859, by a majority of 140 to 110, sustained the legality of standing at singing, kneeling at prayer, stained-glass windows, and the organ, as left to the taste and free-will of congregations, but declared that the reading of prayer from a book was "an innovation upon and contrary to the laws and usages of the church in the celebration of public worship; and the Assembly enjoined Dr. Lee to discontinue the use of the book in question in the services of his church, and to conform in offering up prayer to the present ordinary practice of the church." By what compromises this majority of thirty was attained may be and must remain matter of illimitable conjecture, as must also be the intensity of Aberdeen interest for and against. Dr. Norman Macleod, Principal Tulloch, and the liberals and rationalists of all degrees of expansiveness supported Dr. Lee. He acquiesced in the decision, "as he understood it," thinking it a large instalment of victory, and that, except as a symbol of liberty, "the book in question" was not worth fighting about. But that he or any one else who knew the facts bearing on the questions

stirred and decided upon directly or by implication could be satisfied in the region of law and history was impossible.

So far as I know or believe, no tribunal in Scotland contains more learning or a more well-intentioned, conscientious spirit than the General Assembly of the church by law established, and I have never known it go far wrong unless when misled by some sleek, oily incarnation of humbug; but I doubt very much if there be many judicial declarations of law and fact in Scotland since the Revolution of 1688 that involve more errors and false assumptions than the final part of the deliverance of the General Assembly against Dr. Lee's book of prayers for public worship. If there be a law against reading prayers in the Church of Scotland, when was it enacted, and by whom, and where is it to be found, in MS. or in print? What man with an honest pretension to adequate knowledge can dare to say that there is any uniform or recognised usage in regard to prayer, especially free prayer, in Presbyterian Scotland? Did not John Knox compile a liturgy, and did he never read prayers? Who can tell what was the present ordinary practice of the churches in 1859? Was it not the most common practice to repeat from memory sentences and phrases plagiarised from the English prayer-book, and from all the prayers that the preacher had ever heard, and found himself capable of remembering and finding fit to express "his soul's sincere desire"? Did that Assembly intend that the utterance from memory of precatory mosaic, theftuously or worthily acquired, was the only practice in prayer consistent with the law of the church?

Dr. Robertson, the ponderous overwheeler of Dr. Candlish and his evangelical host in debates before the Disruption, then Professor of Church History in Edinburgh, nick-named "Endowment" Robertson, because of his great public services in supplementing the small livings of the clergy, and his peculiar treatment of vowels in "endowment," and laughed at for his clumsy sentences and his Aberdonian Doric, nevertheless one of the best-hearted, hardest-headed, most honest churchmen ever seen, admitted that a minister might write out and read his prayers every week, but, though an excellent mathematician, he did not demonstrate how the unit should be lawful, and the ten or twelve units united by a bookbinder should be unlawful. Indeed, the good man was blinded a little by Aberdonian tricks, which he was too innocent to discover, and prejudices, and anxiety to promote the welfare and peace of Zion, and also to encourage free prayer, written or not, to suit the special needs of each locality.

As he had acquiesced in the decision of the Assembly of 1859, being satisfied with it as largely favourable to him and his flock, Dr. Lee laid aside the condemned book, and read the prayers from memory as he had done for years before they were put into a printed book and bound by a bookbinder. But Dr. Lee knew well that reading prayers from books, printed and written, had been practised before Knox, by Knox, and since Knox, and that there was no law against read prayers any more than against read sermons. He also knew that the majority of churchgoers in Scotland dislike read sermons quite as much

as, perhaps rather more than, read prayers. Though he thought the General Assembly's decision of 1859 bad in law, and bad, indeed false, in history, he was thankful for the freedom it recognised, and held himself bound in honour to respect it. The General Assemblies of 1863 and 1864, however, also gave expositions of the law that he thought, and not without cause, relaxed or abrogated the erroneous restrictions laid upon him in 1859, so he printed a new and enlarged edition of his Book of Prayers, and again began in 1863 to read them in the church when, through weakness or weariness, he found it easier to read from the print than from his much-burdened and weakened memory, and most of the brethren who came to supply his place in the pulpit followed his example ; indeed, I do not remember more than two or three who did not, though this was the freest pulpit in Scotland, in which every clergyman could pray as he chose.

In due time, though not very hastily, Dr. Stewart, a good, dull, decent minister of Liberton, who sat upon his parochial hill overlooking Edinburgh at three miles' distance, which is not a far range of vision for a watcher in Zion, not overburdened with work in his own small peculiar section of it, discovered that Dr. Lee was again breaking the law of the Church. He sounded the ecclesiastical alarm, "Tally-ho," or whatever it was, and the beagles, terriers, and messans of the Presbytery again resumed the hunt of Dr. Lee, and devoted themselves to annoy and waste the time of the man who was working harder and more successfully in the interests of humanity and of the church than

any of them. The Presbytery, on 28th December, 1865, declined to interfere by a vote of 20 to 15. The Synod, on 1st May, 1866, by a vote of 17 to 13, reversed this decision. An appeal was taken to the General Assembly, and by 146 to 106 the General Assembly of 1866, under the influence of blind bigotry, chiefly inspired and expressed by Dr. Pirie of Aberdeen, sent it back to the Presbytery to appoint a committee to confer with Dr. Lee as to his mode of conducting public worship, actual and intended.

Whatever Dr. Lee did was done openly. His plans to improve the Church of Scotland could not be carried out in secret. Strangers had free access to Old Greyfriars so long as there was an empty seat or standing room in the passages. Some time was spent in determining how the sham enquiry, into what had never been denied, was to be carried out. Dr. Wallace, in order, as far as possible, to obtain a permanent photograph of the ideas and mental processes of the more meddlesome and muddled obstructive Presbyters, proposed that the enquiry should be made in written questions and answers. The Presbyters, though not far-seeing, were too wide-awake to commit their blunders, illogical confusions, and bigotries to paper. They found out otherwise, what indeed they had known all along, that Dr. Lee read his prayers from a new edition of the "book in question" condemned by the Assembly of 1859, and after a good deal of botheration given and taken, they, on 14th March, 1867, by a vote of 23 to 18, there being eleven ministers on each side, in substance enjoined the discontinuance of reading of the old

prayers from the new book as not being consistent with the laws and usage of the Church. An appeal was taken to the Synod, and on the motion of Dr. Cook, of Haddington, the appeal was dismissed. He held, and there was reason in what he held, that the General Assembly of 1859 had forbidden the reading of these very prayers as not according to law and usage, and that the order of the supreme court of the church, however erroneous in law, however false in fact, must be obeyed. He was principal clerk of the General Assembly, its Moderator of the previous year, a brother of its legal adviser, the Procurator, the son of its ante-Disruption leader, the author of the most authoritative book on Scots church law, and a distinctly able, fair-minded man, with nothing in him of the Jesuit, the fanatic, or the quack. Unfriendly to Dr. Lee he certainly was not, nor Dr. Lee to him; they knew each other to belong to the spiritual brotherhood of honest, heaven-sent men who seek diligently to understand the right, and fearlessly try to do it. But in his position Dr. Cook could not do otherwise than he did. He could not venture to assume by word and deed that a decision of the General Assembly was wrong, for the law of the country assumed the contrary. Sir John Skelton, a friend of Dr. Lee, and one of his legal advisers, in a letter to Dr. Story, acknowledges with cautious vagueness "that the ecclesiastical tribunals had an inherent right to regulate, within certain limits, the manner and form within which divine service should be conducted," and indicates his persuasion that, if Dr. Lee had been deposed for *contumacy*, the Court of Session would

refuse to interfere, or, in other words, John Skelton was of the same opinion as Dr. Cook. I think that Dr. Lee was discreetly advised not to risk deposition and his life in the hope of the Court of Session interfering to save him from ruin ; but I further think that some day hereafter, in the House of Lords, a successor of Lord Westbury may doubt if any court has the "inherent right" to ruin a man because of erroneous hypothesis or patent falsehood as to "law and usage," and whether the "certain limits" of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, which are very uncertain, can be stretched to protect the results of despotic oppression, reckless misstatement of history, and palpable injustice.

An appeal was taken to the General Assembly for Dr. Lee, though his counsel expected an adverse decision, but the day before the case was to come on Dr. Lee fell from his horse, owing to a stroke of paralysis, on his way home from a visit to Lord Dunfermline at Colinton, and the case, on being called at the bar of the Assembly, was postponed *sine die*—yes ! postponed to the judgment-seat of the grand hereafter, where persecutors may fare better or worse than they were wont to do in the poor tribunals of mere human history, but whether or not can be of little consequence even to them or to the credulous creatures who take upon trust their honesty and their infallibility.

The battle of the Greyfriars' Prayer-book was a very small battle, but it killed Dr. Lee, and a great deal besides. He was a delicate man all his days, with no coarse reserve of physical strength in him. But he

knew the arts of preserving health and utilising by care of the body his working powers to the uttermost. He was growing old, but he could have continued working and cheerful on his various lines of occupation and of efforts for several years. He was born to be a fighter, and might have gone on steadily a long time with his class and his pulpit and an occasional demonstration in the fight for reason, liberty, and truth. But the life was worried out of him by the trifling molehills that dull dishonesty and lively jealousy and stupidity had magnified into mountains. He knew well enough that there were bigger and nobler tasks before him than the settlement of the question as to whether a congregation might not worship God by a prayer written on a bit of paper or printed in a bound book.

Dr. Wallace took Dr. Lee's place as substitute *pro tem.* in the Biblical Criticism class after he was struck with illness, and was Dr. Lee's successor in Old Greyfriars. The congregation had adopted him because he had fought for them and their persecuted pastor, and he adopted the Greyfriars' innovations. He did not invent them, nor, except at the sacrifice of historical truth, can it be said that Dr. Lee did invent them. The originality in Dr. Lee's procedure was simply, for the most part, in bringing back old forms of worship, or in introducing new forms, against which there was no law of the church and no law of good taste or of reason, in order to satisfy those who preferred the æsthetic to the ugly. Men had stood often at singing psalms, at Drumclog, for instance, with the dragoons of Claverhouse in sight,

and victory or death hanging upon minutes; they had knelt at prayer for centuries before Dr. Lee was born. Prayers had been read in the Catholic centuries and by John Knox, who compiled a liturgy himself, and, notwithstanding the keenness of his scent for heresy and papistry, he did not discover anything diabolical in read prayers. Organs were, of course, unknown in the Presbyterian Church, but that was probably because the ancestors of the Scottish nobles, who have somehow some of them inherited a taste for organs and other church elegancies, plundered the Reformed Churches so effectually that they could not procure luxuries of any æsthetic type. Poverty, not principle, kept Presbytery free of organs in the worship of a God who had covered the earth with beauty and hung it among the stars of heaven.

In all this latter-day Prayer-book battle, Wallace acted as an able adjutant to Dr. Lee, and next to Dr. Lee himself did most to explain the merits of a very plain question down to the level of the lowest capacity. The substance of his argument to the church courts was, "You assert the right of 'free prayer' for every minister and member of the church, and profess to give it. Is not reading a prayer one species of free prayer; then why do you forbid it?" The answer was, "Because it is unusual," and the counter-answer was, "What does that signify if all prayer is to be free, and if quite extempore, is likely to be very unusual, much more unusual than written or printed prayers can ever be?" And to this there could be no rational or credible reply. Dr. Lee writes of one of Wallace's speeches in the Synod

as being "an exquisitely witty and telling speech." Wallace had always plenty of contempt for the contemptible, and I fancy he would require to place his wit under considerable restraint when dealing with the follies and frivolities of Edinburgh Presbyters, and still more with their rustic brethren, the historical wire-pullers and legislators of Dumfries, Aberdeen, and of the Highland host. But he also knew very well that a body of clergy who set a bad custom or a good custom above truth were much in want of getting instructions in any element of truth to which they had been brought to give their serious attention. So he and Lee, each in his own effective way, set before the Church the true history as to the usages in public worship that had prevailed in Scotland. Their history and their arguments about these so-called innovations have never been answered, nor will be successfully; they are unanswerable, and are now generally known to be.

A great many ecclesiastical reputations perished in the conflict with Dr. Lee. If Scottish rationalism ever finds a historian, the rationalists of our day will to a great extent be tested by the votes given in church courts against Dr. Lee and Dr. Wallace. The givers of these votes are not worth naming here; but I dare to assert that Dr. Lee was not more effectually killed by that innovation controversy than was the reputation of most of the leaders and wire-pullers of the north and south, especially of Aberdeen, who had neither the culture nor the caution of their clerical brethren in Edinburgh. How any man, for instance, with a logical training and a true understanding, how-

ever much squeezed by ecclesiastical tinkers, could have drafted what is called the Pirie Act of 1865, as interpreted by its evolutionary and revolutionary developments, is beyond rational comprehension, as are also the grounds upon which a majority of any learned and honest court, be it an Assembly or a "mob," could have adopted it as a declaration of the settled law of the Church. Like its real or putative author it is on its way to an oblivion which will never be roughly disturbed except by some industrious Buckle who desires to expose the gross ignorance and the ready credulity of the Scottish Church in the latter half of the nineteenth century. The only other solemn, clerical, memorable, dogmatic asseveration of that era that can match with the deliverance of Pirie and his motley black host in 1865 in its astounding disregard of popular intelligence and historical truth is the declaration, mixing with its latest gasps, of the Free Church that it was undergoing no change in effecting its grand, modern miracle of metempsychosis by incarnating two discordant souls in a single body; the one soul believing in accordance with the creed declared in the Confession of Faith (cap. 23) as settled at Westminster, and approved by the General Assembly of 1647, that the civil magistrate, otherwise styled Cæsar, has religious duties to perform personally and in the interests of the people ruled by him under God, that he is bound to suppress "heresies and blasphemies"; "to take order that the truth of God be preserved pure and entire," and to provide that the transactions of synods called by him shall be "according to the mind of God"; the other discordant soul

of this very mystical body believing, or at least declaring, that Cæsar knows nothing about the mind of God, that he is incapable of performing any religious duty except to keep clear of churches, that it is a sin to pay money coined by him for the teaching of religion, however pure and true, and a sin for the teachers of religion, however pure and true, to receive his money ; that his sole religious function is to utter and administer oaths, and that he is fit for and bound to no duty in this world beyond paying and ruling soldiers, sailors, jailors, and policemen. The Principal-Pirie and the Principal-Rainy processes for squaring history with church schemes and necessities will, perhaps, enlighten coming generations as to what the clergy of this generation have been capable of believing, asserting, and accomplishing by their divine gift of persuading themselves and their flocks of facile believers.

When some simple or impudent person asked Principal Lee if Dr. Robert Lee was his son, the Principal promptly responded, "God forbid," and quite correctly, for they had really, except a large stock of old books and book learning, little or nothing in common except the three letters of a name. However much Robert Lee would have repudiated Robert Wallace, it is certain that Wallace's inheritance from Lee was much larger than that of most ministers' sons from their respective fathers. For one thing, he inherited and served himself heir to Dr. Lee's heretical and revolutionary reputation, and so readily acquired fame, or infamy, according to the taste or prejudices of those who admired or hated Dr. Lee. The reputation

so acquired filled his church, and his untiring industry in preparing his sermons and filling them with original or at least uncommon matter, as far as possible, kept it better filled than most churches in Edinburgh without the fascinating suspicion of want of orthodoxy. Most of the curious in points of heresy looked in at times to hear him; likewise many of the lapsed masses who had not been at church for years, and who perhaps would not have required to slip into church under the disguise of working men, as some Glasgow gentlemen did sometimes to hear Dr. Norman Macleod's eloquent unwritten exhortations to the lapsed masses of Glasgow concerning moral responsibility and well-doing. Until the passages were full of hearers no one was refused admission, and only the very dull could go away without having heard something worth thinking about, and exciting likely enough a spirit of contradiction. That he ever converted any one to anything better than "sweet reasonableness," flavoured with charity, I cannot venture to assert. But I believe that many of those casuals who came to hear both Dr. Lee and Dr. Wallace were well enough content with such preaching as that of Dr. M'Gregor, or of Dr. Walter Smith or Dr. Whyte, or of Dr. Cameron Lees, and that some, after trial, preferred solitary meditation on Arthur Seat or the Pentland Hills to being in any church. In short, Greyfriars was in both occupations of the pulpit a fashionable church, because Lee and Wallace were reported to be possessed of both ready wit and heretical reason, and the vituperation of dull divines and duller elders gave a *prima facie* aspect of credibility to the report. Had doting orthodoxy and newspaper

thirst for the strong waters of "use and wont" and the Confession of Faith let Lee and Wallace alone, neither Lee nor Wallace would have effected half the good or the evil that they did. I assume that, as they excited so much lively zeal, they might have done some evil, though, to tell the truth, I am not aware for certain of any one who came within the range of the influence of either who was capable of being harmed by heresy, though some were capable of being instructed in morality and others of being convinced that, though religion involves the darkest of problems, it discloses also the clearest, brightest vistas of hope, the only vistas that are not sealed up by death and time.

George Combe, the author of the "Constitution of Man," and other books proclaiming the divine authority of the laws that govern the world, left the Unitarian Church to attend the preaching of Dr. Lee; so did his nephew, Robert Cox, the author of "Sabbath Laws and Sabbath Duties," the most learned, painstaking, and truthful expounder known to me of the divine obligation of the Sabbath. In fact, most, if not all, the thinkers who were, in the wicked wit of the Edinburgh religious world, called the "Coxcomb School" attended Greyfriars Church, and, so far as I know, the surviving remnant of it may still do so. Another regular afternoon hearer there was William M'Ewan, brought up as an Original Seceder, afterwards M.P. for Central Edinburgh, a man of penetrating insight, rare and varied accomplishments, great wealth and unbounded generosity, deserving to be honoured, I believe, as the most steadfast, unfailing, and generous of

all Wallace's friends. Indeed, a Sunday sermon in it was by not a few thought equivalent to taking a slice of the forbidden fruit, and, in consequence, acquiring a little more or less unpleasant knowledge. Russel of the *Scotsman* sat in this church with fair regularity when not in the country, and, though not much of a religious missionary, he often brought strangers to this church, and some who were pretty nearly entirely strangers to the insides of all churches. One day he brought an elderly gentleman of doubtful orthodoxy but of undoubted natural ability, who often gave famous Sunday dinners at a round table that had been constructed to accommodate exactly thirteen, a number odious to all superstitious persons except the customers of fishwives and bakers, and who had not listened to a sermon for thirty years. Wallace was asserting the safety of the man who did his best to learn the right and did it, and he said, "God will never condemn any man for being a bad metaphysician," whereupon the stranger nudges Russel's knee; Wallace, going on with his sentence, adds, "but for being a bad man," whereat Russel nudges back, and says in an audible whisper of sporting lingo, "He's got you with the second barrel." I, too, sometimes took strangers to that church without the wish to become a deacon or an elder. I took Sam Bough, the artist, who was a genius, very clever in many things beside painting, to hear both Lee and Wallace, and I am not sure that he was ever in a Presbyterian church except on these two occasions. He listened with obvious pleasure to Lee, and, after the blessing was pronounced, in the act of sitting down said in a

decided stage whisper, "very excellent performance," and outside announced his intention of coming back to get another Sunday afternoon's "instruction and amusement." But I am not aware that he was back for years until I took him to hear Wallace, whose sermon turned out to be argumentative and philosophical. When we got to the churchyard a mature, grown young lady, daughter of a Forfarshire laird, who had also been invited by me, turned upon me and said, "Do you call that a Gospel sermon?" Before I could answer, Bough exclaimed, "Not at all; only a moral essay with no nourishment in it for the soul of man or woman," and he carried on the lady in her own course of criticism with an apparent unction that amazed me by its methodistic slang, indicating only by its extravagance that he was laughing in his sleeve, and that he was very familiar with the lingo of evangelical criticism.

One other incident I can give from personal knowledge of the way in which his casual congregation, unstable in attendance and in creed, was made up. At the Burns' birthday dinner in Edinburgh of 1873 Wallace proposed the "Immortal Memory," as many a popular orator has done on the 25th of January before and since. His speech was the best exposition and vindication of Burns' theology that I have ever heard, and was otherwise an admirable discourse, unfolding the merits for which Burns has found his high place among the Scottish immortals. Except its strong sense, its subtle, unobtrusive humour, and its broad catholic religious spirit, there was nothing in it to take by storm the fancy of an

unbeliever. But, as Wallace and I came out of the dining-hall together, a stout, thick-set, quite sober, self-composed gentleman, that might have been a town-councillor or other public character, quite at home with himself, stepped on the instant out of the window recess, and said in substance (I don't profess to recollect all the exact words), "Mr. Wallace, you don't know me, and I never saw you before to-night. I am Robinson, the bookseller of Greenside, and I have taken some interest in religious questions, not much to my profit. I have not been in church since I spent several months in prison for meddling with religious questions thirty years ago, and I did not think I would ever care to go back; but, after your speech about Burns, I recognise a man that understands human nature, and that the truth has more sides than one, and I believe you could let me understand some things that I would like to know. I will come and hear you preach. I am satisfied that you will not preach anything that you do not believe, or that could harm me if I were to believe it." I was able to tell Wallace something about this man. The reputation that his imprisonment had given him took me, in my teens, to his shop in Greenside, to buy Voltaire's "Zadig" and Byron's "Vision of Judgment," and, as a lawyer, I had read all that could be read of the report of his trial. My belief was that Wallace could not unsettle this man's faith; how far he may have added to its stability I have no means of knowing. I make mention of this martyr for free thought and free speech, and leave it to others to guess what the orthodox clergy of Edinburgh had been able and

willing to do for him. He was convicted in 1843 of selling blasphemous books.

I was a member of Greyfriars' congregation from 1856 to 1885, and therefore constructively one of the camp of rebels, though I cared little for either organs or prayer-books, though a good deal for Frederick the Great's principle that every man ought to be allowed to go to heaven in his own way—in a luxurious first-class, if he can find one; over a path paved with flints and strewed with thorns if he cannot; but always as a free-will agent, choosing the good and refusing the evil, and not deprived of the merit of genuine intelligent choice by the compulsion of cruel magistrates or of prejudiced ecclesiastical despots. Not one of the opponents or persecutors of Dr. Lee and Dr. Wallace known to me personally was a dishonest man, though most—I suspect all of them—were the slaves of opinions that they had taken very much on trust without the patience or the capacity to probe them to the rocks of historical and metaphysical reality. My belief is that Dr. Lee and Dr. Wallace sought the truth as diligently and with a mental capacity at least as great as that of any of their opponents. The stake in the conflict was very small, but it involved a part of the birthright of freedom which only a tyrant would usurp and a slave stoop to surrender. Both Dr. Lee and Dr. Wallace were in a real sense martyrs, and, unlike the Free Churchmen of 1843, they were not "schismatics: not martyrs by mistake." Dr. Wallace extracted as much comedy as he could out of the arts and tactics of his foes; Dr. Lee drew exhilaration from controversy, but the burden

of shooting polished arrows into an ecclesiastical peat-bog broke down at last his over-strained nervous system. The day before he was struck with paralysis I walked up the Mound of Edinburgh with him, halting sometimes, and talking all the way, for the most part, about the proceedings and vote of the coming Assembly that threatened him with defeat. To my expression of regret that he should be worried at his age with so paltry a question as the legality of reading printed prayers out of a bound book, he said, "Well, I have done what I can to free the question from confusion and error, and I have rather enjoyed my share of the controversy, though I cannot confess to much respect for my opponents." His pale, expressive, earnest face was turned to me as he spoke. I saw on it unusual signs of weariness, if not of care, and the twitching of his eyelid more pronounced than I had ever before noticed. I knew what that twitching meant, as a symptom, and I said, "Controversy has its pleasures of a sort, but see that you do not hurt your health by trying to convince those who are unconvincible either from prejudice or stupidity."

In supplement, elucidation, and confirmation or modification of my statements I again refer to Principal Story's life of Dr. Lee, which contains a much better and fuller history of the Greyfriars troubles than I can give, or than any other writer can require to give, and I conclude this chapter by a letter from Principal Story which contains a good deal that I can confirm, and nothing that I can contradict, and allows a glimpse into an ecclesiastical brotherhood in which neither controversy nor charity were strangers.

V

IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY

(BY PRINCIPAL STORY)

You ask me to give you some recollections of Dr. Wallace as a member of the General Assembly. My memories of him go back to a time when neither he nor I was a member of that venerable house. When I was entering the Divinity Hall in Edinburgh he was about to leave it, having gone through his appointed course there. I did not see much of him in my junior position, but I remember well the impression of ability, originality, and intellectual power which he left behind him. There was a kind of aloofness and gravity about him—at least in his occasional intercourse with the entrants to the Hall—which heightened the appreciation of his satiric touch, and the real kindliness of the humorous smile which, now and then, lighted up his grave, almost sad, expression. I did not often meet him when he became minister of Trinity College Church, but always read, with much relish, the reports in the newspapers of his speeches in the Presbytery, marked as they were with the freedom and force with which he championed the cause of Dr. Robert Lee, then the object of the inveterate hostility of the majority of that Court. Freedom of thought, force of utterance, breadth

of view, firm grip of principle, always made these speeches notable—sometimes enlivened with suggestions of a humorous common sense, as when he interjected (the Moderator helplessly endeavouring to keep an irrelevant speaker to the point) “Better let Mr. ——— alone. He will be the sooner done.” He never needed to be kept to the point, for he never failed to see it and to keep it full in view. His argument never faltered in its logic, or wandered into byways, or ended in futilities; it kept straight and direct on its course of bright lucidity. There were no rhetorical flights, no “*purpurei panni*,” no “alarms and excursions,” no unpleasant personalities. He preserved, sometimes amidst no little opposition and interruption, a perfect evenness of temper, and an aspect and tone of admirable yet cynical placidity—perhaps rather irritating to impatient gainsayers. But I must do justice to the Assembly. In those days he was pretty constantly in a minority, but such was the sense of his ability, honesty, and fairness that he was generally listened to with a full measure of attention and courtesy, and a respect—though not for his opinions—for his personality, which we could not but recognise. “I should not have been so well treated in Convocation,” said Dean Stanley, after hearing a debate in which Wallace held his own against a strong majority. He was an undoubted power in the Assembly, as long as he had a seat in it, and an influence exercised by no one else, except Tulloch, in the interest of a broad and liberal churchmanship.

When Tulloch was taken, had Wallace re-

mained with us, that influence would have extended, and he would have become the leader of a vigorous and growing party. He had, I think, most of the gifts a man needs to make him the leader of a party and of a popular Assembly—a capacity of seeing clearly and judging justly, a statesmanlike foresight, a wise reasonableness, a conciliatory disposition, an easy readiness in debate, a power of intelligent and coherent exposition; and along with all these, a satiric vein which was not to be trifled with, a caustic wit, and a saving grace of humour. The Assembly of to-day is more tolerant and humane than that of thirty years ago; and Wallace, first as a follower of Dr. Lee and afterwards on his own account, had to encounter a spirit of suspicion and of ill-will whose virulence has died away. Blatant taunts of having violated ordination vows, and irrationally malignant assertions of having acted under the inspiration of the devil, which were freely flung about, even by “saintly” D.D.’s, have sunk into unhonoured silence; but they were common then. And it was no small credit to a man roughly exposed to them that he kept his head clear and his temper cool, and let no provocation tempt him to strike a foul blow, make unworthy reprisals, or take an unfair advantage.

There were two questions principally engrossing the minds of thoughtful men, anxious for the welfare of the church, in those years when Dr. Wallace sat in the General Assembly. The one was the church’s ritual: the other, its doctrine. The two appeared year after year, with varying fortunes.

In one Assembly, while Dr. Lee was yet alive, a novel interest attended their appearance, in their being the subjects of a petition signed by more than 500 prominent members and adherents of the church, imploring the Assembly to take such steps as to their wisdom might seem best "for inviolably maintaining the Westminster Confession as the doctrinal standard of the Church," and for "securing adherence to the simple forms of the Church," and preventing changes in these, introduced "without competent authority." The action and tone of the Assembly, thus adjured to do its duty, were so curiously reactionary that the friends of progress and reform resolved to record their informal protest against it in the only way open to them—a public meeting, at which they could frankly speak their minds. Towards the close of the gathering, which took the shape of a public breakfast at Slaney's Hotel, Wallace spoke, and his words are worth quoting as showing his attitude towards the question which had agitated the Assembly. The vital principles of intellectual freedom, of a true "spiritual independence" in doctrine and in worship, were at hazard if the reactionary majority was to have its way. "If there should nothing more come out of this gathering," said he, "than simply our coming to something like a mutual understanding as to the paramount importance of the great principle of ministerial freedom, I think it will not have been called together in vain. It will not be in vain if it should be the means of stirring us up to pay more attention to the importance of the principle, to study more profoundly the

conditions of its legitimate exercise, to defend each the other in his fair and proper use of it, and to diffuse to the best of our ability a proper understanding of its theory, for I am persuaded that the opposition which comes to those of us who understand and strive to promote this principle, from many quarters, arises not so much from malignity as from the fact that those who are the patrons and practisers of the opposite principle, the principle of coercion and repression, have not yet come to that full and comprehensive understanding of the safety and the value of the principle of individual freedom which continually results in complete confidence in its utility."

Under the movement, whether for ritual reform or for doctrinal expansion, he thus recognised the vital principle (common to both) of freedom from mere mechanical restraints, compressing the life of the Church within unnaturally definite limits. He was in no sense or degree a ritualist, but he stood stoutly for the liberty of the individual minister and his congregation to worship God in the mode that they thought most reverent and seemly, so long as they violated no law of the Church by the use of any reasonable aid to worship, be it an organ or a book of prayers. Similarly, whatever might be his own special convictions as to doctrine, he resented the attempt to force the living theology of the Church into the Procrustean bed of the Westminster Divines. The relaxation of the formula by which entrants to the ministry were required to express their assent to this "*summa theologiæ*" (this body of Calvinistic dogmas) was beginning to be earnestly demanded, and he gave it

strong support as a first concession to ministerial liberty and the rights of reason and conscience. There are difficulties in the way of it, and there must be one ugly difficulty as long as the Westminster Confession remains on the statute book, embedded in an Act of Parliament; and those who still are striving to gain enfranchisement miss the trenchant force of advocacy, the clear assertion of principles, the keen logic, the incisive criticism, with which Wallace could uphold on this, as on all questions, what he saw to be the cause of liberty and justice—and this not only on high questions, dogmatic and other, but in any matter that stirred his sympathy. In at least one case of discipline a brother minister whom he believed to be innocent of charges which brought him to the bar of the Assembly owed his complete acquittal to Wallace's masterly defence.

Looking back on his connection with the Supreme Court of the Church, and recalling the brilliant part the lost leader played in its debates, one cannot but regret his withdrawal from an arena not unworthy of his prowess, and where he left no one ready or able to step into his place. I wish I could have paid a tribute to his memory more commensurate with my respect for his powers and admiration of his genius.

VI

CHURCH HISTORY CHAIR AND HERESY HUNT

ONE of the greatest successes of Wallace's life was his appointment to the chair of Church History in the University of Edinburgh, and the greatest mistake of his life was that he resigned such a position of usefulness and workfulness which he held so much to the advantage of the University and the broad culture of the students. Lord Advocate Young is believed to deserve the credit of having made this appointment, and it is also believed that very few Lord Advocates, during the centuries the office has been in existence, would have had the insight, the unfettered wisdom, and the courage to do it. Lord Advocate Jeffrey would not appoint Carlyle to the office of Astronomer Royal in Edinburgh; he preferred a good, though not a better, mathematician certainly, a man whose eyes were not very fit for seeing much nearer objects than the stars. Lord Advocate Rutherford, the arch-swell among Lord Advocates, and superior to most of them in brains and culture, could not, or at least did not, trust Sir William Hamilton, the greatest philosopher of his day, to write interlocutors in, it may have been, the Second Division of the Court of Session, and to adjust

and articulate its original and marvellous jurisprudence. This appointment, on Lord Young's recommendation, was of course disapproved by the influential conservative busybodies of Edinburgh, who had friends of their own that might have gone through the dreary routine, and maintained the sleepy reputation of the chair, but their love for their dear disappointed friends would have provoked no overt opposition to Dr. Wallace's appointment; it required the lively righteous zeal and reckless assertion of those who are presumed to speak the truth and judge not, to rush into a public condemnation of the appointment, and to use the Commission of the General Assembly as a convenient machine for publishing their second-hand slanders. Chiefly with this end in view (for to cancel the appointment was hopeless, as it had been made) a requisition was got up and signed, requesting the summoning by the Moderator of Assembly of a meeting of the Commission. It met, and according to the combined impulse of well-intentioned ignorance and purblind spite, condemned the appointment. The weakish, though orthodox, majority of the Commission hoped for success on either or both of two grounds. *First*, They suspected that they had raised such a sanctimonious hullabaloo, that Mr. Gladstone's personal orthodoxy in matters of religious belief, which they all put faith in, though they all disbelieved in his politics, would lead the Gladstone ministry, for the sake of its reputation, to cancel the appointment; and *second*, they hoped that, should they fail in securing cancellation, they had raised such a *fama clamosa* as would compel the Edinburgh Presbytery to prosecute him for heresy,

and so (D.V.) get him deposed and rendered incapable of holding a chair which can be competently filled only by a minister or a licentiate of the Established Church. In furtherance of this latter view, at the meeting of Presbytery on 14th May, 1873, it was moved by Dr. Stevenson and seconded by Dr. Phin, two excellent men of business, with intellects of the legal prosaic type, suitable for bustling country lawyers but not for popular preachers, yet most respectable city clergymen who would have scattered Dr. Wallace's heterogeneous congregation to the streets and hillsides in two or three Sundays, that he should be proceeded against by libel. I do not believe they were the bitterest of his assailants. I believe they were among the most bold and straightforward, and can certify, from personal experience as a counsel, that they were frank, candid, upright men who would give fair clear warning to an adversary rather than take him by surprise or seek for success by any unscrupulous stratagem. The motion was supported by their own two votes, and they appealed to the General Assembly which was to meet in a few days.

The whole business time of the General Assembly on 27th May, 1873, was spent in cutting through, tearing through, or dodging the jungle of this Wallace business. To begin with, a resolution, moved by Sir Robert Anstruther, was carried by a vote of 208 to 101, declaring that the proceedings of the Commission were "an illegal exercise of authority calculated to weaken the position of the Church of Scotland, and injuriously affect the rights of her clergy." In the long and complex discussion

it was made as clear as any matter of Church law can be made, especially by Dr. Cook, of Haddington, one of the most able and sensible men in the Church, the author of the best book on Church law, and one of the most fair and capable judicially-minded men in Scotland, that the Commission of Assembly had no power to dispose of any question that had not been specially committed to it for its disposal by the Assembly, unless some suddenly emerging and urgent question affecting the rights of the Church, and that no Court of the Church had the jurisdiction to censure or take any step whatever to affect the status or rights of any minister except in accordance with the forms of process, after due intimation of the charge made against him, an opportunity for defence, and a concluded proof, unless the truth of the charge has been admitted.

The purpose of the Commission was to drive Wallace out of the History chair because of the suspicion that he was, or might be, a heretic, though the subject of the special heresy was formulated by no one, and the evidence to show that the suspicion was not groundless were letters in a moribund Free Kirk newspaper, keeping itself alive by attacks on the Established Church, the least reliable kind of hearsay evidence, unless a public man be bound to contradict everything that is said to his detriment in the newspapers; also an admitted paper on "Church Tendencies" published in "Recess Studies" by Edmonston & Douglas in 1870, and professing not to teach "credibilia" of religion at all, but to set forth the state and currents of contemporary religious opinion in

Scotland, heretical opinions among the rest. The great ecclesiastical lawyers of Erastian England have been able to discriminate the heretic, pure and simple, from the partial or impartial historian, but the amateur lawyers and theologians who found heresies in the paper on "Church Tendencies" had failed to grasp the principle that truth and the whole discoverable truth ought to be told by all who undertake to tell it, even about heretics. Instructed by the protracted discussion, the General Assembly sent the case back to the Presbytery in a confused, inconsistent deliverance worthy of its windy, plausible, inaccurate author, Dr. Pirie of Aberdeen, which dismisses the appeal and yet recalls the deliverance of the Presbytery appealed against, but in substance, guessable through the loose Aberdonian verbiage, directs the unenlightened Presbytery of Edinburgh to do what they had for months been trying to do, namely, to let Dr. Wallace know what censurable matters he was charged with, get his answers or explanations, and if they were unsatisfactory, to proceed against him according to law.

On 12th June, a committee of the Presbytery was appointed to draw up a list of probable "censurable statements." On 22nd July there was a long conference with closed doors. On 7th August expressions couched in "censurable language" were selected for admission, explanation, or denial. The first had reference to supposed or assumed doubt about the resurrection of Christ in a sermon partly read to the Presbytery, in which he had exhorted his congregation not to surrender their faith in it, and declared his belief that he could satisfy the longings of Christian

hope "without outraging the just demands of reason." The complaint against this statement was that it implies that the ordinary representation of the resurrection does outrage reason. The readiest answer that starts is the counter-question, how can there be any satisfactory representation of a historical fact that outrages reason, unless indeed the speaker himself were professing to be able to work a miracle? Dr. Wallace's short answer, however, was that his expression of his conviction was imperfect, but that he had no intention of repudiating the doctrine of the Confession of Faith, his intention being to assert that it was a doctrine that ought not to be surrendered because some critics had disputed or denied it. A second arose upon a letter that charged him with asserting, by implication, that a God that did not govern by law was a "fidgety God," and the just and generous Dr. Pirie of Aberdeen construed this to mean that a God that answered prayer was "a fidgety God." That this phrase, used in a pulpit, was irreverent and in bad taste may readily be conceded; but the chief irreverence consists in printing it with a capital "G." The God that governs the universe, as we know it, indisputably governs by law. But have not tens of thousands of human beings believed, and persisted in believing, in gods that do not govern by law? What does it signify how the worshippers of these gods honour them, or that printers of heathenish politeness may decorate their names with initial capitals? How would an ancient prophet have printed the name of Baal? Voltaire lifted his hat to the statue of Jupiter, and hoped he would, if ever he returned to power,

remember that he had done him honour in his adversity! I should not have felt shocked although Dr. Wallace had extended the Frenchman's grinning politeness to any or all the gods of superstition. He might have made his meaning clear without shocking any one. But strong rude words do not necessarily imply irreverence to God, the Unchangeable, the Lawgiver of the universe. They only proclaim with emphasis the conviction, "Although He thunder by law, the thunder is still His voice."

The most unfair, perhaps the only seriously unfair part of the Presbytery's complaint against his pulpit utterances was that they had the tendency to unsettle the faith of ordinary hearers and disseminate doubts among his congregation. The members of Presbytery, and most citizens of Edinburgh with half intelligence enough to be members of Presbytery, knew quite well that his congregation did not consist of "ordinary hearers," and that to disseminate doubts in Old Greyfriars from the time of Principal Robertson was a work of supererogation. I was an afternoon hearer in that church—as regular in my attendance as most professional men are—and it never occurred to me that Dr. Wallace was trying to "disseminate doubt." He seemed to me to set himself seriously, most seriously, and I thought sometimes unnecessarily, to convert doubters, not, however, by the trick of some astute special pleaders, by setting up a doubt on its illogical and rotten foundations, and dishonestly concealing that it had any others, and then triumphantly knocking it down. Dr. Wallace always allowed a doubt to have the benefit of all its possible supports,

good, bad, and indifferent. He may have been—indeed, he was inclined to be—too liberal in his concessions to doubters, but no honest doubter could say that his case was not fairly and directly met, and that the attempted refutation was a transparent sham. To say that a thinker who sets himself to understand a doubt, and to present it in its reality and in its essence, may, and most likely will, unsettle opinions that have not been explored down to the rock of incontrovertible fact or principle is most likely to be true. Every great controversialist who has entered the lists against scepticism has been accused of it, and condemned for it by those weaklings who have no faith in the ultimate triumph of truth, and the necessity of doubting many things and proving all things before the truth can be arrived at. Has the same charge not been brought against Bishops Butler, Watson, Warburton, Dr. Chalmers, Edward Irving, Macleod Campbell of Row, Wright of Borthwick, Erskine of Linlathen, George Gilfillan, Professor Robertson Smith, and the foremost living professors and D.D.'s in the extinct Free Church? How many hopes and fears are awakened, how many minds unsettled by Tennyson's "In Memoriam"? What could a Presbytery say to the declaration—

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds"?

A settled mind may be a valuable possession, but the stagnation of death is one kind of settlement and the hope of everlasting life and work is another.

The third samples of censurable language were culled from his essay on "Church Tendencies," an

essay that had been running the gauntlet of criticism for two years before it occurred to the guardians of orthodoxy that there was anything seriously wrong with it. He never disclaimed the authorship of it in any manner of way. He had every reason to be proud of it as a piece of thorough, honest literary work. No other man in Scotland could have done it so well, and, up to this date, there is no book, in large compass or in small, that tells so much of the naked truth about Scotch sects, their schemes, squabbles, creeds, and crotchets. Some of the forecasts in it have turned out to be prophetic, and others may follow, though not for a long time, that one upon which he specially rested his hopes for the teaching of religion in Scotland. The Church which came nearest to his ideal was, and is, the Church of England, because it is the most learned Church, has the freest, broadest, most rational creed, and has its disputes as to the doctrines set forth in the creed adjudicated upon by great lawyers, who construe the documents containing the creed by the dry light of reason, as remote as possible from the distraction and glare of the shooting-stars and comets of fanaticism. He thought religion the most important of all subjects with which the mind of man could concern itself, a subject that had grown, and would grow, in the course of ages, that it should be taught at the expense of the State, and by an institute of experts, selected because of their excelling fitness to work out religious ideas, to teach them, and to inculcate them, and left free to do their duty to their country and the human race, subject to no penalty or dictation except what might

proceed from the individual conscience of each of them. That heretics would find a place in this institute of select religious experts he thought very likely and right. He would, if he had had the power, have appointed the pious Schleiermacher in spite of his heresies, the deep-seeing Goethe in spite of his frailties, and would not have excluded the "God-intoxicated" Spinoza, or the creedless but firmly, spotlessly virtuous David Hume. He wished a church, or at least a creed, wide enough to embrace every heretic who believed in God, the Father of all flesh and the Creator of the conscience as his essential revelation in the soul of each member of the human family given life to work His will and to do whatever duty conscience may dictate. Dr. Wallace had a friendly sympathy for the brotherhood of heretics. He thought many of them fools, and distrusted the sincerity of not a few of them. But he would not have burned any of them, or deprived any of them of his daily bread. Like Frederick the Great, he would allow them each and all to go to heaven in his own way. I do not say that his brotherly love for all of them was great. I think his scorn for groups of them was restrained with difficulty; but however much he loved them, the lover of heretics as clearly honest as himself—it may be self-sacrificing members of the human family—is not of necessity himself a heretic, neither does an author become a believer in false doctrine by telling the truth about it, or a safe devotee to orthodoxy by misrepresenting what he cannot refute.

What Dr. Wallace proposed to effect by his university of experts in the sphere of religious

aspiration, enquiry, and conviction was not essentially different from what Lord Gifford had in contemplation to effect by the large bequest made by him out of his hard-earned fortune. The eminent judge and the not less logical and speculative divine had each drunk from the pilgrim well of Spinoza, issuing from the depths of the mysterious, miraculous universe, and each desired to lighten the burdens and dissipate the black clouds that surround the pilgrim soul of man. That the results from the Gifford thousands will hasten the advent of the Wallace university of theological experts, poets, and seers may be open to doubt. They compare, except in the stubble-field of tradition, but poorly with the Book of Job, the work, perhaps, of some ancient prophet fed by ravens, and with the speculative toils of Spinoza, whose daily bread was not much more bountiful or supplied with better good-will than the air-borne food of Elijah.

The old is the realm of temporary certainty, but the new is the promised land of hope. All progress is motion, from the old to the new, from the certain to the uncertain and problematical. Constant change is the order of the universe, involving everything in it, except the God who created it, and ordained the irreversible law of change. The old order does and must give way to the new, and the faiths that constitute religion are not, in their precise form and adaptation to the soul of man, exempt from the universal law of change. Therefore it is that in all human knowledge, of which religion takes the highest place, the struggle between the new and the old goes on from age to age. Memory holds by the traditions

of the fathers as safe ground for the present, and a guide to aid in the unexplored continent which reason is incessantly prospecting. Reason and tradition play their parts in all that is knowable, thinkable, and believable.

Rationalism and traditionalism are the complement of each other in the circle of religious belief. The area of the two may overlap and must vary inversely, but neither can be awanting in any human soul; certainly never the former, for rationalism is merely the product of that "inspiration of the Almighty which giveth understanding to man," and without which no finite mind has within it the possibility of being religious any more than has a brute or a stone. To implant religion in a man that has no religious faculties in him would be a miracle of miracles, like to the creation of a Frankenstein or the raising of the dead to a new life. Though many, perhaps most, of the clergy of Scotland have forgotten, or at times seemed to forget, that a creature of flesh and blood wearing the aspect of a man cannot plant in himself conscience, reason, reverence, hope, and other faculties that reveal and recognise the relations between the Creator and the created, the authors of the Westminster Confession of Faith were, no doubt after due discussion and reflection, constrained to acknowledge "the inward illumination of the spirit of God to be necessary,"* and ought to have been so candid and courageous as to acknowledge that, without such "illumination," it is impossible to become religious and to realise the invisible but omnipotent ties that bind man to

* See Confession of Faith, Book I., section 6.

his Maker ; for "the things of God knoweth no man but the spirit of God" (1 Corinthians ii. 11). To the pious human soul, conscious of its dependence and its needs, all revelations of God are welcome. They come winged with their own credentials. They come from all time and space, and form the mass of all human knowledge, all that history has taught, all that science knows, all that faith and prophecy have seen and verified, and found to reveal the Father everlasting to the minds of those that He has created in His own image, and made imperfect partakers of, and seekers after, a nature that tends and strives and aspires towards the immortal and the divine.

JOURNALISM, LAW AND POLITICS

BY

WILLIAM WALLACE

I

JOURNALISM

MR. ALEXANDER RUSSEL, editor of the *Scotsman*, died on the 18th July, 1876, and the proprietors offered the vacant post to my brother. He accepted the offer, for the reason which he thus gave to his friend Dr. Story in a letter written on 31st July:—
“I have made up my mind to retire from the ministry. The proprietors of the *Scotsman* have offered me the editorship, and I have, although not without misgivings, accepted it. I believe I shall be in a truer position. At all events, I have made up my mind to the risks and the misconstruction for the sake of the freedom.” He said the same thing in letters to and conversations with myself and the friends to whom he communicated the decision he had taken. Nor did he at any time regret what he had done. He never made known, even in the intimacy of confidential intercourse, what were his final views upon the ultimate problems of duty and destiny. Probably he never formulated them; certainly he never allowed such popular labels as “agnosticism” or “cosmic pantheism” to be affixed to them. Nor did he ever speak other than respectfully of the sincere convictions of friends in the Church which he left; and although, as a thorough-going democrat, he accepted the doctrine

of religious equality, he took no part in any disestablishment agitation. In one of the few conversations I had with him on this episode in his life, he said that "it was out of respect for the Church" that he had resolved, long before the editorship of the *Scotsman* was offered to him, to leave it if an opportunity came his way; he felt himself in a false position, taking the pay of a Church whose creed, in its entirety, and as interpreted by him, he did not hold. Having made up his mind to resign his ministerial position, he retired not only from the pastorate of Old Greyfriars but from his Professorship of Church History. He gave up his orders, and although he could not part with the degree of D.D. which had been conferred upon him by the University of Glasgow, and although to the day of his death he was known as "Dr. Wallace" by a large section of the Scottish public, he almost vehemently desired his intimates to consider and designate him as a layman. His wish, it is hardly necessary to say, was respected.

My brother became editor of the *Scotsman* on August 1, 1876, and retired on November 1, 1880. During this period he confined himself to the duties of his position, and took no part in public life. For many years previously he had been a contributor to that journal of leading and other articles. The subjects with which he dealt were at first chiefly ecclesiastical and religious, and were suggested by his own professional life. Thus, in the second article which he wrote, and which Sheriff Smith recalls having taken up to the *Scotsman* office for him, he contrasted the

white opera-tie of the newly-fledged licentiate of the Church with the table-cloth that encircled and protected the throat of the venerable Doctor of Divinity, and good-humouredly satirised the attempts of ecclesiastical courts to regulate their size. There must be many still living who can recall the laughter occasioned by an article on the revival of boar-hunting in Scotland, which was occasioned by the circumstance that the horse of Dr. Guthrie, a popular Free Church preacher in Edinburgh, had been scratched by the tusks of a boar belonging to a local pig proprietor. But he was an ardent student of politics and sociology, and a careful observer of the whole tragedy and comedy of human life, and, as time went on, the range of his writing greatly extended.

I think the journalistic period of my brother's life can most effectually be done justice to by giving extracts from some of his leading articles. They are of the first importance in his life because they represent his freest thinking and writing during, and immediately after, the time when he was a minister of the Church of Scotland. Nor are they, in my opinion, altogether unimportant as contributions to the literature of journalism. My brother was one of the most forcible reasoners and genuine humourists of his time in Scotland, if not in Great Britain, and he put the best of both his reasoning and of his humour into his articles, which were written deliberately and, as a rule, slowly. At the same time, the extracts which I give represent only about a fourth of my brother's journalistic output; nor, indeed, do they show him quite at his best. He was

too good an artist and, indeed, too sensible a man to measure "subjects" by their "general importance," to account anything which brought grist to the intellectual mill as common or unclean. So it was that the true Burnsian riot of his humour was seen at its richest and, so far as influence on public opinion was concerned, was most effectual, in articles upon topics of "local" or ephemeral interest. Thus, among the best was a series on the project—now simply historical—for securing St. Mary's Loch as a water-supply for Edinburgh. But to render extracts from such articles and many others intelligible to the non-Edinburgh reader at this time of day would have involved an amount of explanation for which, in this work at all events, there is no space. What follows may, however, give some idea of my brother's sentiments on certain of the leading and other questions of nearly a decade of his life.

PROFESSION AND PRACTICE IN THE U.P. SYNOD

May 20, 1872

WITH respect to education the Synod professes voluntarism, and so far adheres to that profession as to protest unanimously against Mr. Gordon's proposal of the Parliamentary command to teach religion, but decides by a majority to practise establishmentarianism under command of the local boards. With respect to organs, it professes to maintain a traditional attitude of disapproval, but in practice decides in favour of the instrument with a vengeance that will not only set the bellows in motion throughout the U.P. Church, but, beyond its jurisdiction, will waken delight in such regions as Cramond, and dismay in such bosoms as those of the Fairshon and his inharmonious band. . . . The United Presbyterians still

continue to shake their heads over the unscriptural device of "worship by machinery," but, unhappily, it is a compound shake of a Laodicean character. The horizontal oscillation, expressive of disapproval, is well enough, but the vertical nod, conveying permission, is hard to reconcile with its companion movement. Regarding organs, the Synod seems to have managed to do the right thing wrongly.

THE EDUCATION BILL AND THE ESTABLISHMENT PRINCIPLE

June 1, 1872

THEY [Drs. Cook and Begg] never were more mistaken, as the bill is in reality a re-enactment of the establishment principle as far as school religion is concerned ; still, however, they take it in the light of its opposite, and curse it accordingly. And if the Free Church had, in the discussions which we have more immediately in view, called for Disestablishment on the ground that establishment perverted the judgment of patriots, and turned them into the opponents of their country's good, there might have been something to say for their demand. But instead of this they descend, with Cairns-like bathos, to the drivel of insisting that the Establishment must die because it has not gone as far as it could in leading down the minister and elders and flock of the Greyfriars Church to the Grass-market and burning them there for the dire offence of giving an ecclesiastical welcome to the Dean of Westminster. . . . And yet this same Free Church has been doing a work of comprehensiveness beside which the latitudinarianism of the Greyfriars' transaction dwindles to the size of a pin's head. Not only have they in their Education vote pronounced overwhelmingly in favour of the principle of concurrent endowment, but, by their Union resolution, they have practically made open questions not only of endowments, but of the deceased

wife's sister (once supposed to lie at the root of social morality), of instrumental music, of human hymns, of the legal suppression of Sabbath desecration, and of the extent of the atonement. Nay, Dr. Rainy has gone so far as to declare that "the Church has the right to govern its actions according to its prevailing convictions"—a principle which, as expounded by Dr. Rainy, would justify it in denying the Trinity itself, if only a majority were of that mind.

THE CONFESSION OF FAITH—SUBSCRIPTION OF LAY ELDERS

June 14, 1872

To be understood as it should be, the Confession calls for the training of a theologian, and to be believed it must be judicially compared, statement by statement, with the much disputed document which it professes to interpret, which, again, in its constitution, apart from its interpretation, is the centre of numerous controversies necessitating review and decision; and any one who believes that this or any considerable vestige of it, is or can be done by the average Presbyterian eldership possesses a faculty of faith which deserves to have a Confession all to itself. . . . It is not simply the Scripturalness but the truth of the doctrine which he, the elder, is bound to affirm. . . . Suppose the average farmer, or grocer, or shoemaker, who is found standing at the plate on Sundays were invited to sign some Essay on Banking or the Integral Calculus, professing that he "sincerely owned and declared this to be the true Banking or the true Algebra to which he would constantly adhere," would he not be regarded as going beyond his depth? And yet he probably knows as much about finance and calculation as he does about technical theology.

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD

June 17, 1872

HIS strength lay not in research or speculation or combat for reform, but in touching the hearts of the people, and that he has done so effectually within the communion which he adorned as well as beyond its limits, that it will be much less possible than before his time to enlist public opinion on behalf of severities directed against liberality in Christian thought and teaching.

SWIMMING THE CHANNEL

August 31, 1872

THE effect of making such quixotic exploits the glory of the swimming art is to repel people of sober ambition and short wind from joining the floating fraternity, and so from acquiring one of the faculties most essential to self-preservation. . . . It is a very good thing, for instance, to swim without one's clothes 200 yards in a minute and a-half; but who ever wants to go at that rate in the actual work of life, unless when pursued by a shark, when even that speed would be unavailing? Yet this sort of accomplishment, combined with diving and turning somersaults in the water, seems the main excellence aimed at by the swimming associations. Now, we are far from condemning these exercises, or for throwing any more cold water upon them than they throw upon themselves. Diving, or the power of behaving scientifically under the surface, is useful in the highest degree, and so also is the general capacity of maintaining perfect freedom in the water conferred by the more difficult marine athletics. For the majority of people, however, something much simpler is all

that is wanted, and all they are capable of attaining ; but it does not seem to be very abundantly furnished, if furnished at all. The time when a man most wants to swim is when he accidentally falls into the water. In such a case he is not usually in diving costume, prepared to go down fifty feet and bring up an egg in his mouth, or to start off from a raft at the rate of 200 yards in a minute and a-half. He is commonly in his greatcoat and boots, with his portmanteau or his wife upon his arm, and the problem for him to deal with is how to get quit of his incumbrances and keep barely afloat in his clothes until assistance arrives. It is not fancy swimming in the nude that he needs, but very plain floating in drapery ; and we confess that for the sake of this sort of person we should like to see our societies giving some encouragement to the more homely and necessary branches of the art. Without extinguishing the aquatic Blondinism aimed at by ambitious Tritons, would it not be a feasible thing to offer a prize, say, to whoever could keep longest afloat in the largest number of greatcoats, or who could rise oftenest to the surface in double-soled, leaded boots, or who could undress in the water to the greatest extent in the shortest time? . . . Then, besides self-preservation, the art has scope in the benevolent direction of preserving other people ; but we question if this department of it figures very conspicuously on the ordinary programme. Yet it seems not beyond the bounds of possibility to have a lay figure constructed with highly developed sinking properties, and a slight mechanical device for plunging and splashing which, in the rare cases where a gay brother could not be had to play drowning man, might be thrown into the water to be struggled for by competitors in rescue exercises ? And if the simple arrangement were added of keeping the Humane Society's rules for recovering the nearly drowned at hand, and regularly rubbing down and resuscitating the dummy, in accordance with the code, a completeness would be given to our system of aqueous manœuvres which it does not at present possess.

**FERMENTED WINE IN THE LORD'S SUPPER—THE NORTH
RICHMOND STREET DISPUTE****November, 1872**

IN the interests of the public itself it is to be hoped that if this appeal [to Presbytery] is not absolutely successful, it may at least end in some kind of compromise. The multitude and the ferocity of our ecclesiastical broils, and the still fiercer broils that are raised in the name of union and peace, make the prospect of another new sect perfectly appalling to people of a meek and quiet spirit. If, in addition to existing ruptures, the religious world is to be further broken by fermenters and anti-fermenters, brewing and counter-brewing mutual vengeance and other stimulants, and struggling to enlist the rest of mankind under one banner or the other, what will human life be worth? Is it absolutely necessary to drive these zealous purists to extremes? Is it not possible to let them have their own way in their own case? After all, what is there in raspberry cordial that it should be subjected to ecclesiastical disfranchisement? . . . The very last expedient of reconciliation should be exhausted before society is subjected to the torture of having to decide between the claims of an orthodoxy and a heterodoxy founded on a distinction of berry juice!

THE PROFESSIONAL LEAGUE OF BARBERS**November 28, 1872**

THE announcement that the barbers of London, a force many thousands strong, have formed themselves into a professional league is calculated at first to excite profound alarm. The union of persons of the same trade or calling is now naturally and universally associated with the idea of coercing their

employers into arrangements agreeable to the unionists by such means of compulsion as are possessed by the latter; and the weapons which a barber's union could bring to bear upon those from whom they derive their support are notoriously terrible. What accidents might not befall a public that hesitated about submitting to the tonsorial terms! Visions of calamities that could never be repaired rise before the troubled mind: the golden or raven tresses that halo the head of the divine Beatrice shorn away at one fell swoop, leaving that radiant home of wit and sentiment as bare and stubbly as the poll of a charity boy or convicted garrotter; the scalp of the Hon. Apollo Belvidere singed like a sheep's head with red-hot frizzling-tongs; scissor-points—a score of times during the operation—penetrating to the occipital or parietal bones of the recipient of the customary crop; or more sanguinary casualties still emerging beneath the hand of some highly Odgerised shaver, at a moment of evil omen when the calenture of his excitement coincided with the application of his razored hand to the trachea of some specimen of the unbending public! In view of such possibilities, it is with a feeling of comparative relief that we learn the object of the amalgamating hairdressers to be, not so much the extortion of more money for their services, as the rendering of better services for their money. . . . On scanning its programme a little closely we fear that, although the apprehensions chargeable to another theory of the movement may be baseless, there is still as much room for alarm as for hope in the public breast in connection with this confederacy of barbers. . . . The barbers propose by uniting to win a greater circulation for false hair. We cannot but regret any combination for such an object as a dangerous attack upon public comfort and taste, and a determined effort to sacrifice the claims of nature at the shrine of a degraded art. Viewed in this light such an effort ought to meet with the most strenuous opposition from the community. To attempt to raise a temple of Mammon on a foundation of wigs is little

short of a public scandal, and amounts to the establishment of a permanently demoralising influence. . . . The moment the wig principle, or rather defiance of principle, is introduced, countenance has been extended to the corrupt and debasing practice of accepting vicarious success. The male or female being that could stoop to enjoy triumphs of appearance gained by means of another's hair has, in germ, the capacity for any baseness, and would probably pick the pocket, as well as pluck the crown, of their substitute, if there were no police. The hairy hypocrisy with which a man thatches his hairless and honest scalp is defensible only on the ground of protecting that integument from draught, and the capillary hassock or buffer which a woman secures to her occiput may be pardoned where it is necessary to give the impression of having a head of some kind ; but where used for the purpose of investing their bearers with æsthetic glory, they are the very vesture of falsehood and badge of vanity. Besides, whatever may be the temporary gratification to the individual, consider the permanent loss to the race. Those who have read the works of Mr. Darwin . . . will remember how ingeniously that philosopher accounts for the development of beauty by the operation of selection in giving to the possessors of any element of beauty a preferential opportunity of perpetuating their qualities in increased degree in their species. But how is this selection ever to act safely among traps of false hair? The wig and the chignon may operate as effectually as natural attractions, but their charm cannot be transmitted in the blood. On every consideration, therefore, moral and physical, this wig revival must be watched and resisted. The veracity and the form of the human race must not be sacrificed that a conspiracy of barbers may fatten on the profits of pretence.

The last aim of the Haircutters' Union is to improve their skill in conducting "affable conversation" with the subjects on which they exercise their functions. We may venture to say on behalf of the public, that this aim is undesirable if it

were attainable, and is unattainable though it were desirable. The affability of barbers is already perfect. It cannot safely be augmented. It is at present on the brink of the overwhelming, and another straw might break the customer's back, if not previously the barber's skull. Indeed, if the Union would turn their attention in the direction of diminishing the affability of the profession, it might, on the whole, be a general benefit. There are occasions on which this valuable hairdressing attribute, however unsuspected by its holders, is felt by the scissored and razored to be a little oppressive and *de trop*. It is well enough to settle a few preliminaries of agreement about the weather, and whether much is to be taken off, or a clean scrape is to be made below the chin. Even this, however, may be overdone, especially if some subtle question as to the comparative intensity of last night's and this morning's frost is raised, and an answer is expected at the risk of a mouthful of brown Windsor converted into froth. The theatre, and the newest shipwreck or suicide can also be submitted to without much suffering. But when the operator diverges from a general review of the state of Europe into a strikingly relevant excerpt from the experience of a brother of his own in Australia things begin to be not quite so tolerable; for then we know that, having put the relation between us on a familiar, and even family, footing, he is going to refer confidentially to that thinness on the top of our head which, when admitted, as it must be, will lead to pressing offers of the new hair restorer; or if not that, then surely the genuine Circassian balm; or if not that, then, at all events, one or other of the fifty preparations of disguised tallow staring from the jars around us. To resist such affability may be a duty, but it is also a pain, and when at last, after repeated declinations of kindness, we are able to gasp out a negative even to the challenge administered in the process of politely brushing us down, whether we can actually go without a flask of brilliantine for the whiskers, we feel that there is not the slightest occasion or possibility of adding

to the words of affable converse presently at the disposal of the calling. Besides, how is this extra drill and exercise to be obtained? Old Fagan privately taught Charley Bates and the Dodger to pick pockets by means of an old coat stuffed with handkerchiefs and hung with bells, but it can hardly be expected that any human creature will be got, even for a considerable salary, to let himself out by the day to be practised on with affable conversation by barbers. The difficulty does not seem surmountable. Nor is it desirable that it should be surmounted, since the movement, viewed on its merits, is one for which every possible disappointment should be earnestly desired.

THE JOHN KNOX MONUMENT

December 13, 1872

NOBODY thinks of setting up a monument to Homer, or Moses, or the Apostle Paul; not because they are unworthy of whatever honour can be paid them, but because it is impossible, consistently with sanity, to do them honour in that way, and certainly Knox would appear to be far more honoured by leaving him among the class of the unrepresented because unrepresentable great than by setting up something like an exaggerated finger-post or Sinclair fountain which mocks the name of Wallace on the Abbey Craig of Stirling, and so associating his name with the little and the ludicrous. We confess, therefore, that we shall see no cause for impugning the national sentiment of gratitude if the proposal recently launched should fail to float through want of support.

January 24, 1873

Notwithstanding Lord Noslokin's reasoning, we adhere to the belief that if the monument idea is sound there is call for some expression of indignation at past neglect of Knox as

well as of present admiration, and that something of the nature of compound interest is due. . . . The expenditure of something like £150,000 in raising a gigantic stone and lime ornament that can have no use except to commemorate a person whose name and character are in no risk of being forgotten is decidedly a serious proposal. It is of no use to attempt putting the matter on the same level with the outburst of enthusiasm which made survivors seek a similar expression of their feelings for such characters as Pitt, Nelson, or Scott. Living personal sympathy is often irresistible, and is its own justification. But no such feeling can exist for a traditional memory like that of Knox. It is only the merest semblance of such a feeling that can be excited by popular declaimers. In such a case the critical judgment is sure to exert itself, and to raise the question of *Cui bono*? Rich men, like Lord Elcho, need not be suspected of greed if they think it possible that they might do something better with £500 than give it for such a purpose; and poor men, who are invited to club their smaller donations, may be excused if they ask whether, if £150,000 is going to be gathered for a national purpose, it might not take a shape more beneficial to the nation than the shape of a pillar.

CONSCIENCE IN BUSINESS

April 11, 1873

THE approximate cause of ruin in all such cases is the failure to recognise embezzlement as a crime. The hard-pressed and tempted man begins to philosophise about the essence of embezzlement, and what it is that makes it an evil. He ceases to hold it as a sort of religious faith that the only thing which a keeper of trusts can legitimately do with them is to keep them, and that anything beyond that is a commercial sin. . . . The commercial world seems too ready to

regard success as a complete whitewashing of any species of conduct which has a successful issue. If a man who has speculated far beyond his means is only lucky, he is not merely absolved from all blame but receives positive glory, while if he fails he is reckoned a fool for his pains, and, though refused admiration, receives a certain amount of compassion; whereas, in both cases, there is a moral obliquity which is independent of success or failure, and which ought equally to exclude praise or pity. . . . It may be safely said that it would prevent the producing of a great many ——'s if the tone of commercial opinion upon the whole subject of speculation were in a healthy state. As a regular means of livelihood or fortune its respectability ought to be held far more questionable than it is. It is simply gambling. It is in no respect a productive industry. The successful speculator makes no return to society for the money he takes from it. He simply succeeds in transferring other people's money from their pockets to his own in a way that strongly resembles pillage; and where this is done designedly, by creating false impressions in the possession of better knowledge, often obtained though holding positions of trust and confidence, the proper name for the occupation is robbery. There are people in high positions, both social and ecclesiastical, who, in respect of real moral guilt, are on a par with ——, the felon, only they have been careful not to take their neighbour's money in the form of a legal trust; they have merely laid a trap by which he has been led, under a delusion created by them, to put their money where only the trappers could get hold of it. The formation of a better state of feeling upon this subject would certainly prevent people from entering on that initial step of speculation which, as this latest instance shows, is so likely to end in ruin, and might be a very good kind of employment for the Church to take up. The Church, however, is far too busy hunting down people who divide their hair into two instead of three sections, to find time for anything so homely and utilitarian. Besides

which, a good many of the Church's best subscribers might be offended; so that, on the whole, it might be better to continue correcting incorrigible metaphysics than to commence encouraging improving morality.

EARL RUSSELL'S "HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY": A REVIEW

April 8, 1873

THE book is very unequal in its execution. As long as he moves upon the rails laid down by Milman and Jortin, there is a certain firmness in his style of progress, but when he has to take to his own legs, the shakiness of age begins to make itself apparent at times in a painfully prominent way.

EVANGELICAL *v.* RITUALIST IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

June 26, 1873

THIS cry of the 60,000 for more prosecutions is simply an appeal on the part of laziness to be saved the trouble of thinking, and winning a victory for its thought with rational weapons over those who think otherwise. It implies no sympathy with Ritualism to wish to put it down by other means than violence, and by a different order of officials from hired attorneys. Overwhelm it, if possible, with reason, and, if necessary, with ridicule, but do not let us have brute force applied as the corrective of intellectual eccentricity. To hit an adversary on the head with a stick instead of moving his brain with an idea is not a very glorious, nor, in the end, a very successful mode of controversy. Let us hope that the Archbishop's petitioners, having carefully pondered the answer they have elicited, as they must rise sadder, will ultimately sit down wiser, men.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY BILL—MR. GLADSTONE'S DEFEAT

February, 1874

IF the Gladstone ministry have been conspicuous for anything it has been for their persistency in refusing to treat any question with disdain on the ground that it was "a mere Irish question." Their policy has been characteristically an Irish policy. The great measures by which their name will live in history have been Irish, and in making these the prominent features of their administration, and carrying them into execution, they have not only fought the hardest of battles with their opponents, but have engaged in not over profitable skirmishes with their friends and allies. They have submitted to some of the severest fighting in the records of Parliamentary warfare in giving Irishmen justice in the matter of churches. They have not only disgusted opponents, but displeased friends by giving Irishmen something more than justice in the matter of farmhouses and fields. And in this particular measure, [the University Bill], any error that has been committed has arisen from laying not too little, but too much stress upon the circumstance of its being "an Irish measure." . . . To rejoice in their defeat, therefore, from an aggrieved or slighted Irish point of view is, of all conceivable things, the most unthankful and the most irrational. What do such thoughtless people imagine they have gained by Mr. Gladstone's defeat? . . . After this severe lesson no Liberal statesman will venture to introduce a measure half so favourable or, indeed, in any degree favourable to exclusive priestly pretensions. The fall of the ministry on this measure is, therefore, the fall also of clerical hopes so far as the Liberal party is concerned. How that should be a matter for hysterical self-congratulation on the part of the hierarchial organs it is impossible to divine. But if this glorying over the defeat of those who have hitherto chiefly, or rather alone,

befriended them is difficult to comprehend, still more difficult is it to understand the rejoicing over the rise of those by whom the defeat has been inflicted.

ARCHBISHOP TAIT'S PUBLIC WORSHIP BILL

May 16, 1874

AS part of the modernising process to which he [the Bishop of Peterborough] would subject the Church, he mentioned a certain amount of self-regulating power to be substituted for the necessity of going to Parliament for liberty to make any constitutional change, however small. He expressed himself as "far from desiring independence of the State, but he claimed a power possessed by the sister Establishment, the Scotch Kirk—a power of self-adjustment that prevents the constant breaking out of bickerings and strife, tearing the Church asunder." If this is to be taken as a specimen of the discernment with which the reforming process desiderated is to be executed, the longer it is delayed the better will be the chance of the Church of England holding together. So far from the "Kirk's" liberty of self-adjustment having prevented the "tearing of itself asunder," it has been the presence of this liberty that has made Scotch Church History a history of endless disruptions and secessions, and it has been the absence of it through State control that has preserved to the Church of England that unity which constitutes at this hour its political security. Our facilities for self-adjustment have simply led to our adjusting each other into irreconcilable antagonisms, so that our Presbyterianism in its not very long career has been split up into nearly a dozen churches, and we wrangle for ten years over projects of union without being able to carry any of them into execution.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN

May 16, 1874

THE principle of the late bill [the Cowper-Temple Bill] was that of entrusting the University with the power of conducting female education according to their best ideas of doing it, and the argument of the University [of Edinburgh] is that they are quite unworthy of the trust and incapable of exercising it. Of course it is not very easy to prove a man's capacity when he himself eagerly upholds the opposite, and argues in so incoherent a style as to make it highly probable that he is right. The only alternative is to maintain that he is shamming, and that the plausibility of his pretences is simply additional proof of his power to work if he liked. We should not like to raise the question whether the Edinburgh Senatus are shamming in the present instance, but there cannot be a doubt that they give a remarkably humble account of their own capabilities. If they are really all that they call themselves, it must become a question whether Senatuses are good for very much, and whether the nation will not have to look out for some other way of getting the work done which it gives them pay and privilege to perform.

THE PATRONAGE BILL

June 19, 1874

THE Scotch Patronage Bill has got out of the House of Lords and is now on its way down to the Commons in a shape which must be highly satisfactory to that favoured fraction of the Scotch population to whom and for whose special use it proposes to hand over the exclusive administration of a very large amount of national property. . . . It is not easy to forget the violence with which the Duke

of Argyll, in his defiance of everything like the principles of Liberalism, to whose support he is bound by party ties and official prominence, denounced the very natural proposal to invest the parish ratepayers, as the representatives of the national voice, with some influence in the destination of the national money. . . . As it is, however, the Church has abdicated its claim to be co-extensive with the nation, and defines itself to be a fraction of the population bent on appropriating to itself what belongs to all. What is proposed to be enacted is a re-establishment based on a reversal of the Resolution settlement. . . . As things stand, it may be hurried through and be for the moment successful, but it will not contribute to the longevity of the institution about to be formally deprived of its national character that its fortunes have become inseparably identified with the losses or gains of Toryism.

July 29, 1874

All that is left for people with ordinary ideas of revolutionary change is to stand by in astonishment at the enormous discretionary power so swiftly and unreservedly transferred to the General Assembly, and wonder what they will do with it and how long they will be able to keep it.

THE PATRONAGE ACT IN OPERATION

October 16, 1874

THE passing of the Patronage Act was, so to speak, the ringing of the bell that was to bring up to the starting point the several chargers that had been duly booked for the race of ecclesiastical supremacy over the ground of Scottish Presbyterianism; and the meeting of the Established Church Commission on Wednesday was the first fair opportunity that has been afforded of observing the action of a horse on which its friends have staked a considerable

sum. It is true that not much of its performances was visible, having been as much as possible concealed from public view by the backers of the animal, doubtless for reasons satisfactory to themselves; but with regard to such glimpses of the running as could be had, it may be doubted whether its style was such as to stimulate to any great degree the betting in its favour. Dropping the metaphor, the Established Church by the operation of the new Patronage Act, is supposed to be hopeful of finding its ranks recruited by desertions from the competing churches in either or both of two forms, privately or publicly, by the adhesion man by man of Dissenters who are satisfied with recent legislation, or by the open and formal accession of Dissenting Churches or parties. . . . After Wednesday's proceedings it should be extremely doubtful whether the Establishment can expect to gain over many Free Churchmen who have a public character to lose. We presume that to such persons it will make a very great difference whether, in the matter of the election of ministers, the Establishment acts in a civil or in a spiritual capacity. Probably all of them hold that the election of ministers is what they call a "spiritual" act, and that any work done by the Church Courts in connection with it is of a "spiritual" character. But the proceedings of Wednesday seem to show clearly that the Commission regard the election of ministers as a "civil" transaction, in the superintendence of which they act merely as a sort of Patronage Department of Government under special statute.

THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL

August 14, 1875

A GOOD deal has been heard recently of a proposal to establish what is called a Pan-Presbyterian Council, which shall meet at stated intervals in different parts of the world, and in

which Presbyterian Churches that cannot agree amongst each other at home may find all their difficulties dissipated by adopting the simple expedient of laying their heads together in a foreign city. How all this is to be brought about, and what particular good is expected to come out of it for mankind at large, has not been very distinctly laid down hitherto ; and although there was more talk upon the subject at the Free Church Commission on Wednesday, there could not be said to be much more distinctness, unless it were upon the point of the hospitality to be extended to the Pan-Presbyterians when they gather amongst ourselves next July.* . . . But while there is this satisfactory and even exuberant distinctness as to the commissariat of the council, there is not the same clearness as to the standing and proceeding in virtue of which and for whose sake it is to be thus feasted to its heart's content, and more. When we inquire what the congregated Pan-Presbyters are to do when not engaged at the festive board the answers we get are mainly of a negative character. We are told abundantly what they are not to do, but very sparsely what they are to do. Dr. Blaikie tells us, for instance, that there is a desire to "avoid having a council for mere talk, and to make it as far as possible practical." But how far is it possible? We all know what remarkable things would occur if ifs and ans were pots and pans, not to say Pan-Presbyters ; but what action beyond the mere talk, which seems to be so greatly dreaded, is it possible for the assembled delegates to take? Authority they have none. Not a creature is bound to do their bidding, and all the effect that Dr. Blaikie can suggest as likely to result from their combined exertions is that of "giving an impulse to practical work." In other words, they are to be a body of Presbyterian agitators, stumping the planet, haranguing from the heads of barrels which they have judiciously assisted in emptying, giving and receiving stimulant as they wander along on their

* In a later article it is explained that the gathering was perforce postponed owing to the inability of American delegates to attend.

festive and Presbyterian pilgrimages. It need not be said that this will be ineffectual. If it is well done it may have the usual effects of vigorous excitement and dexterous agitation, but its sole instrument will and must be talk, with possibly the addition of a little print; and the only remark that occurs to make is, that Presbyterianism talks already so much, to which the world turns a deaf ear, that the necessity or wisdom of opening a new sluice-gate of remark may be viewed as problematical.

THE LATE ALEXANDER RUSSEL

July, 1876

STRONG, condensed, incisive, sparkling, his style may be described as a structure of closely cemented argument, based upon an earnest purpose and reason, softened in its outline by a ubiquitous humour, and flashing from foundation to pinnacle with points of wit. Like all vigorous natures that have sought their sphere of action among ideas, he despised falsehood and folly, not only on their own account and for their contrariety to what is alone of value in thought, but also for the weakness which is in most cases a source of them. . . . This same quality of argumentative earnestness was really the characteristic and the backbone of Mr. Russel's literary style. We need not dwell upon the well-known attractions of his writing—the compact, always graphic, often racy statement, the apposite quotation, the sudden, surprising wit, the mirth-moving, irresistible exuberance of humour, which made the leading articles that came from his own pen a literary *bonne bouche* for all his fellow-countrymen not destitute of the national mental characteristics, and which have created a small host of well-meaning, but not over-successful, imitators. What is of more importance to point out is that, easy as was Mr. Russel's command of these means

of popularity, his mind never yielded to the temptation of parading them simply for their own sakes. Not a few writers with a little fun in them lug in a sort of dummy argument to show off their fun upon. The fun, in fact, with them is the serious part of the business; the argument is a mere joke. But with Mr. Russel there was none of this trick and mockery. The charm of his wit lay in its spontaneity, in its bubbling up, naturally, out of the soil of the subject that was in question.

THE NOBLE ART OF WIFE-BEATING

July 28, 1867

"MORE Wife-Beating" is coming to take so regular a place as a news paragraph that it will require to be classified with other items of a kindred character in the department of the sheet set apart for them. Probably the Manly Exercises column is its most natural receptacle. As to the sub-section of this category that is best fitted to hold it, a preliminary difficulty is conceivable. From the large amount of saltatory movement developed in the process, the division of Dancing has obvious claims to be considered. Still, as the toe (to say nothing of the heel) which is brought into this amusement cannot be described as either light or fantastic, it is necessary to seek for a somewhat graver nomenclature, and, all things considered, probably the general heading of Pedestrianism will be found most suitable, with an occasional shift to Boxing when the special character of the operation requires it, and a sufficient group of legitimate performances by the Fancy can be had to keep it countenance and company. In any event it is high time that some change were made, as the way in which the reporters have taken to entering the species of transaction referred to is almost certain to exercise a demoralising effect on the public mind. They put in "wife-beating" exactly as they would put in

"carpet-beating," or the beating or strong treating of any other domestic institution or utensil, to which flagellation or any form of contusion is usually applied ; whereas the one is a very much more serious affair than the other. The difference of the scale on which the two occupations are respectively remunerated might of itself show this. For beating a bad carpet a couple of light porters will not receive more than thirty pence between them, while for beating a good wife a single heavy collier will get thirty days all to himself ; and in various other ways the superior seriousness of the one thing to the other might easily be shewn. In fact, so serious has the whole matter become, that a large number of very serious people (probably out of jealousy) are seriously endeavouring to have it dispensed with altogether. It may be doubted, however, whether the methods proposed by a number of those domestic reformers are all of them wisely adapted to the end they have in view. Flogging the male spouse, in cases where he has availed himself of his privileges to a reprehensible degree as self-indulgence, was at one time a remedy in favour with many, although latterly it has fallen off in popularity. There are probably good enough reasons for this. At first sight, no doubt, the proposal to extinguish wife-beating by the application of husband-beating, or to diminish a cat-and-dog life by introducing more of the cat, has a good deal to recommend it on the homœopathic hypothesis ; but that phase of medical science cannot be said to have so fully vindicated its orthodoxy as to entitle its principles to be regarded as authoritative ; and, in the present instance, there are considerations that specially militate against their validity . . . Why did Collier select the said Ann, and no one else, to execute his hornpipe on ? We grieve to record our suspicion that she had a good deal to do with it. It consists with our knowledge that Mrs. Collier is not the most prudent or conciliatory of women. Her temper has not improved with experience. When Collier comes home drunk, as he too often does,

she expresses her opinion of him freely, and in an incisive manner. . . . Granted that Collier, by the aid of the vendor of alleged fine old whisky, has made a brute and wild beast of himself, will it make him less of a wild beast to tell him reproachfully that he is one? As a matter of fact it does not. He can take a good deal of nagging and snubbing quietly enough when he is sober, but, with alleged fine old whisky in his head, he expands into the domestic emperor, and vindicates his insulted dignity and prerogative in the too vigorous fashion described. . . . Mrs. Collier's forte does not lie in house-keeping. She knows no more of cooking than a female chimpanzee. She manifestly acts upon the principle that when beauty is unadorned it is adorned the most ; but she has pushed the principle to a fanatical extreme with the usual consequences. . . . Mr. Chadband, the missionary, and Miss Stiggins, the Bible woman, who are employed to visit Mrs. Collier and friends at a low salary by the wealthy congregation of St. Shoddies, with the view of enabling them to state in their congregational report that they are doing their duty in turning sinners from the error of their ways, occasionally call upon Mrs. Collier, but it cannot be said that their operations are pre-eminently calculated to effect either a substantial or an immediate improvement. Their form of procedure usually is to pull out a volume whose history and authority are very much disputed between Professor Smith and the Rev. George Macaulay, and entirely a matter of mystery to Mrs. Collier, and to read to her some extracts about the burden of Damascus, or about the four-and-twenty elders and the beast, thereafter reciting a prayer whose meaning, if it has any, is wholly beyond Mrs. Collier's comprehension. . . . It would have done much more good to have told Mrs. Collier that she was a wicked old sinner for being dirty and ragged and unprovided with a bit of ham or cheese. There is no saying how much verberation she might have saved herself and Collier had she only learnt in time to keep

a trim house, and provided that now unhappy victim of a husband with a Saturday's supper, hot and full, flanked perhaps by a little beer, and crowned even by a modicum of whisky, unquestionably fine and demonstrably old.

CAPITAL, LABOUR, AND PRODUCTION

January 11, 1878

IT is affirmed on what appears sufficiently trustworthy data that there were nearly two hundred "strikes" in the year 1877, most of which proved unsuccessful, and must therefore have been ill-advised. Such a fact seems to show that there must be very great ignorance in the class most deeply interested as to the principles regulating such matters. There appears to be some sort of impression among great bodies of the labouring class and their leaders that, by means of threats and contests, labour can wring increased wages out of capital whether capital has it to give or not, whereas it is as obvious as the impossibility of getting blood out of a stone, that it is only when capital has the increase that it can give it, and only then that a threat or a fight can conceivably do any good. The rise and the fall of wages are subject to a natural law as irresistible in its way as the law which regulates the ebb and flow of the tides. They are simply one phase of the innumerable operations of the law of supply and demand. Although so many people apparently forget it, it is one of the commonplaces of economic science that wages are ultimately regulated by the proportion between population and capital. . . . In a prosperous condition of things capital increases much more rapidly than population, and there naturally ensues a competition among capitalists for labourers, whose wages accordingly, by the law of supply and demand, mount inevitably towards the point at which it would become more profitable for the capitalist to seek another investment.

High prices lead to high wages, not because the capitalist is bound by some supposed principle of justice to afford his labourers a larger share of what he is receiving, but because he is enabled to save more, and so with his increased capital to stimulate still further the demand for labour, thereby of course increasing its price. If wages are what the labourers naturally consider too low—that is, below the line above which the capitalist would find it desirable to seek another investment—the same principle will still operate to put matters right. The lower wages enable the capitalist to save more, to add more, that is, to his capital, with the result of throwing a proportionately enhanced demand into the labour market, and so increasing wages the faster that they were lower. The rectification of labour prices is thus, in point of economic law, merely a matter of time, and, in actual life, accordingly, of foresight. Similar consequences would follow if, while capital remained stationary, population diminished, but that case need hardly be considered, as the tendency of labour is to over-multiplication rather than the reverse. Although over-multiplication to a certain extent corrects itself by the privation to which it leads, it nevertheless exercises an undoubted depressing effect on the reward of labour, although it may, as a rule, be left out of account in considering any severe or even marked depression of wages. Such depressions are properly connected with movements of capital. The number of labourers remaining practically the same if the price of labour generally has gone down, the explanation must be that capital, for some reason, has to a large extent withdrawn from competition in the labour market. This withdrawal may be due to various causes. It may, for one thing, be the actual destruction of capital. A great war, for instance, annihilates a vast amount of capital which would, in industrial applications, have been reproduced for the continued and increased support of labour. To the same effect capital is destroyed in foolish or fraudulent industrial enterprises, in abortive

railways, manufactories, mines, joint-stock companies, that sink capital and give no return. To the extent represented by the lost capital, the labour which its return would have employed is thrown idle, more labourers are competing for employment, and labour prices go down. But panic among capitalists as well as positive destruction of capital is another cause of depressed wages. Wars, political convulsions generally, and collapses of unsound speculations frighten the possessors of capital, and cause them to withhold it from investments that demand labour to execute them. As far as the labour market is concerned, such capital has passed into a state of suspended animation, and is, in the meantime, as good as non-existent. In this way more unemployed labour is thrown upon the market, with the inevitable effect of reducing wages. Panic, moreover, necessitates reduction of wages in another way. In a depressed state of trade, arising from capital having become timid, producers naturally try to coax it back into activity by lowered prices, and to afford lowered prices they must give lowered wages. As capital resumes its confidence the demand grows, the prices rise, capital is increased, and wages follow.

How do "strikes" look in the light of such principles? At the very outset they have this presumption against them—they transgress the fundamental law that increase of capital is the cause of increase of wages. Their refusals, not only to add to capital, but even to maintain capital as it was—that is to say, they are, while they last, modes of closing the sole foundation from which increased wages, or wages at all, can spring. To that extent they are suicidal, and work against their own object. In prosperous times, when the demand for labour is keen and wages would rise in the natural course of things, a "strike" may seem to be successful; but it may at least be doubted whether the apparent victors would not have been more victorious still had they left matters to the ordinary operation of economic law. . . . A "strike" in prosperous times may apparently

ante-date a rise of wages that was sure to come otherwise; but it may well be doubted whether the anticipation has not been too dearly purchased, and whether the presumed connection of cause and effect is not, after all, illusory. A meteorological union for turning round the east wind, if it work long enough, would probably have the satisfaction at last of finding the wind blowing from the west, and might flatter itself that the agreeable change was due to its own exertions; but better-informed people would be aware that it was the result of natural law, and in no respect brought about by the meteorological union. Be the case, however, as it may with respect to the advantage of the "strike" in prosperous times, there can be little doubt that in adverse times and sinking markets it is pure fatuity. Capital cannot support labour at a loss, for the simple reason that half-a-crown is not three shillings, and cannot do their work. When trade is depressed and the market low, the refusal of labour to share with capital the hardship of making the best of a bad case is doubly suicidal, if such a thing be possible. Cheap prices form the only means by which production can tempt demand and restore diffident capital to its former activity, but the stimulus to this depression cannot be applied if labour stands out for high or heightened wages, and until that restoration takes place, labour cannot better itself, if it can even maintain itself. And then further, by refusing in the meantime to aid production in adding to capital as far as it will venture to do it, labour is simply preparing a future loss for itself. Every addition to capital is presumably an addition, present or prospective, to the demand for labour, and when the healthy condition of things is restored, that demand will be so much the keener to the advantage of labour; while, if the condition has been neglected through labour's refusal, the demand will be so much the slower to labour's own loss. The presumption, therefore, lies entirely against the labourer who in bad times declines to take the best he can get, because he cannot get the best absolutely. These seem simple and obvious enough

truths, and it naturally creates vexation in some and indignation in others to see them foolishly despised and defied to their own detriment by the class whom they might direct into the largest share of prosperity of which the existing state of the world at any given time admits. But it is not fair to blame the working classes or even their leaders exclusively. They do not know any better, because they have not been taught any better.

SUNDAY CLOSING IN IRELAND

January 24, 1878

ALMOST the only argument used in the House of Commons on Monday night by the promoters of the bill for closing Irish public-houses on Sunday was that the mass of the Irish people desired it, a contention, however, which is energetically denied by the opponents of the measure. Supposing it were true, it is a very dangerous principle to introduce into legislation. When the mass of a people are ripe for legislation which is good in itself, it is a very proper consideration to take into account, since it is not sense to force even good laws upon a resisting people. But it is a very different matter to grant to a majority, merely because it is a majority, a law which is not defensible on its own merits. If Irishmen are to get whatever they want, no matter what its character, why should they not have Home Rule at once? What is the good of maintaining an Imperial system if the wisdom of the whole is not to control the folly of the part? In the present case it is said to be hard that Irishmen should have Sunday public-houses forced upon them when they do not want them. Certainly it would be hard if it were the fact. But it is not the fact. No Irishman has a public-house forced upon him on a Sunday. If he does not want it on that day there is nothing to hinder him having his will. . . . But then

it is said that, in the meantime, some other Irishmen will be having Sunday refreshments, and that it is very hard upon the first. It is the usual plea of the religious tyrant. It is a hardship upon him that other people should not be exactly what he is, and do exactly what he does; but it is a hardship to which for a long time past it has been customary to ask him to submit if he means to be a member of existing society. Perhaps it is sinful that an Irish labourer should have his glass of beer with his fellow-labourer in a public place on Sunday, while the well-to-do professional man or merchant in his club is, without sinning, arguing over his wine or brandy and water the necessity of passing the Sunday Closing Bill; but it might have been thought that at this time of day the suppression by law of what is morally sinful would have been among the exploded political superstitions. In spite of what zealots may think or say to the contrary, it is better to let a man commit what they call sin, as long as he does not violate the ordinary rights of his neighbour, than to attempt suppressing his tendencies by the agency of the police. For one thing, his sinfulness lies in the conscience, the suppression, however successfully, will not make him any the less a sinner. Perhaps it might make him worse by exasperating him against the domination of virtue generally. In the meantime, in the vain attempt to coerce one sinner into being a saint, the liberty of a great many respectable people who, if not great saints, are not very great sinners either is being fruitlessly abridged by the action of a universal law.

If it is not Sabbatarian zeal and intolerance that constitutes the moving cause of this legislation, what is it? Why is Sunday, and not Wednesday, or Friday, or some other day of the week, selected as the day of prohibition, if it is not because public refreshment is supposed to acquire an unholy character on that day which it does not possess on any other day? This latter is the only consideration that can be conceived of as applying specially to Sunday and determining the selection in its favour. Drinking, it is argued, should be

put down because statistics prove that it leads to disease, crime, and pauperism. But do statistics prove that Sunday's beer is more prone to do this than Saturday's? Drinking, it is further argued, should be put down because it creates public annoyance and disorder. But such disorder is even more annoying on the ordinary days of the week, when people are abroad and moving about, than on the licensed hours of Sunday, when they are presumed to be at home and engaged in devotion. Drinking, it is still further argued, should be put down because it is a destruction of capital that might be saved and invested in reproductive industry. But will any economist be got to maintain that a shilling's worth of capital destroyed on Sunday is a greater loss to the commonwealth than the same amount destroyed on Tuesday or Thursday? What argument but a Sabbatarian one has any relevant application to special Sunday prohibition? Some rather adventurous reasoners have tried to argue that, by keeping people from refreshment and sociality on Sunday, a better opportunity is given for the clergy and others to get hold of them and act upon them to their advantage. These are generally persons who take the further step of shutting people not only out of places of refreshment on Sundays, but also out of museums, galleries, gardens, and, in fact, every public place except churches, so that the clergy may have the clearest possible stage for their regenerative operations. But do such people ever think of what a wedge they are here admitting the thin end? Legislative surrender of ourselves to the clergy on Sundays involves more than one very formidable principle. Are the people in question prepared to say that even voluntary surrender to clerical manipulation is necessarily and always a benefit? Will the Scottish Reformation Society think it is really doing the Irish community a service by putting them more completely at the disposal of the priesthood? Besides, if once we introduce the police as the coadjutor of the clergy, where is the thing to stop? If we shut off public refreshment and conversation

to give scope for sermons, why not prohibit newspapers and, in short, all literature that is not of a sound and edifying character? Darwin has probably done much more damage to orthodoxy than Bass; and by proper people Hume is regarded as a more soul-destroying agent than Glenlivet. Indeed, if this sort of thing is to hold good, the right thing to do would be to put a sufficient body of police at the disposal of the clergy, and have every person who will not spend Sunday in the orthodox manner collared and marched off to the nearest church, and compelled to receive good impressions.

If, on the other hand, the Sabbatarian motive is denied, what is supposed to be gained? Is it thought that intemperance will be lessened? What proof is there of that? We have had such a law in Scotland for more than a quarter of a century, and now the advocates of repressive temperance legislation assure us that there is more drunkenness than ever. Certainly it is the fact that, although spirits have doubled in price, the consumpt per head has greatly increased. It almost looks as if the comparatively limited class whom the legislation is meant to reform took care to make the most of Saturday, in the prospect of Sunday difficulties; just as there may be reason to fear that early closing hours have chiefly resulted in creating habits of rapid drinking. In many parts of Ireland, porter from the butt is the favourite drink of the people; and as that beverage will not keep, the shutting-off of the supply on Sunday will probably result in driving them to spirits, which will not increase temperance, or to evasions of the law, which will not be an improvement in general morals. If it be said that at all events there will be less drunkenness on Sunday, it must be remembered that, even if successful, total prohibition to prevent abuse of what is in itself innocent, may often, as in the present instance, be grossly unjust to the mass who commit no abuse. . . . If there are individuals who outrage their neighbours while enjoying themselves, let them individually suffer for their outrage. If, as alleged, it is the working-

classes that are aimed at, then let the class legislation be honest, and enact at once that no working-man, tested, say, by his clothes, or the want of a watch, or a certificate of genteel employment, shall get anything to drink for love or money ; but do not include in the condemnation classes who are assumed, rightly or wrongly, to be more capable of self-control. The only consolation about such legislative attempts is the commendable anxiety shown to diminish vice. But this anxiety is taking the wrong method. Short of the absolute extinction of the manufacture of liquor, legislative coercion can do little more than secure public order and trade in an honest article. Temperance results from a man being a law to himself, and statute can promote that state of things only by securing the education of the people in useful and interesting knowledge, and by undoing any legislation, ecclesiastical or other, whose tendency is to assist falsity, cant, or superstition, to confuse the public conscience, or to promote the ascendancy of that Puritanical spirit which has crippled the community's power of enjoying itself in rational forms, and driven it to excitements that have proved to be perilous.

ROADS AND BRIDGES BILL

January 30, 1878

AMIDST the excitement created by the question of British interests, and the anxiety of the Government to persuade the country to back them for a trifle in the coming European Congress sweepstakes, people in this part of the island ought not to forget that there are such things as Scottish interests, which have found their way, even at this early date and grave crisis, into Parliament. These interests, it need scarcely be said, are bound up in the fortunes of the now celebrated Roads and Bridges Bill, read a second time and eagerly discussed in the House of Commons a few days ago. It is

well known that if there is one thing more than another on which Scotchmen have set their hearts it is the passing of the Roads and Bridges Bill. Some inaccurate observers of the national character profess to be of opinion that Disestablishment is the object on which they are mainly bent ; others, even more inaccurate, think it is the abolition of agricultural hypothec ; while others, inaccurate to the verge of lunacy, fancy that it is a Permanent Board of Education, with an improved constitution and enlarged powers. They are all wrong. What this nation wants is the passing into an Act of the Bill to alter and amend the law in regard to the maintenance and management of roads and bridges in Scotland, prepared and brought in by the Lord Advocate and Sir Henry Selwyn-Ibbetson. It is a striking fact, long ago remarked by historians, that different nations have different likings at different times. At the present day it is said by some that Irishmen have been universally seized by an ungovernable desire not to drink whisky on Sunday, and, with a sequence of thought characteristic of the race, have determined on that day to have themselves and others locked out of the refreshment houses into which they would scorn to go. Whether this be true or not, there can be no doubt about the point on which Scotchmen as a whole are agreed—that point is tolls. They may differ—and do differ—about many things, but they are entirely at one in hating tolls. They may be ready to take each other by the throat on questions of Voluntaryism, or Spiritual Independence, or the Pope, but when it comes to tolls they are sworn, and sometimes swearing, brothers. In spite of the partial authority of Adam Smith, they are determined that these abominable imposts shall cease to exist. There is no sense or justice in them. . . . With tolls it is possible for a cunning owner of conveyances to drive whole caravans over his district roads for years and never pay a shilling. Besides, the whole system is a nest of extravagant jobbery. Accordingly, in paying tolls, the average Scotchman has not only to suffer the immediate irritation of

being perpetually made to pull up on his journey and shed sixpences and shillings, but he has the brine rubbed into his wounds by being led to reflect that he is the victim of an absurd, unjust, and wasteful exaction. Hence his bitter hatred of tolls, and his determination that tolls shall be no more. And it is because the Roads and Bridges Bill, if it could only get passed, would sweep tolls from the face of the earth, and put roads and bridges upon lands and heritages, that the national affections are set upon the Roads and Bridges Bill.

DEATH OF POPE PIUS IX

February 8, 1878

THE death of Pope Pius IX. is an event that has an interest not only for the Catholic world but for the world at large. Though shorn of the glories and bereft of the political sway that distinguished it in the middle ages, the Roman Catholic Church is still a vast power among the complex forces that determine the state of our modern civilisation; and the removal of the person who, besides being its recognised head, is to its members the one living source of infallible instruction and authority, borrows a corresponding weight from the importance of the community which looks up to him as its ruler and guide. In the character and career of the late Pope there were special elements and circumstances calculated to enhance this interest. There was not merely the unprecedented duration of his Pontificate, but there was the not less unprecedented magnitude of the events connected with his tenure of the Papal chair. The reign that saw the publication of the Syllabus, the downfall of the temporal power, the enthronement of an Italian monarch in Rome, and the elevation into a dogma of the faith of the infallibility of the Head of the Church, to say nothing of the striking changes in the domestic and external relations

of the leading nations of the world that have occurred during its continuance, and into which it largely entered as a formative influence, can never be surpassed and will seldom be equalled in matters of interest by any reign that may succeed it in the same order. . . . Which way the barque of Peter will now turn its prow will necessarily depend upon the statesman who is selected to fill the place of him who has gone, and his general character may not unfairly be prognosticated from that of the electorate with whom the appointment lies. The Electoral College, whose duty it is to choose the Pope, a body of between sixty and seventy Cardinals, of whom a large majority are Italians, are, to a great extent, the creation of the late Pope, and that, too, largely within recent years. That these dignitaries should be predominatingly of the turn of thinking which marked Pope Pius IX. and the Court of the Vatican is only what was to be expected, and is understood to be in accordance with the fact. The probability, therefore, would seem to be that the Papal policy of the future will be of a kind to lay a principal stress upon the recovery of the Temporal Power, and not to be content with a mere spiritual ascendancy apart from actual political life. When a statesman like Boughi, and an ecclesiastic like Manning, agree in such an expectation, it would be strange should it prove to be unfounded. Besides, it lies in the very nature of things, and agrees to the universal testimony of history, that a system like that of Rome, which is nothing if not supreme, instead of softening its pretensions in face of the modern spirit which it strives to master, as Protestantism has taken to Rationalism in the struggle with science, should rather harden its claims and sharpen its pretensions as the conflict matures towards a crisis. Hence, although speculation is always uncertain, there does not seem much prospect of Rome ceasing to retain its proud boast of being always the same, or of the consequent relief of European statesmanship from the embarrassments of ecclesiastical intrigue.

DR. PHIN ON DISESTABLISHMENT

February 9, 1878

MR. LOWE'S advice to the Government "to muzzle their Prime Minister" may, with a qualification, be cordially commended to the friends of the Established Church at the present juncture. They should really muzzle their Moderator. The Right Rev. Dr. Phin is going about like a roaring lion, and in his imitations of that noble quadruped is emitting an amount of sound and fury which, if not put a stop to, may lead to effects upon the National Zion not unlike those which acoustic causes of considerably less force and dignity are reputed to have produced upon the walls of Jericho. The Right Rev.'s idea of praying for the peace of Jerusalem seems to involve that of labouring to promote strife everywhere else. At all events, since the famous coalition of the 200 in 22 Queen Street (which appears to have repeated itself yesterday), when broad and narrow all agreed to do nothing in self-defence, except "good work in their own sphere," the Right Rev. Moderator has been instant in season and out of season, raging against disestablishers, and defying them to single or other combat, his last demonstration in this way having come off a day or two ago at Glasgow, where he appears to have made a number of statements that savoured more of zeal than of discretion. For example, after having worked himself up into a state of foaming ferocity on the exciting theme of *quoad sacra* churches, he launched out into a wild attack upon disestablishers as being guilty of "an attempt to destroy the Church of Scotland." These infamous persons, he affirmed, are going to "devote their whole efforts to the destruction of the Church of Scotland." Not only so, but they "are going to destroy the whole past history of the Church of Scotland." This is terrible if true. But let us give the disestablisher his due. He is not so black as his Right

Reverence paints him. There are various kinds of disestablishers, some wise, having the perception of principles and seasonableness, others unwise, having the perception neither of principles nor of seasonableness ; but no disestablisher that has yet been heard of has ever proposed to "destroy" the Church, far less to "destroy its whole past history." Although the Church were disestablished to-morrow, not a hair of its head nor a page of its history would be "destroyed." Both would remain where and what they were. Disestablishment means, first of all, cancelling the Parliament's recorded approbation of the Confession of Faith, which can be no great loss, as Parliament knows very little about the subject. Disestablishment means, next, the withdrawing of certain funds hitherto devoted to the payment of the preachers of the Confession, which might be a loss, but need not be an unsurmountable one, if we are to believe all that the Moderator and others tell us about the facility with which churches can be built and endowed by individual liberality. But in spite of such legislative action, the Church, as a society, with a purpose and a constitution of its own, would remain the same. From the Right Rev. the Moderator to the humblest *quoad sacra* beadle not an institution in it would be touched. Dr. Phin should be cautious how he spreads abroad the impression that to disestablish him would be to destroy him. Probably nothing would impart a stronger impetus to the movement.

THE NEW POPE

February 21, 1878

ON the question of the Temporal Power, as on all other theological and ecclesiastical questions, Pecci is perfectly sound. He is not one of the few who are prepared to pronounce the maintenance of the Temporal Power un-

essential to the free exercise of the Spiritual Sovereignty. . . . But it might be well not to base too sanguine calculations upon mere moderation of demeanour. . . . Besides, the Pope is never the only influence that has to be reckoned with. Behind him is the Curia, and what is more formidable still, around him is the peculiar historical current into which his destiny has drifted him, a current whose force and set are derived from past influences of a magnitude too vast to be withstood by an individual will, and which may yet carry him into positions of aggression or resistance from which mere personal choice might have inclined him to shrink. At the commencement of so prominent a career, it is only graceful to express hopes for the best, but it would be the utter abnegation of prudence to assume that henceforth there is to be nothing but calm and sunshine for the Papacy and the world.

COLONIAL MARRIAGES BILL

February 26, 1878

THE Bill for legalising Colonial marriages with a deceased wife's sister, which is set down for the second reading to-morrow, may be expected to raise an interesting discussion. . . . No small part of the strength of the Bill's claim to support lies in the past action of the Executive. It is the sanction of the Crown given to the class of marriages in question in the Colonies that forms one of the strongest pleas of the Colonist for recognition of his status in this country. Without that sanction such marriages would still have been illegal in the Colonies. The Australian Legislature had the good sense to see that wherever the law permits the procreation of children, it should also permit, and even encourage, the marriage of their parents, and passed bills

legalising the marriage of a widower with the sister of his deceased wife. Such bills, however, are among the limited class of measures which are not entirely within the control of the Colonies themselves, but require the consent of the Home Government. The Royal assent, on the advice of Ministers, of course, was given to these bills, and they became law. The law is, therefore, on the responsibility of the executive, a law of the British Empire, although with a local application; and the question now is whether those whom the British Government have induced, in one part of the empire, to contract a marriage by holding out a legal assurance that it is perfectly honourable and legitimate, have not a just ground of complaint when, in another part of the empire, they find themselves subjects of disgrace and of various legal incapacities. If there is anything in the idea of the unity of the empire at all, it would appear to be the least that the Government and the law can do, when they have encouraged any of the lieges to enter on a certain course, to protect them from any disadvantageous consequences that can be avoided. This Bill would therefore seem to be the legal sequel of the Royal assent to the Colonial marriage legislation, and the promotion of it a duty naturally devolving on the executive. Those, accordingly, who hold that there is always a presumption in favour of supporting the executive ought to be predisposed in favour of a Bill which is merely a corollary of former Government action, and ought to support it unless there be very strong reason to the contrary.

Any such reason is not easy to imagine. It might be argued that the Sovereign had been advised to assent to an immoral law, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer is not likely to take that ground. The authority of Leviticus will scarcely be urged any longer, not only because the interpretation of the alleged authority is, at best, but uncertain, but chiefly because it is too late in the history of the world to attempt settling practical legislation by theological con-

siderations. . . . It is much more likely to be argued that, when Colonists come to England, they must take their chance of the operation of English law, and that they have no right to be specially relieved from grievances that press upon all natives of the country. To this it might be answered that, if the existing law of England creates a grievance—as it unquestionably does—a beginning made in the way of relieving any part of the community from its operation is better than no reform at all. But, apart from this, there is an obvious reason why Colonists should be specially dealt with. British law does not tempt natives of England into the marriages under consideration; on the contrary, it expressly warns them against them, and, indeed, makes them impossible. But British law—for the Australian legislation, having become law in virtue of a constitution emanating from the British Parliament, is plainly British law—has placed the Colonist in a very different position. It has encouraged him, and even tempted him, into such a marriage, and therefore it owes him a measure of indulgence which it does not formally owe the native Briton. The man who was advised against a course and the man who was advised into it have clearly different degrees of claim upon their common adviser. But indulgence is really not the right term to use in this connection. It is more a question of simple justice. What fairness can there be in treating a man as legitimate in one part of the Empire and bastard in another? Such an arrangement is indeed absurd as well as unjust. It would seem that personal status or character must be either one thing or another, but cannot be both of two contradictory things. A man may be either wicked or innocent, but he cannot be both, in respect of the same charge; and it would appear to be about as rational to contend that the same individual can be at once tall and short, young and old, as that he may be simultaneously legitimate and illegitimate. . . . A man should be either married or unmarried—to be half married is nonsensical.

DENTISTS AND DENTAL BILL

March 12, 1878

IF it should be made a matter of complaint against the Edinburgh Royal College of Surgeons that they have been showing their teeth to the dentists of Great Britain and Ireland in connection with the Dental Practitioner Bill, it might be urged for them that this is merely the natural attitude to take up towards that body of operators. . . . It would appear that dentistry is not altogether in a satisfactory position, social and otherwise. Dentists are to be found who, to quote the language of the chairman of the late Dental Conference, "are ashamed of their calling at home, and shrink from speaking of their occupation abroad." Accordingly, they are occasionally driven to "seek social position from attainments which have but a partial bearing upon, or are altogether extraneous to, the business of their lives." This they regard as an undesirable state of things, and, as they are of opinion that "nothing but registration and compulsory education will bring dentistry into a true professional position," they have had a Bill introduced into Parliament to restrict the exercise of their craft to persons who have attended certain college classes and obtained the degree of L.D.S. This done, they feel that they would no longer be ashamed of their calling, but would henceforth look boldly in the world's face, as they have heretofore looked fiercely down its throat. To the social ambition of the dentists the Edinburgh surgeons make no objection, on condition that they are forbidden by law to call themselves "surgeon dentists," or any other name that has a ring of surgery in it. The real reason of this seems to be that the surgeons look down upon dentistry as much as dentists would appear to do themselves, and that they shrink from having their own high title smirched by connection with the humbler one, which it is the object of the Bill to glorify.

At all events, if that is not the reason, they have failed to set forth any other consideration to which the name of reason could be properly applied. . . . The surgeons seem to think that surgeon-dentist necessarily suggests surgeon and dentist. It does nothing of the sort, any more than cart-horse means horse and cart. It is not an epithet of combination like Alsace-Lorraine or Schleswig-Holstein, but merely an epithet of limitation like bank-note or button-hole.

OPENING OF MUSEUMS ON SUNDAYS

April 6, 1878

CONSCIENCE has been making itself rather conspicuous in both Houses of Parliament during the past week. This is, of course, to be understood of Conscience considered as a controversial weapon rather than as a moral regulator, in which latter capacity there are not wanting instances in which, if it has been conspicuous at all, it has been mostly by its absence. The cases in which Conscience has figured as an argument have been the discussions on the opening of museums on Sunday, and the amendment of the Vaccination Act in the Houses of Lords and Commons respectively. . . . In the House of Lords the present was the inaugural appearance of Conscience in this particular connection, this being the first occasion on which the Sunday museum question was discussed in that august assembly, a fact which, taken along with the predominating number and standing of the Peers who spoke in its favour, may probably be taken as an indication of the progress that is gradually being made by reasonable views on this matter. It was argued that the people who are desirous of visiting museums on Sunday ought not to be allowed, because the consciences of certain other people are averse to museums being visited on that day. It is amusing to think how long tyrannical nonsense

of this kind can hold its ground. If any man's conscience forbids him to look at the remains of ancient, or the triumphs of modern, art on a Sunday, who is going to force him? But if another man's conscience leaves him at liberty to instruct or enjoy himself in this way, what earthly right has his neighbour to prevent him? The Bishop of London contended that "it was a duty to keep one day out of seven." A duty to whom? In Scotland people profess to regard it as a duty to the Deity to do nothing but attend church and study theology during the entire Sunday, although almost none of them do it, and most of them make admissions which render unintelligible, and therefore unauthoritative, the precept alleged to require it. But in England nobody maintains it to be more than a duty to the Church, and while the Church may have a right to prescribe their conduct to those who voluntarily submit to its authority, what right has it to enforce its will, by law, on all and sundry?

Besides, what does the Bishop of London call "keeping" a day? Does he never look at his own busts and pictures on a Sunday, or is he careful to have the one swaddled in paper and the other turned to the wall? He is certainly too sensible a man to do either. But if he may look at his own collection in Fulham Palace without incurring the guilt of not "keeping" the day, why cannot the public quite as innocently look at their collections in the British or South Kensington Museums? The Bishop says the public would require to employ a few attendants to keep their houses open. Probably enough; but is the Bishop's house kept open on Sundays without the aid of attendants? Besides, if the attendants are willing to perform the duty, who else has any business to interfere? If serving the public on Sunday is inconsistent with "keeping" the day, the Bishop and his clergy are the worst Sabbath breakers going. The Bishop of London joins the Lord Chancellor in predicting that, if the public are allowed to look at their own property on Sunday, it will lead to the fullest freedom of private trade in amusements, the

loss of the weekly day of rest to the working classes, and "to the licence of the Continental Sunday." As regards the Continental Sunday, there is no necessity in the present connection to enter either on criticism or defence. This, however, may be said in passing of the Continental Sunday, that it is, at all events, less hypocritical and therefore less demoralising than a great deal of the boasted "Sabbath observance" at home. But the two questions have really no connection. The "Continental Sunday" and the carrying on for gain of the trade in amusements or any other trade on Sunday are questions that can be argued on their own grounds, if ever they are raised. They have nothing to do with the question of the public enjoying a view of their own belongings on that day. To say that the one involves the other is just as reasonable as to argue that the Lord Chancellor and the Bishop of London should not be allowed to read books out of their own libraries on Sundays in case it should lead to the Sunday opening of the booksellers' shops in the Strand or Paternoster Row. . . . The anxiety of such dignitaries of church and state for the welfare of the working classes is very creditable, although rather paternal, but if all be true that is said of these classes by some of their professed friends, the Lord Chancellor and the Bishop of London might be very thankful to see them in museums on Sunday. It is a mistake to suppose that the working classes in England are universally employed in theological studies on that day. Even saintly Scotland does not escape suspicion on that score.

DUNFERMLINE BATHS

April 13, 1878

ARE not the Sabbatarians carrying it a little too far in Dunfermline? They are doing all they can there to prevent the inhabitants from washing themselves on the Day of Rest,

in case it should be desecrated by the operation. There is certainly, to the modern mind, an element of novelty in the idea of keeping the skin dirty lest the conscience should be defiled. Even the Pharisees were not so bad as that. Indeed, if all accounts be true, they rather overdid their washing, being incessantly engaged in scouring themselves or their plate both on "Sabbaths" and week-days, and considering that they were consolidating their reputation for piety when so occupied. The Pharisee of Dunfermline, however, like many another descendant, belies the likeness of his spiritual ancestor, and seems to regard himself as never more religious than when arresting ablution and promoting the victories of dirt. This is a distinct misfortune for Dunfermline, for it is by no means one of those places that require artificial effort to develop the sordid condition that belongs to them by nature or habit. . . . As most of us know to our cost, there is no figure for describing our duties more commonly in the mouths of our spiritual mentors than that which is borrowed from water and the bath. But how is the Dunfermline worshipper, sitting in his pew with his coat of twenty-four or more hours' foulness clinging to him, to feel, when he is told in tones of thunder to "wash and be clean," or to have not only "his heart sprinkled from an evil conscience," but also "his body washed with pure water"? May he not be betrayed into something like scorn and unbelief? Will not the story of the Flood itself afflict him with other than critical difficulties, and develop in him the uncharitable wish that his Town Council could only have been on the wrong side of the Ark; while the ablutionary ritual of Judaism may almost tempt him to regret his having been born and bred a Christian? Undoubtedly the civic zealots of Dunfermline have undertaken no light responsibility in placarding, as they are bound in consistency to do, the door of their public baths on Sunday with the depressing announcement, "He which is filthy, let him be filthy still."

WHICH IS THE TRUE CHURCH?

April 27, 1878

THOSE excellent but perplexed people who are sorely exercised by the question, which is the true Church? have had, within the last nine days, an amount of assistance offered to them on all sides in the solution of their difficulty such as was probably never offered to earnest inquirers before. Never before was the cry of Lo here! and Lo there! more vigorously and more multifariously raised by contending competitors for the one, true, Catholic, and Apostolic Communion. Reformed Presbyterians, United Presbyterians, Catholic Episcopalians, Scotch Episcopalians, Beccles Episcopalians, Free Churchmen, both of the Constitutionalist and Anti-Constitutionalist persuasion, &c., &c., &c., have all been at it, shouting in stentorian tones, that he is the real Simon Pure, declaring indignantly that all the others are impostors, dealing in worthless quackeries, and warning the public that the only sound ecclesiastical cordial or powder is the one that has his label and trade-mark upon it, and that "none else is genuine." Of the Reformed Presbyterians, who place the essence of Christianity in having nothing to do with the civil government and its judicatories, unless when they can give them a favourable decision in matters of wrong, enough probably has been said already. The U.P.'s are not to be so summarily dismissed. Judged by their recent Glasgow performance in the Ferguson case, their claims to be considered the true Church are unusually strong. It is long since any body of Christians showed so complete a possession of the characteristic ecclesiastic tendency to

Prove their doctrine orthodox
By Apostolic blows and knocks.

The Free Presbytery of Aberdeen, indeed, hit and devoured one another over Professor Robertson Smith in a manner that

must have been truly refreshing to the zealous student of Christian antiquity, but a Free Church Aberdonian cannot hold the candle to a Glasgow U.P. It is true a number of ignorant people whose tastes have been corrupted by the sickly refinements of modern times have been complaining of the Glasgow divines as little better than a disgraceful collection of rowdies, and asserting that if orthodoxy is to be judged by its fruits it seems to mean little more than an imperious and selfish demand to dictate other people's opinions, and that the less a just and honest man has to do with it and its upholders the better. But that is simply because they know no better. If they were properly instructed they would be aware that those same Rev. Rowdies of Glasgow, who knock each other about and abuse each other like wharf porters, are the genuine descendants of the devoted men who blackened each other's eyes and drew each other's blood while settling the leading articles of the creed in early Constantinople, and of those admirable monks who tore the heretical Hypatia to pieces in the streets of Alexandria. Many were lamenting that those palmy days of real Christianity had passed away, and that no such saints as the primitive Church were blessed with are forthcoming in the present day. They forget that the truth is never left without a witness, and that even in the darkest hour of declension a lamp of righteousness has always been kept burning here and there by the faithful. There are evidently a good many U.P.'s in Glasgow who have never bowed the knee to Baal, and they seem pretty certain to make short work of the fastidious Ferguson, who—set him up!—thinks the Calvinism of Dort not good enough for him. Perhaps when he has been sent about his business the Laodicean brethren of Greenock will take courage and grapple with the Rev. David Macrae himself, who is still allowed to go about glorying in his shame, and tempting souls to their destruction. If he were ecclesiastically throttled, it might for some time dispose of any other possible upstarts wishing to think and speak for them-

selves, and then there would be a rejoicing among all good men, and the meek would really inherit the earth. Those who are in search of the true Church would do well to consider the claims of the Glasgow U.P.'s. There is a great deal of fine old Christianity about them too seldom exemplified in these degenerate days.

But if the zealous inquirer for the true Church should by any chance find himself disappointed among the Presbyterians, Reformed or United, he has only to turn in another direction, when he will find a whole cab-stand of Episcopalians of various orders rushing madly at him, every one of them readier and more anxious than another to drive him off to glory or wherever else he likes. To say nothing of that obliging, if rather uncanonical vagrant, the Right Rev. Bishop Beccles, whose diocese embraces the whole territory north of the Tweed, his sworn enemies, the Scotch Episcopate, have just been displaying themselves in a very impressive attitude. . . .

The seeker for the true Church, however, need not even yet be at his wit's end. Here is, only last Wednesday, in the Free Presbytery of Edinburgh, Sir Henry Moncreiff offering the "true Church," backed with any amount of warranty, to all who are disposed to bid for that article. Sir Henry has very hard work just now with the Claim of Right. He cannot be said not to have a mind of his own on the subject, for he has several, and, indeed, keeps turning up with a new one almost every fortnight. . . . The point, however, to be noted is that in Sir Henry's view there is only one "true Church," and that is the one in which Sir Henry Moncreiff acts as principal clerk. No other has had even so much as a "true Assembly." All others, U.P.'s, E.U.'s, R.P.'s, E.C.'s, to say nothing of Prelatists of every dye, are sinful schismatics, living in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. The only way in which they can become part of the "true Church" is by confessing their sin, in a white sheet, real or figurative, being taken on discipline, and, after due process, admitted to Sir Henry's beatific fellowship. . . . Perhaps

the inquirer after the true Church, finding himself as greatly confused in this quarter as in any others, may bethink himself that he would be better occupied in attempting something else which, if humbler, might eventually be more profitable.

GLADSTONE AND BEACONSFIELD

May 10, 1878

THERE is something very remarkable in the persistency with which Mr. Gladstone seeks to fix the attention of the country upon the subtle management of the Premier as a great danger to be guarded against amidst present complications. This was the main burden of his recent speech at Hawarden, and it was only the last of a series of emphatic references which he has made to the same theme during a long and unwearied course of warning and enlightenment on the Eastern question, by which he has laid the nation under so deep a debt of obligation. The explanation of shallow partisans is, of course, simple enough. It is that Mr. Gladstone is meanly jealous of the success and the fame of Lord Beaconsfield, and that either ungovernable spite or designing vindictiveness prompts him to these repeated attacks upon his public character and policy. People habituated to the study of the higher order of minds will not be likely to take this view. There is nothing in the style of Mr. Gladstone's persevering allusions to Lord Beaconsfield that suggests meanness or spite, or that is in any way inconsistent with the discharge of a grave public duty. He ungrudgingly credits the Premier with all those commanding qualities of which his singular career proves him to be possessed—force of will, tenacity of aim, fertility of resource, charm of personal manner, and vast capacity for bending others to his purpose. In fact, as far as this aspect of the matter is concerned, the only people who have reason to complain of Mr. Gladstone's

portraiture as uncomplimentary are the Cabinet, whom its chief is represented as manipulating like a bevy of puppets, and the Parliamentary party, whom he controls much as Comus did his enchanted crew. But notwithstanding all this, and even to a large extent in virtue of it, he keeps maintaining that the Prime Minister is the peril of the country. . . . If Mr. Gladstone's vehemence in this matter is put on, or if it is the outcome of a rigid personal dislike, the study of human character may be given up as a hopeless enigma. Nothing could possibly look liker a great man acting under a consuming sense of duty. . . . Then as regards opportunity of knowing his subject, if Mr. Gladstone does not know something about Lord Beaconsfield by this time, who is ever likely to do so? For forty years he has had the strongest reason and the best opportunity for watching and studying him that one human being could have for watching and studying another, and if, as the result of all this experience and observation of him, he declares that in spite of all that may be said by blinded or submissive followers, he may, for anything they or we can tell, be guiding events to very different issues from those affirmed by them—may be playing with the dangers of war and the destinies of nations, and seeking to pave the way for a British Cæsarism like that of ancient Rome or recent France—is it prudent to despise the warnings of a witness of such exceptional information?

The folly of dismissing such a possibility with contempt becomes more evident in the light of what may be called the indirect testimony of Lord Beaconsfield himself. To say nothing of the startling transformation scenes of shift and surprise which history will associate with his career, he has voluntarily supplied the world with revelations of his motives and views of life from which it is not difficult to divine what he would not hesitate to do in a given set of circumstances. He is the author of a whole literature, a sort of Beaconsfield Bible, or Confessions of a Political Intriguer, in which he has, with delightful frankness, told beforehand the people whom

he has used as his stepping-stones to glory what he himself meant to do with them, and how he meant to do it ; and now that he has done exactly as he said, none appear more delighted than those on whose necks he has set his feet. In this literature Lord Beaconsfield's sympathy with the cynical view of life is unmistakable. He does not hate mankind, but he despises them. They are simply instruments and materials to be used for a clever man's purposes. The true aim of a politician is to gain power, his surest method is to flatter or "gammon" his dupes—"by words we rule men." Statesmanship does not consist in promoting the liberty, the enlightenment, the comfort, the general happiness of communities ; it simply means the putting down of other statesmen, domestic or foreign. The fact that such a philosophy of life may be held in conjunction with a certain graciousness of manner in personal relations does not make it the less dangerous as a basis for the career of a public man. Experience and history assure us too well what is the natural development of a career that believes society made for itself to rise upon. The Nimrods and Nebuchadnezzars, the Alexanders and Cæsars, the Timours and Napoleons of diplomacy as well as of arms, like the miser, too generally lose the end in the means, and can only use their time and strength in toying with the sense of power or adding to its completeness, without applying it to its legitimate uses. There is nothing in Lord Beaconsfield's career, nothing that he has done for the true elevation of the people or the reformation of social abuses, to forbid the supposition that he may not regard the mere delight of shaking the framework of Europe, or causing powerful nations or rival statesmen to feel the might of his hand, as a perfectly satisfying result of the influence towards which he has so successfully striven, while a purpose of aggrandising personal power at the expense of popular liberty has only too much in common with the conquering caste to which, by his own self-disclosure, he claims to belong. Let those who would reject such suppositions as unconceivable

point out in what way his career, as contrasted, for instance, with that of his rival and critic, can be construed into a service rather than a resistance to genuine national utilities. It will not suffice to plead that he is, in certain pictorial effects, an ornament to English political life. The royal Bengal tiger is probably an ornament to the Eastern forest, but he is something of an inconvenience to the rest of its tenants ; and there is little to show that the withdrawal of Lord Beaconsfield's influence from British politics would not mean the removal of an element of ceaseless confusion, disturbance, and bewilderment, and the introduction of a clearer light and a purer air.

POPULAR JUDGMENT IN POLITICS

May 23, 1878]

IN the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Lord Arthur Russell and Messrs. R. H. Hutton, Grant Duff, and Frederick Harrison assist at a "Modern Symposium" in discussing the question whether "the Popular Judgment in Politics is more just than that of the Higher Orders?" In his controversy with Mr. Gladstone on the extension of the County Franchise, Mr. Lowe, in contradiction to previous utterances of his own, had declared that the "Voice of the People," so far from being the "Voice of God," is pretty much the reverse, and that virtual democracy is national ruin. In opposition to this, Mr. Gladstone contended that "on broad political issues," the popular judgment "has been more nearly just and true than that of the higher orders," and that it may, as a rule, be expected to be so. With this view, on the understanding that it was affirmed, as it appears to have been, of the popular judgment wisely led, the writers referred to rightly agree, and assign a variety of reasons for their opinion. As far as regards the question of extending the county franchise, it may be remarked that the view of Mr.

Gladstone and the symposiasts proves even more than is wanted. For the purposes of this question it would be quite sufficient to show that the "popular" judgment is no worse than that of the "higher orders." . . . Of course, if the contention of the writers before us, that not only is it no worse, but that it is even better, can be substantiated, the plea for the safety of franchise extension becomes so much the stronger. Any arguments directed towards this conclusion must obviously possess more than a merely speculative interest, and several of those employed by the symposiasts are of distinct practical importance. It is pointed out, for instance, that, taking the House of Commons as reflecting the "popular" judgment, and the House of Lords that of the "higher orders," while the latter have, as regards the great political questions of the last fifty or sixty years, been almost always wrong, and slow to convince, the former have been as nearly always right, and easy to lead in the right way. On criminal law amendment, Catholic emancipation, constitutional reform, slavery, corporation and university tests, free trade, the Irish Church, &c., this has been conspicuously true. The people have been right, and the "higher orders" have been wrong.

In connection with the historical argument, however, it is to be observed that, in all the cases adduced, the interests of the people were, directly or indirectly, identified with the view which was politically right, while the interests of the higher class were opposed to it. In questions of political judgment, it is obvious that considerations of interest must always go a great way in keeping right or leading wrong, and will often neutralise what may be taken for educational superiority. It is very much the old story of the boys and the frogs in the fable. Granted that boys are more intelligent than frogs, and in many ways their superiors, it cannot be denied that, on the question of stoning the frogs, the political judgment of the frogs in demanding the abolition of the practice was sounder than that of the boys in declaring for its continuance. It was

fun to the lapidators, and their interests led them wrong ; it was death to the lapidated, and their interests led them right. For similar reasons, the judgment of the people in many of the great movements of our past political history has been right, while that of the higher classes has been wrong. It must not be forgotten that all over Europe the existing scheme of social order, amidst which we are striving towards the perfection of liberty and equal rights, has its historical root in a condition of conquest and lordship on the one side, and of serfdom or dependence on the other. The higher class were the masters of the rest, and a main object of the law was to preserve this mastery. The growth of the people has necessarily been accompanied by a steady breaking down, one after another, of the different restrictions constituting this masterful legislation. That the grosser evils of the oppression which weighed upon popular freedom have been removed may be true, but much remains still to be done in following out and exterminating its minuter details and ramifications. It is this process of destroying and reconstructing the system of society, as originally founded on the subjugation of the lower by the higher class, that has mainly formed the political progress of the past, and that will, in great part, form as much of its future as we need at present take into calculation. In this process of reform, it was perfectly natural that the sympathies of the upper class should be on the wrong side, and that they should be bitterly opposed to progress. Progress for the community meant the downfall of their privilege and power, and the glory of the Whig aristocracy consists in their having had largeness enough of nature to rise above mere class selfishness, and take the lead in movements that contemplated the good of society as a whole. On the other hand, nothing was more natural and easy than for the people to sympathise with the right side. As things were, the right side was almost inevitably the side that was right for them ; and if such steps in political progress as the abolition of slavery and the mitigation of the criminal law

were not directly in the interests of the people of this country, they were kindred to measures of that character, they were part of the general process of deliverance from injustice and oppression. More or less, the popular judgment in political matters must always retain this advantage over the judgment of the higher class. Political progress must always mean that which promotes the welfare of the mass rather than the privileges of a class, and the mass, as being the more deeply interested, is always more likely than the class to recognise such progress and salute it with approbation.

But apart altogether from the respective interests of the two contrasted portions of the community, there is something in their respective educations which, as is remarked more particularly by two of the symposiasts, Mr. Grant Duff and Mr. Harrison, tells to the advantage of the popular judgment. At first sight the advantage might seem to lie the other way. The "higher orders" are usually regarded as the more highly educated orders, and in certain particulars, of course, they are so. But is this education one which qualifies for sound political judgment? . . . There is an education of life as well as of books. Those whose existence is passed in a ceaseless conflict with the stern realities of fortune and the world have an opportunity of acquiring a seriousness of purpose, a practical wisdom, a sagacity in divining the true remedy for many of the evils of life which are invaluable as conditions of political intelligence, but which are necessarily beyond the reach of those who have the best opportunities of seeking instruction through books, much more of those who, with the same opportunities, lapse by the shoal into frivolity and pleasure. The popular judgment has political reflection forced upon it by its circumstances, and is not seldom impelled also to seek what political reading may be accessible to supplement its own thinking. It is true the man of leisure always has the advantage of being able to perfect his information, and to combine the results of numberless experiences, to a degree unattainable by the man of

labour, and it is from the leisured class that the accomplished political leader must, as a rule, be drawn. But is it the less true that he must look for the appreciation of his best political wisdom quite as often to those whom fate has surrounded with the practical evils which politics exist to cure, as to his own more favoured class? Nothing short of a belief that such is substantially the case could make the outlook into a democratic future supportable.

FREE ASSEMBLY AND HERESY

June 3, 1878

IT is to be hoped that the General Assemblies see the reasons for what they have been doing during the past two or three days, as that is more than can be said of a number of those outside for whose benefit they are supposed to engage in their consultations and discussions. Take, for example, the case of Dr. Marcus Dods, which was disposed of by the Free General Assembly on Friday in a style to take away the breath of the most ardent advocate of freedom of thought. The charge against this divine was, that he had said that there are portions of Scripture which are inaccurate—in other words, that the Deity in giving a record of His revelation to the world had not been correct in all His statements. . . . What the Free Church have done in their settlement of this Dods' case is, to declare that there are no inaccuracies in Scripture, but that ministers and members are perfectly at liberty to believe that there are, and that although they professedly declare their belief that there are no such inaccuracies, no fault will be found if they should actually believe that there are many. Is not this a considerable stroke of business to have done in the way of promoting latitudinarianism during the course of a week? In view of such findings, what is the good of going on with the Robertson-

Smith case? Why be so fastidious about the privileges of Deuteronomy if such liberties may be taken with the whole Canon and no questions asked?

BEACONSFIELD'S CAREER

June 18, 1878

How much truth is there in the statement that has been made respecting those who disapprove of Lord Beaconsfield's policy, and regard his influence over the destinies of the country as a "distinct calamity," that their moral repugnance for his "unscrupulous political career" is but a scanty ingredient in their hatred as compared with their Gladstonite jealousy of his success? . . . There is no scope for hating or being jealous of Lord Beaconsfield on the score of his legislative or diplomatic triumphs. But if by his "success" is meant his rise in life and personal triumph over opposing circumstances, there is better ground for making whatever commentary may be thought appropriate. In this respect he has been most successful. From small beginnings he has risen to be Prime Minister of England, he has been made an Earl, the proudest aristocracy in the world are fain to follow his leadership, foreign Crown Princesses wait upon him with strawberry-leaf bouquets, significant, perhaps, of future Ducal honours, and, at all events, of profound present respect. Men like Mr. Gladstone have gained none or few of these things. He is not a Peer; he receives little adulation from Princesses; he is not presented with strawberry leaves, and if he is not capable of finding his reward in something else, in the consciousness of great and useful achievement, and the approval of his own mind, it is possible that he may be eating his heart out with envy and disappointment. But it is quite a mistake to suppose that Lord Beaconsfield's personal success, considered simply in the light of his having made

his way in the world, excites hatred and jealousy in the minds of those who regard his career as anything but a public blessing. Regarded as the reward of patience, ability, dexterity in public, suavity and even kindness in private, they probably do not grudge him his elevation, if showy distinction gives him any happiness. Not a few, perhaps, who entirely disapprove of him as a political character, cherish a lurking admiration of the energy which, with little aid from fortune, and weighted with the disadvantages of an alien's reputation, has lifted the possessor into a position of supremacy among a haughty nobility, for whom he has not concealed his scorn, and many of whom repay him heartily, however unavailingly, in kind. . . . It is because no solid outcome of service to society can be discerned in Lord Beaconsfield's attitudinising that he is regarded by many who feel the seriousness of life and the gravity of political action, not, indeed, with a mean feeling of hatred and jealousy, but with profound misgiving and severe displeasure, and a fixed conviction that he ought to be defeated and displaced. Barren glitter and skill in managing men and things, with no other end than keeping the manager in power, that he may go on managing, are no contribution whatever to public well-being, while, in the effort to keep them up, many things may have to be done whose result can only be mischief and ruin.

HABITUAL DRUNKARDS BILL

July 5, 1878

THE Habitual Drunkards Bill has got itself read a second time by the expedient of leaving little or nothing of itself to read. . . . All that remains is a proposal to license certain "Retreats" into which "habitual drunkards" may, on their own clearly ascertained consent, be received and

forcibly detained at their own or their friends' expense for twelve months, or any shorter period necessary for their recovery. At first sight it might seem reasonable enough that any one labouring under the bondage of a vicious habit and anxious to throw it off should have as much assistance in the voluntary effort at self-emancipation as is implied in this proposal, and the evil of drunkenness is so great and so widespread that it is not surprising there should be a predisposition to give a fair trial to any arrangement that does not bear on the face of it to be inconsistent with public interests or private liberty. At the same time there are several points which require very full consideration before consenting to so exceptional a piece of legislation, and which may serve to show that it is not quite so plain sailing as its promoters, naturally enough, would make it out to be.

In the first place, the effect of the principle involved in the general doctrine of consent would require to be carefully watched. The law is known to be justly jealous of any interference, by improper influences, with the full and free consent of parties in the renunciation of any of their rights. It is sufficient to instance the vigilance with which it supervises the parting by a married woman, with any property vested in her own person, so that nothing may be done through the undue influences of the husband. The protection, in fact, amounts to a protection from herself and her own strong feelings. Is there no danger of anything similar happening with the "habitual drunkard," even in that "lucid interval" when advantage is to be taken of his "intelligent consent" to shut him up for a year? Even although he knows clearly enough what he is doing, is it certain that he may not be under "undue influence" from the urgency of his friends, his own remorse, or even his shattered nerves? Is it a fair bargain between him and the law? If he, by-and-by, rues the donation of his liberty and desires to revoke, may he not be entitled to complain? The certainty of recovery

would need to be very strong, stronger than the evidence usually advanced would seem to demonstrate, to justify the law in permitting a man in a moment of possible weakness to sign away so important a right as a year's personal freedom. Then there is not merely the man himself to be considered, but others whose interests may be bound up with his being at large. . . . There is undoubted call for caution in settling how far individuals are to be allowed or encouraged to make demission, irrevocable for a time, of a possession so important to themselves and others as their personal freedom. A graver question, however, seems to arise when regard is had to the ground on which it is proposed that the law shall temporarily take a man's freedom from him at his own request. The promoters of this legislation insist that the "habitual drunkard" is either diseased or a monomaniac, or possibly a mixture or a combination of both. In any case it is assumed that he is incapable of controlling his propensity to drink, and it is on the ground of that alleged fact of science that the acceptance of him of his gift of freedom is justified and recommended. What the law will do, therefore, should it assume the shape proposed, will be to set its imprimatur on the medical or psychological doctrine in question. It will declare that a man lawfully capable of consent and contract, and therefore legally sane, may not be, and in every actual instance is not, responsible for his conduct in the particular matter of drink.

May not the acceptance of this doctrine by Act of Parliament have a considerable influence on the administration of the criminal law? It is held that mere intoxication is no defence against a criminal charge. But if the law holds that a certain class of sane men are not responsible for becoming intoxicated, will this principle be any longer tenable? It may not avail the drunken criminal to prove simply that he was drunk on the particular occasion, but may it not avail him a great deal if he can prove that he is a "habitual drunkard,"

and that in the case in question he could not help becoming drunk, and so was led into the crime through an uncontrollable necessity, which extinguishes responsibility and guilt? In this way it might become an advantage, in certain spheres of life, to be a "habitual drunkard." It is at this point that another suspicious feature of the measure acquires prominence and importance. It is a rich man's, not a poor man's, bill. The only kind of man who will be able to take advantage of it will be one who can afford to pay for his maintenance in a licensed and inspected "Retreat." It is not to be permissible for a "habitual drunkard" to sign himself away to be kept by anybody anywhere, which is all that a poor man can do. An attempt was made to show that the bill is not open to the charge of class legislation, by alleging that voluntary benevolence would do a great deal to keep poor drunkards in "Retreats." That may be true, but it does not alter the character of the legislation proposed. It remains the fact that the rich have the command of the privilege, while the poor have only the chance of it, so that the inequality continues unredressed. Under such a kind of legislation there might be an unfair exposure of the poor in the too frequent case of drunken crime. . . . As an offset to such difficulties the proposed legislation might have the recommendation of establishing a number of interesting medical experiments, and of helping to settle the question whether the drink-craving, once established, can, in the mass of cases, be again permanently eradicated. This is, of course, assuming that the opportunities of self-confinement provided by the measure would be extensively embraced. How far the fear of ridicule, or of a formidable stigma attaching to character, might restrain from accepting the supposed remedy the very persons who would need it most cannot be foreseen with certainty, although it seems somewhat sanguine to calculate that any very large number of depraved persons would be ready to sacrifice the prerogatives of self-indulgence.

READING ON SUNDAY

September 6, 1878

THE Town Council of Manchester have just taken the sensible and courageous step of opening the reading-rooms of the Free Public Library on Sundays. Of course it was not to be expected that such a resolution could be come to without the usual opposition from the Sabbatarian party, but in the present case the opposition appears to have been more than usually weak and unreasonable. . . . The Sabbath School Unions of Manchester appear to have lodged strong remonstrances against allowing people to read on Sundays in that city. This was rather ungrateful and inconsistent on the part of the Sabbath School Unions. They ought to have recollected that Sabbath schools themselves were originally started for the very purpose of teaching the illiterate to read. No doubt it may be said that this was simply to enable the persons so taught to read their Bibles and other good books. But, then, if it be legitimate to learn the art of reading such treatises on the "Sabbath," it must be equally legitimate to acquire the power of comprehending them, and to that end general mental cultivation is an undoubted means. . . . Manchester is certainly to be congratulated on what has been done. English law compels the population to be idle one day in the week, and carefully locks them out of every place of resort but the church and the public-house. The one many of them too often shrink from, finding in it nothing that comes home to their real wants and living sympathies; the other many of them would be better to shun, since they cannot use its attractions wisely. What are the unfortunate people to do? Can it be so very dangerous or demoralising to furnish the opportunity of filling up a vacant hour in wandering through some portion of the boundless and fascinating world of instructive or entertaining literature?

ENGLAND, BIG AND LITTLE

September 7, 1878

THOSE of us who boggle a little at the idea of adding to the cares of governing that portion of the globe and its population which this country has to deal with—a responsibility for another portion as large as Great Britain, Germany, France, and Spain put together, and all the international dangers connected with it—are taunted with being “parochial” in our ideas, and with preferring the “little” to the “great” England. Before such reproaches are hurled at our heads by the ungovernable Imperialists who apparently wish us to join them in seizing whatever we can lay our hands upon, it might be well to consider the size of the “little” England with which we are reproached for being content, and the character of those “parochial” interests which we are despised for thinking not undeserving nor insufficient to engage our attention. “Little” England, then, be it remembered, however it may be looked down upon by our magnificent critics, is a very considerable affair. Take it any way you like, the British Empire is at this moment, out of sight the greatest concern on the planet. It is twice as large as China. It is more than twice as large as Europe. It would cover the United States twice over, and leave a margin as large as the Austrian and German empires united. Putting value out of the question, and looking merely at bulk, it is only less by a thirteenth part than the mighty empire of all the Russias. Then as to population, setting aside the swarming millions of China, it outnumbers, many times, any other community or several aggregate in the world. It contains between three and four times the population of Russia, more than seven times that of Germany, more than eight times that of Austria, or France, or the United States. . . . This, then, is the “little” England which we are assured it is mean and

parochial to regard as constituting, in the meantime, a tolerably sufficient task for our powers of governing. Nobody, be it observed, is proposing to diminish the existing empire by a single acre or a single soul. . . . We are quite willing to struggle on with the very considerable task we undeniably have already, and try to overtake the innumerable shortcomings that are to be found in the Indian and other departments of it. Nay, we are perfectly willing to cope with whatever extensions of dominion the natural outflow of the enterprising nature of our race may call for. Wherever the energy of the migratory and colonising section of our population leads them to form a settlement, we shall try to follow them with the protection of British law and power, until they are able to protect themselves. With such views and sympathies, is it not rather hard to be stigmatised as "parochial" merely because we have difficulties about projects whose legitimate conclusion is the forcible annexation of the earth itself? Besides, were our views never so contracted, territorially speaking, "parochial" would not be a proper term to apply to them. After all, the British nation is a very interesting section of the human race, and quite as deserving of the attention of those who wish to see how far civilization can be carried as the very largest horde of Asiatic savages. Good judges, indeed, are of opinion that, beyond a certain rather limited range, not very much is to be made of the latter, whereas the British people, if properly attended to, supply material out of which there might be developed a state of order, happiness, and general advancement which might be the glory of the world, and would be something a thousand times better than toiling to overawe foreign nations that will never meddle with us as long as we do not meddle with them. To build up and perfect a grand and exquisite civilisation, even within a limited area, is in itself a greater thing than to extend dominion over barren and barbarous continents, while it is certain that from it will issue those pioneers of progress who, in the best sense,

will conquer and elevate the more backward portions of mankind. Greece did a higher thing when it produced Socrates than Rome when it conquered Gaul, and the ideas of the one have done more for the world than the legions of the other. It is a misnomer, therefore, to characterise as "parochial" the wish to devote the best and the most of British attention to the development of British civilisation. There is nothing mean nor narrow in such an aim. On the contrary, it is the application of the largest ideas to the largest objects, and that is not peddling or "parochial" work. Besides, it is only simple justice that the people of this country should not be sacrificed by its rulers to advance the interest of strangers.

UNIVERSITIES AND EVENING CLASSES

October 11, 1878

MANY considerations, both of history and policy, point to the conclusion that Universities ought to be regarded as existing, not less for the purpose of advancing science and learning, than for teaching what has already been attained. Their learned officials are expected to be pushing research into fresh regions of knowledge, as well as indoctrinating disciples with the substance of their own acquisitions. Research and experiment are matters that demand a large amount of time, undistracted attention, and husbanded physical vigour. In every department of thought and inquiry, truth lies at the bottom of a well; and whoever is to draw it and nothing else up must, in every sense, be allowed a good deal of rope, and be free to centre his eyesight upon the work he has in hand. As matters at present stand in our Scotch Universities, it is tolerably certain that, during the working part of the session, a professor with a class of average dimensions has not more than enough spare time and energy for research, if he wishes to perform the duty of promoting learning in his own person,

and is not content merely to do as much in his class as secures him in his position. The question is whether it is more for the public interest that the professor should devote this overtime to private research or to additional public teaching ; and if he really gives his surplus hours and energy to the advancement of learning, there can be no doubt about the answer. It might be possible, for example, to take out of such a man as Sir William Thomson a larger amount of class teaching than is forthcoming under existing arrangements ; but it admits of no question that society would lose incalculably more than it would gain by the alteration ; and the same thing, of course, holds good, in its degree, in less conspicuous instances. If the universities were to be too much ground down by mere teaching, they would be incapacitated for discharging the function of contributing to the advancement of knowledge. There are, of course, to be considered, on the other hand, all the arguments that may be used against as well as for a "learned leisure," and it is certain that, measured by the amount of it that has been provided in the universities, there has been a disappointingly large amount of waste ; the opportunity of great public usefulness has too frequently led to nothing but great private sloth. It has always, however, to be considered how far the danger of such leisure degenerating into idleness can be guarded against by a system of appropriate checks, and whether, on the whole, society would gain or lose by extinguishing the leisure altogether and using it up in routine services that could be seen and registered.

WHISTLER *v.* RUSKIN

November 28, 1878

THERE is a farthing's worth of unlawfulness committed by a critic when he says of an artist that he is full of "ill-educated conceit," that the conceit in question "nearly

approaches the aspect of wilful imposture," that he is a "coxcomb," that his pictures are "flinging a pot of paint in the public's face," and that to "ask 200 guineas" for one of the paint pots so flung is "cockney impudence." That is the principal inference to be drawn from the conclusion of the case of *Whistler v. Ruskin*, just tried in the Court of Exchequer before Baron Huddleston and a special jury. A very simple application of the rule of three will show what awful things Mr. Ruskin might say of Mr. Whistler for half-a-crown. . . . Few sensible people will have much sympathy with Mr. Whistler in his substantial defeat, although they may regret, on grounds of taste, that Mr. Ruskin expressed himself as he did. One of the witnesses stated that Mr. Whistler "had an unrivalled sense of atmosphere." Had he only had half as large a sense of the ridiculous, he would never have brought his case into Court. When a man with pretensions to artistic genius, or any of the higher attributes of mind, appeals from competent criticism to the judgment of a dozen men taken from the street, and proposes to find consolation in a sum of money to be given him on the strength of their opinion, he abdicates his title to rank with the true aristocracy of intellect. Who can imagine Shakespeare prosecuting Ben Jonson before Justice Shallow for disparaging Hamlet? and the idea of Homer pulling up Zoilus or Aristarchus before Sheriff Hamilton, is inconceivable on other grounds than that of anachronism. . . . Clearly this kind of thing will not do. The only chance the public have of being protected from innumerable quackeries in art, literature, science, politics, and various other departments of thought and action which law is impotent to control lies in the exercise of competent, honest, and fearless criticism. To maintain that character, criticism must have the amplest possible freedom. Only when it clearly prostitutes its function to the gratification of personal malignity should the law step in to check it. Of two evils choose the least. It is better to let Mr. Ruskin call people "geese," or even "cox-

combs," and describe "nocturnes in amber and black" as "flinging paint-pots in the public's face," than be entirely bereft of his frank and valuable opinion on a subject of which he is master. To people of slender pretensions in connoisseurship there is a measure of comfort to be derived from this trial in noting how widely the art doctors disagree. . . . Amid such a conflict of experts, what is the distracted onlooker to think? Mr. Whistler's "pictures" cannot be both "marvellous moonlight" and "delicately-tinted wall-paper." Which are they, if they are anything at all? Or again, when a simple-minded person hears the initiated going off into ecstasies over, say, Turner's "Snowstorm," and then turns to Mr. Ruskin and finds him describing it as a "mass of soapsuds and whitewash," what is he to do? What is the correct course if you may not like what pleases yourself? Yet out of this bewilderment a certain consolation springs. Who has not known what it is to be regarded with withering scorn by superior beings for being unable to admire not only painting in which he could see no beauty, but poetry in which he could find no meaning, fiction in which he could feel no interest, acting in which he could perceive no sweetness, or eloquence in which he could discern no sense? In such emergencies, the guilty feeling of being unfit to appreciate what is "caviare to the general," has a most humiliating and painful effect? But the blessing of such like as the Whistler case is that it suggests in a forcible manner that, if one could only get away from the Rossettis and the Moores and hear what the Friths and Ruskins had to say, he might recover a measure of self-respect, even although he had proved incapable of swooning away over a nocturne in blue, or an arrangement in black, or a harmony in brown. It is also necessary to remember that the extraordinary sensitiveness which such a trial as the present reveals is not without its compensations. From of old, the poets have been known as an irritable race; and the description applies equally to the votaries of all the muses. They instinctively resent criticism,

and deem it wrong except where it is laudatory ; and it is only the comparative few who can accept the advice of—

“Trust not yourself ; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend, and every foe.”

Yet without this self-confidence and devotion to his own conceptions of excellence, what original genius would ever have left his mark on the world? Those who live more in the world of reason than imagination, if they would be just, are bound to balance the triumphs of artistic self-assertion against the failures of artistic egotism and irritability.

WIFE BEATING

December 6, 1878

IT might be rash to say that the practice of wife-beating is on the increase, but it is very certain that it shows no sign of abatement. It is a subject that claims the serious attention alike of philanthropists and philogynists, pointing as it does to an immense amount of domestic misery, degradation, and ruin. Where the family is shipwrecked the State must suffer, and the question becomes a pressing one—Can nothing be done to improve the state of matters in this respect? Wife-beating must surely be placed in the category of preventible evils. Can no further steps be suggested for preventing it beyond fining or imprisoning the wife-beater? Something of that kind, of course, must be done for the vindication of public justice, and it is perfectly certain that, but for the firm application of the legal penalties, things would be still worse than they are. But it must be observed that the punishment of the wife-beater is, in each particular case, simply an additional punishment to the wife and to the family. If the wife-beater is fined, they lose ; if he is imprisoned, they lose still more, to say nothing of the wretchedness and disgrace permanently entailed on all concerned. Prevention is better than cure, and, before matters came to this miserable pass in

any case, might not some better preventives than are usual have been employed by those who have or take an interest? Of course, the party who has the deepest interest and the greatest power in preventing the mischief is the wife-beater himself. If he could be persuaded to use his power over himself, there would be an end of it, or rather, there would never be a beginning of it. But, putting him out of the account, the person who is next most interested and influential in prevention is the wife. And there is reason to believe that wives might do a great deal to diminish the evil if they would act differently from what, there is reason to believe, they too commonly do in the particular emergency, and that those who assume to act as admirers of the class in which the practice chiefly abounds might be better occupied than they sometimes are, were they to counsel their *protégées* wisely in this matter. It may be very safely assumed that nearly all wife-beaters drink, and are drunk when they commit their offence. But it is also pretty certain that a very large proportion of wife-beaters would never have laid a violent hand upon their wives had the latter managed them a little better at the time.

Beyond question it is a very hard thing upon a sober wife to have her husband coming home like a brute, and making everything miserable. But, if she has not made up her mind to part from him, is there any good in acting so as to make things still worse? Is it not ordinary prudence to make the best of her bad bargain? But is it in the least degree like prudence to fly at his throat when he arrives drunk?—a man who is a madman, or an idiot, or a wild beast, anything you please but himself. What is to be gained by combating a madman, exciting an idiot, or rubbing a wild beast against the hair? Yet there is reason to think this is too often the course taken by the wife placed in the circumstances recited. By looks, or words, or acts, she virtually, or even really, begins the attack upon him, and then the irritated lunatic or infuriated brute, or whatever else he may be called, lifts his hand and the evil is irrevocably

done. But in nine cases, probably, out of ten, the evil would not have been done had the wife reflected that it was not her real husband but a temporary madman she had, unfortunately, to deal with, and exercised a little skill and patience. The only thing for her to do is to flatter him off into sleep by whatever possible means, and concessions may be necessary for bringing about that end. When reason returns remonstrance may have its place, but the very worst thing for a wife to do with her husband drunk is there and then to nag him or fight him. There is nothing, indeed, to be said for the husband. He has misbehaved in a very inexcusable way, but that is no reason why the wife, who is in her sober senses, should act in that foolish and mischievous way. Neither is it said that it can always be easy for the wife to control her natural anger in the circumstances. But as a question of adapting means to end it is perfectly certain that bad temper is in such a case the worst possible policy, and, having taken her companion for better or worse, she is bound to meet her difficulties in the wisest way. A great deal is being done for the "elevation" of women, and fitting them for various callings in life, and much of it is deserving of approval and encouragement. But it must never be forgotten that the principal occupation of women is to be good wives, and among the class that drink most it is absolutely essential to a good wife that she should know how to manage a husband when he is drunk. The subject is not a lofty or a pleasant one, but those who wish to do real good must deal with life as they find it; and the more fortunate advisers of wives who find themselves thus unhappily situated will do them a better service by urging the one way of prudently meeting their calamity than by stimulating their sense of injury through unreasoning condolence.

But while it is true that, given the husband drunk, the wife may almost certainly contribute to the diminution of wife-beating, to the extent of, at least, one case, if she will only remember that it is better to flatter a fool than fight with

him, it is also unquestionable that the husband could still more effectually secure the contribution in question if he would be persuaded not to get drunk. And that consideration raises the question, whether those who devote themselves to the task of amending him might not be more successful if they would act otherwise than they are doing. The only effectual way of inducing intemperate people to be temperate is to make them aware what intemperance means in their case, and to convince them that it is against their interests. Even with this knowledge and conviction they may fail for want of will, but apart from it there is no hope or chance for them whatever. To diffuse this knowledge and conviction among the masses of the people it is absolutely essential to teach them, in a reasonable but painstaking way, what science has to say about the action of alcohol on the human body and mind in general, and on certain temperaments in particular. Mere "swearing at large" against whisky, or locking up the whisky shop at eleven o'clock at night, will not do, as experience abundantly testifies. And yet this is certainly all that is done by the excellent people who devote themselves to the work of Temperance Reform. There is no doubt there is room for the enterprise they have undertaken. Too many people not only drink far more than they can afford, but far more than is good for them, even could they afford it. Those who profess to correct this state of things aim at a commendable object, but for the most part they take the least effectual means of attaining it. It is an easy thing to go to a meeting of Justices of the Peace and vote against licenses to public-houses, and it is not a very difficult thing for a person who rather likes public speaking to get upon a teetotal platform and make a violent and extreme speech, full of self-righteous sentiment and abuse of ardent spirits, and demanding all kinds of impracticable asceticism and legislative coercion. But in the meantime this well-meaning indolence or coarse fanaticism leaves the miners and ploughmen and sailors of the

country as ignorant as ever about the real relations of alcohol to their physical and mental constitution, or any higher means of enjoying themselves than by occasional or repeated boozing. While such uninstructed and unrefined feeling maintains a popular predominance, it will be in vain to order the police to allow only two public-houses where there used to be three, or for conventicles of teetotalers to assemble to glorify one another and hatch Permissive Bills and other impracticabilities. If it be said that the creation of such a well-informed, popular sentiment involves a huge amount of labour, it need not be denied that it does. But the answer is that, if a certain result is desired, the necessary means must be adopted, however laborious, and that those who undertake the reformation of mankind cannot expect to have ease and honour both. And when the work of reforming mankind is spoken of, it is impossible to forget that widespread society called the Church, which, indeed, would fain monopolise this field of reform. Beyond occasional vague declamation, however, what have its clergy done to make the people intelligently aware of the effects of alcohol on their minds and bodies? Perhaps they are not altogether to blame, as their system keeps them hard at work trying to reconcile their audiences to schemes of mediæval metaphysics, of which the more intelligent among them seem to have great difficulty in persuading themselves. But it is almost certain that, had clergy and temperance reformers been adapting practical means to practical ends, there might by this time have been fewer drunken husbands found among the classes where they are most plentiful, and, by consequence, more wives with whole bones in their bodies.

ALCOHOL AND DOCTORS

January 6, 1879

It will not be the fault of the *Contemporary Review* if the "Alcohol Question" is not well ventilated, seeing that it has,

for the past three months, been examining in public a succession of the most eminent medical witnesses on the subject; while one of the most impressive passages in Lord Derby's recent address at Rochdale showed that some such mode of dealing with the matter is not unseasonable in the present state of public opinion. . . . What has been done is to empanel a sort of jury of a dozen eminent medical men, and get them to give their opinion on the questions whether, considered as an article of consumption, alcohol is wholly a bad or in some degree a good thing, and if the latter, then, when and in what quantities and forms it should be taken? The gist of the answers to these questions is surprisingly like what most temperate and sensible people, equally averse to sottish self-indulgence and to fanatical asceticism, have found out for themselves by experience, without being able to account scientifically for their conclusions. Indeed, surprise is apt to be excited by the undecided state in which, from the scientific point of view, various points are left, about which a layman might have supposed there would be no hesitation. How, and how far alcohol may be used in disease, whether it is a "food" or a "drug," even whether it is a "stimulant" or a "sedative," are questions on which the testifying doctors are far from being agreed. On the dangers of excess, it is, of course, not surprising that they are at one with each other and with common sense while indicating the scientific rationale of the opinion. . . . On the opposite question of total abstinence, there is also virtual unanimity among the doctors in holding that, while it may be a desperate refuge for certain cases of abnormal weakness, it is unpracticable and even undesirable as a general rule. Indeed, the medical jury are, in the mass, opposed to the violence of restrictionism and teetotalism, such as Mr. Cross was compelled to listen to last week, and express, in several instances, a distinct wish that a popular mission for the diffusion of rational and moderate views could be substituted

for both. Sir Willam Gull, who, probably, comes nearest to the total abstinence principle, and hints that "when fatigued with overwork, eating raisins instead of taking wine" is advisable, does not doubt that "the use of alcohol in moderation may be beneficial"; and Dr. Murchison, who holds strongly that the healthy man who wishes to live long should abstain from the "habitual" use of alcohol, nevertheless admits that a glass or two of wine, or "some of Dr. Bernay's favourite brandied cherries," taken "occasionally," may do him "no harm, and at times may be of service." Most of the others go further, and as a restorative after the fatigue of work, or in the weakness of old age, countenance the moderate use of alcohol.

Everything, of course, depends on what "moderate" means when translated into glasses or other quantities. There is no class against whom the teetotalers declaim more vehemently than the "moderate drinkers," condemning them more furiously than even the class whose rule is habitual abstinence, diversified by occasional outbursts of indulgence, and, in a certain sense, the teetotalers are right in their declamation. There are people who call themselves "moderate drinkers" on the strength of steadily imbibing a considerable quantity of liquor, which may never, indeed, intoxicate them, but which keeps the system continually steeped more or less in alcohol. With absolute unanimity the doctors condemn this procedure, and agree that in many cases "the brittle artery, the softened heart, the diseased liver, the gouty kidney, or the other evidences of premature decay, which for years have been slowly and insidiously advancing, might have been postponed, or, perhaps, might never have occurred had it not been for the daily dose of alcohol, which induced an abnormal chemistry of the tissues, and the circulation of an impure blood." What they mean by "moderation" is something a good deal less and a great deal seldomer than some people may be pleased to learn. Two or three glasses of wine, a modicum of spirits diluted in water, if that is the liquid used, so taken that the

blood may be entirely free from the presence of alcohol, during by far the greater part of the twenty-four hours, is what they mean by "moderation," regarded as a rule of living, care being taken even here to watch against subjugation by mere habit, and "on no account to use alcohol beyond the first stage of its action—the quickened state of the nervous system, the livelier mental expression, the gentle warmth of the extremities." This, it will be seen, is very much the common sense of the matter, as falls further to be remarked, if the deliverance of the doctors as to the question "when" alcohol may be safely or profitably taken. "Mornings," "nips," "meridians," in short, drinking during the day, are, with one voice, condemned. . . . To drink at or after meals is the brief form in which the doctors' rule is put. As regards the form in which alcohol should be taken, the medical witnesses, on grounds duly assigned, suggest light wine, malt liquor, and spirits, which latter, it seems, should regularly be diluted, as the order of precedence for those who value their health and longevity. It need scarcely be said that people to whom health or length of days is no object are not taken account of within the doctors' recommendations. It is also to be observed that the cautious rules which have now been epitomised are not presented by their framers as cast-iron edicts from which there may be no departure on pain of death, or disease, or something almost as bad. They are presented simply as rules for the average, which, nevertheless, are to be enforced by each man in his own case by the results of experience, according to the differences of time, temperament, and circumstances. Be these opinions right or wrong, they are the opinions of the class of men who are the best entitled to form an opinion on the question. Why should they not be circulated and enforced on a popular scale, and in a popular manner? As long as the masses of the people believe that it does not matter whatever kind of drink they take, at whatever time, and in whatever amount, is

there much use in trying by restriction and other expedients of nursery legislation to prevent them from drinking according to their uninstructed desires? On the other hand, is it impossible to instruct them, not merely in the practical results, but in the scientific grounds, of such views as have been indicated? Might not the fierce energy of the teetotal crusade be diverted from the hopeless aim of universal asceticism to the practical object of general and rational temperance? Might not even the Church be persuaded to qualify its perpetual endeavour to make every coal-heaver an intelligent believer in the metaphysics of Augustine and Anselm, by an occasional endeavour to teach him how to take his beer? Might not a fulmination against morning or mid-day drams have its use as well as endless protestings against Arminianism, Bourignianism, Calvinism, Catholicism, Universalism, &c., &c.? Nothing but well-directed pains seem wanting to convert what is now extensively declared to be a general curse into an agency of health, comfort, and rational happiness.

A RELIGIOUS CENSUS

April 15, 1879

THE question of a religious census is getting into the hands of the different ecclesiastical bodies, with results that do not promise very much for its satisfactory settlement. One body wishes to have a mere collection of the religious profession of population; another wishes to have this general statement checked by the actual church attendance on a given Sunday; and a third deprecates the ordering of both or either of these enumerations. In itself, there is much to make the procuring of such statistics desirable. They have an obvious value to the historian and the social philosopher, as well as to the practical politician; and the fact that they are regularly obtained by the great continental governments suggests the

query why we should be singular in so important an omission, and should not carry out on a complete scale what we have done, to a partial extent, on one or two previous occasions. Certain of the grounds taken up by the objecting bodies are somewhat peculiar. Thus, the Disestablishment Committee of the U.P. Presbytery of Edinburgh thinks it impossible to get a fair return of the facts involved by an enumeration of the church attendance on a given Sunday. They contend that, "as the time appointed for such an enumeration could not be kept secret, great efforts would undoubtedly be used to increase the audience beyond the ordinary numbers on that day." It must be admitted that this candid avowal throws a very curious light upon the motives that govern the conduct of sacred personages, and suggests that in those quarters the wisdom of the serpent must be often quite as present as the harmlessness of the dove. What the U.P. Committee men mean—and they must be taken as speaking from their experience of clerical and ecclesiastical human nature generally—is that every effort would be made by ministers and managers of churches to beat up an extra attendance on the enumeration Sunday, so that they might look better in their returns than their average aspect would make them out to be. That is to say, the U.P. Committee are of opinion that their fellow Church directors of all denominations would not hesitate about being the authors of a sham. That is not very complimentary to their own cloth, but when we see with what facility divines of the most eminent reputation for piety will unblushingly identify themselves with all the pretence and falsity implied in the faggot vote, we must not assume too hastily that the expectations of the U.P. Committee are unfounded. In the event of such suspicions proving true, the returns would of course, to a certain extent, be vitiated by the exaggeration; but the statistician would not find it impossible to make some deduction on account of it, and, in any case, it would still be interesting to have ascertained the number of people

in the country that could be coaxed or coerced into presenting themselves as actual worshippers.

What looks at first sight a more serious difficulty is a statement by the U.P. Synod's Committee on Disestablishment, that a religious census "infringes on rights and liberties which it is unsafe to subject to the will of Governments, is liable to be ignored or resisted by some, and could not be enforced without abuse of power and violence to sacred claims." If the disinclination here hinted at, to furnishing the information wanted, were to prove in any degree widespread, it might go far to impair the value of the census sought, unless, indeed, it were to be assumed that the very refusal to answer, on the ground given, might be held as indicating the high-pitched Voluntarism of the recusant. But it may be doubted whether there would be much refusing of the kind suggested by the committee. . . . A more formidable difficulty arises from another quarter. In certain of the courts of the Established Church the intention has been pretty clearly intimated to divest the census proposed of its strictly statistical and sociological character, and turn it into a political instrument for dealing with the subject of Disestablishment. It is to be regarded as virtually a plebiscite on the Disestablishment question. Every entry of professed connection with the Established Church is to be counted as a vote for the perpetuation of that institution, and every entry of professed connection with a Dissenting Church is to be construed as a vote for Disestablishment, and a comparison of the contrasted totals is to be taken as decisive of the controversy. That this, however, would be a total and unwarrantable perversion of the inquiry from its proper use and significance seems plain from a variety of considerations. It is urged, for instance, by the Dissenting Churches that, even were Church connection fairly construable as a political vote for or against Disestablishment, the professions of attachment to the Established and the Unestablished Churches do not, in the present case, stand on the same footing. Many people, it

is maintained, would describe themselves as belonging to the Established Church whose connection with that body, or with anything religious, is of the very loosest kind, and to place the same political interpretation on their lax profession as upon the allegedly much stricter adherence implied in the self-description of the Dissenter would be entirely to mistake the meaning of facts. How far the general significance of the mere profession of Church connection would be corrected by the particulars of church attendance, if taken, seems to be made more difficult to deal with by the insinuation, already alluded to, that this attendance itself might be so manipulated as to be in a great measure fallacious.

It does not, however, appear to matter much what is made of this consideration, as it is obvious that the proposed interpretation of a religious census involves other important errors. Even were every profession of attachment to a church to be synonymous with *bona fide* membership, it does not follow that every member of the Established Church is to be held as voting for the perpetuation of the Establishment, and that every member of the Dissenting Church is to be taken as an agitator for Disestablishment. Church membership is frequently a matter of accident, education, or convenience, and gives no sure indication how the particular church member would act in the event of a categorical answer in the shape of a political vote being demanded from him to the question whether Establishments should be any longer maintained. It is notorious that there are nominal Dissenters, who, on grounds of public order or for other reasons, desire to leave the Established Churches undisturbed. It is not less notorious that there are members of the Established Churches who do not regard them as reconcilable with strict theory, who consider the monopoly implied in their constitution politically unjust, who are of opinion that the interests of religious truth are sacrificed when one type of opinion is sought to be stereotyped in the national mind by means of state pay and prestige, and free religious thought is handicapped in its

competition with the official creed, and who, accordingly, were they compelled to come to some decision, could not support things as they are. . . . In every way it seems abundantly plain that the idea of converting a religious census into a Disestablishment plebiscite is full of objectionable elements, and is certain to lead to abundant wrangling between the various ecclesiastical parties and sects. As has so often happened before now, it seems not at all improbable that an enquiry of genuine national interest and value may be placed in jeopardy or made utterly impracticable through the actions of sectarian passions and rivalry.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON LIBERALISM

May 16, 1879

CARDINAL NEWMAN has a reputation that has been so long associated with exquisite intellectual gifts and transparent honesty of purpose, that not a few of his fellow-countrymen, to whom being made a Cardinal holds out no more attraction than the old classic elevation of being made a constellation, will be very glad to learn that he has at last been raised to so dignified an eminence in the church to which he belongs, were it for no other reason than that it has manifestly afforded great and genuine happiness to himself. They will scarcely, however, peruse with the same satisfaction the speech which the newly-made Cardinal delivered on the occasion of his recognition in his new capacity—a speech replete with the most intolerant doctrines which the human mind is capable of formulating, yet expressed in a style and tone, not only of literary grace, for that was inevitable, but of compassionate fairness and wonderful kindness, strangely out of keeping with the truculent conceptions they conveyed, and irresistibly suggesting that the inner life of the speaker must have been one long and tragic conflict between head and heart, between

emotions that would take mankind to the bosom of a universal sympathy, and ideas that would trample them under the heel of a spiritual despotism. Cardinal Newman says that "for thirty, forty, fifty years he has resisted the spirit of Liberalism in religion," but it is impossible to read what he says in further explanation of his polemical position without wondering whether, after all, he has ever fully understood the adversary whom he has spent his life in combating, and whether his career might not have been entirely reversed had his nature been moulded with a smaller excess of the finer and more imaginative elements of intellect over the more robust and rational. "Liberalism in religion" he defines as "the doctrine that there is no positive proof in religion, but that one creed is as good as another;" as "inconsistent with the recognition of any religion as true"; as teaching that "all are to be tolerated, as all are matters of opinion." Cardinal Newman must evidently hold that as only one religion can be "true," only one—and which one, he has no doubt—ought to be "tolerated," a view in which, with a change of name for the particular religion, he has only too many sympathisers, who are never likely to be cardinals. Those, however, who fully understood what "liberalism in religion" means will have little difficulty about condemning both his definition of that tenet, and the reason for which he imagines they practise "toleration." Religious liberals do not insist on toleration merely from the sceptical point of view, or because they think that "all religions are matters of opinion," and "one creed as good as another," since all are equally uncertain.

No doubt, were this the case, or believed to be the case, it would make intolerance infinitely worse than it is otherwise. It is bad enough, in the view of religious liberalism, to persecute a dissenter from your own creed, even where you are convinced that you are right; but to persecute him for differing from you while you are of opinion that he is just as likely to be right or wrong as yourself, is to aggravate

tyranny by absurdity. Religious liberalism, however, does not tolerate simply because it is not sure of its own ground. It holds that a false religion, as such, is as much entitled to toleration as a true one, on the broad ground that religious right and secular right have nothing to do with one another. Is a man to have no dinner because he is wrong upon the Trinity? Must he be turned out of the planet because he can get on with fewer Sacraments than seven? That is really, in the end, the question between tolerance and intolerance, and religious liberalism decides that he may live and eat, and enjoy the other rights of life, whatever be his theology, since the two things are not connected. Cardinal Newman demands that the "false" theologian shall be at the mercy of the "true" one, and there is no apparent ground in principle why the latter should not exterminate him, as indeed he has not hesitated to do when he had the chance. The Cardinal, in a subsequent part of his speech, sketches, in a few graphic words, the whole history of the principle of toleration, apparently without noticing how deeply his remarks apply, or how they refute what he has previously affirmed. "In England," he says, "every dozen men, taken at random, whom you meet in the streets, have a share in political power, and when you inquire into their forms of belief, perhaps they represent one or other of as many as seven religions." The description is in no way overcharged, and the application of it which Dr. Newman proceeds to make is perfectly sound. "How," he asks, "can they possibly act in municipal or in rational matters, if each insists on the recognition of his own religious denomination? All action would be at a deadlock unless the subject of religion were ignored. We cannot help ourselves." The situation of affairs is admirably expounded, but it does not hang well together with Cardinal Newman's other theory of toleration as the front of religious scepticism. Here he shows that it is simply a social necessity—an indispensable condition of civic society. All Dr. Newman's seven religionists might, in his

view, be equally wrong. Only one of them could be right, and on the Cardinal's showing, he would be entitled to impose his creed upon the remainder of the dozen. But the eleven would combine and would not let him, and he would have to choose between tolerating their religions or withdrawing from their society. And this is really how toleration emerges as a fact of history. When the "true" religionist, in his zeal, proceeds to knock the "false" one down, he finds out that this is a game which two can play at. Being led to reflect on the rationale of his inability to get everything his own way, he at length discovers that this inability, so far from being a wrong, must be recognised as the one true and right principle, if human beings are to live together. And once a beginning is made in this way there is no possibility of stopping until the comprehensive conclusion is reached that civil rights must be entirely disentangled from religious conditions. Thus, toleration, born of passionate conflict, grows up into the rational guardian of social peace. And this is the true attitude of "religious liberalism" in the matter. Religious liberalism does not mean religious scepticism or considering "one creed as good as another." In fact, no man who thinks seriously at all can think one creed as good as another on any subject whatever. He necessarily regards his own creed for the time being as the best and only true one, and the people who do not agree with him seem to him, perforce, to be very foolish people indeed.

In no case can any "religious liberal," who is worth speaking about, be the indifferentist Dr. Newman would make out. If he is a believer, he is certain that no creed is good but his creed, and wishes that no other had currency. If he is an unbeliever, he is certain that no creed is good at all, and wishes that every one of them were cleared off the face of the earth. If he is a doubter, he is certain that the whole thing is uncertain, and regrets that so many people should be deludedly sure of the demonstrably undemonstrable. Intellectually, he is not "tolerant." No man,

indeed, can be so. Human reason could not tolerate the denial of mathematical propositions, and in varying subjects and degrees it is proportionally impossible to have the same opinion of contrary or contradictory opinions. The sphere of toleration is not thought, but action; and here the "religious liberal" finds no difficulty in keeping his hands off what he cannot keep his judgment off, and assigning identical secular right to religionists of the most divergent creeds, every one of which he may, for himself, regard as false, and this, on the principle of whose correctness he has otherwise satisfied himself that it is contrary to human well-being, if not irrational in itself, that the distribution of secular rights should be conditioned and confused by the consideration of religious opinions. Cardinal Newman complains that through the growing operation of this principle in modern society, "the dictum which was in force when he was young, that Christianity was the law of the land, with a hundred others that followed upon it, is gone, or going, everywhere," and that, "by the end of the century, unless the Almighty interferes, it will be forgotten." As part of this state of things he thinks that "everywhere that goodly framework of society, which is the creation of Christianity, is throwing off Christianity." In so far as this may mean that State action, in its regulation of secular rights, is listening less and less to theological and ecclesiastical suggestions, there is no reason to join in the Cardinal's lamentations, or to hope that he is mistaken in his forecast. But Christianity is generally understood to be, not merely a scheme of supernatural dogma, but a scheme of natural justice as well, and there is not the slightest evidence that State action is throwing off the influence of the latter. Indeed, the evidence is all to the effect that it is owing very much to its retention of such teaching in justice, as "Christianity" may be credited with, that State action is seeking to relegate the operation of dogma to the free individual conscience as its true and appropriate organ. Thus society is not "throwing off Christianity," but merely

arranging that, so far as kept, it shall be kept in other and more suitable receptacles. No "religious liberal" who understands his own position is likely to sympathise with Cardinal Newman in the alarm and aversion with which he contemplates the tendencies of modern society, although he may not be able to think with him that the progress is so rapid as he regards it, but will rather be encouraged by seeing so intelligent an advocate of principles that lead directly to the suppression of vital human rights reduced to something like despair of either near or ultimate success.

ROBERTSON SMITH CASE—SUBSCRIPTION OF ELDERS

May 29, 1879

THE debate and judgment in the Free Church General Assembly on Tuesday on the Robertson Smith case form by far the most important incident in the proceedings of the ecclesiastical gatherings that are at present exercising their own and the public patience on the Castlehill of Edinburgh. This case enters directly and deeply into the difficulties which, by the confession of the clergy themselves, are more and more agitating the minds of the laity with respect to the teaching which, up to a recent period, they have been in the habit of accepting with unquestioning docility from the lips of their official guides in spiritual things. In all the Churches intimation has been made that grave times may be expected in the way of revolution in the traditional faith of the people, and events, on the whole, justify these formidable prognostications. . . . In the Established Assembly, which used to be the chief scene of developments in doctrinal progress, an era of depression and decorum seems to have set in. Ever since the passing of the Patronage Abolition Act, the trickery of which, as against the other Churches, was so pithily exposed at the time by Principal Tulloch and others,

the interest of this body of Christians has centred, not so much in religious conceptions of large and general interest, as in the "bagging" of "communicants," with a view to strength in those anti-Disestablishment struggles which sundry of the leaders insist on anticipating with an eagerness which almost amounts to mania. . . . The only discussion in the Established Assembly that gave any promise of rising into that region of general religious inquiry to which public interest has for the time being been translated was the one which took place on the hackneyed theme of Elders Subscription to the Confession of Faith, and even that was conducted in a way that could not fail to disappoint the portion of the public who are taking any interest in the questions of dogmatic change that have come so suddenly and prominently to the front.

What, for instance, are we to make of matters when a man, with the antecedents of Dr. Story, takes to being unctuous and solemn over the merits of the Confession of Faith, chides, in the consideration of the subject, what he is pleased to call "flippancy"—a department, by the way, in which he has hitherto been thought to shine more in the way of example than rebuke—and ends by declaring that what he wants is "not relaxation of obligation," but "simplification of formula"? Well might Principal Pirie and the other reactionary supporters of Dr. Scott, whose zealous championship of the Standards is only what was to be expected from the stipendiary administrator of the Baird Trust, ask what was the good of the mountain of conscientious difficulty labouring so hard if only this ridiculous mouse of mere verbal alteration was to be brought forth. Principal Tulloch, who was also careful to state that his support of Dr. Story's proposal was given on the understanding that "the subscription required must be regarded as a *bona fide* expression of personal faith," indicated his belief that this "simplification of formula," which is not to be a "relaxation of obligation," would, nevertheless, afford a large measure of relief to "tender consciences." It can be

said that tenderness of conscience would require to be accompanied by extraordinary softness of head if it is to derive any consolation from so futile an expedient.

TURNERELLI AND HIS WREATH

August 5, 1879

THANKS to the "unfortunate Tracy Turnerelli," as with the sorrowful self-description habitual to ancient epic heroes that remarkable man designates himself, "Peace with Honour" promises to assume an entirely new and formidable significance just as the validity of its old and historical meaning is becoming problematical or exploded. The "Chairman of the People's Tribute" . . . is manifestly determined that the Premier shall have no "peace" unless he accepts the "honour" hitherto pressed on him in vain by the "unfortunate Tracy Turnerelli," and the still more unfortunate "People" of whose "Tribute" he is "Chairman." . . . There are times when it is borne in upon the philosophic mind that there is a touch of humour in the government of the universe, and that the "irony of fate" is not wholly a metaphorical entity. How else are we to account for the raising up of the "unfortunate Tracy Turnerelli"? Disraeli and Turnerelli—does not even orthoepy suggest that they were, in some way or other, intended for each other? And then consider the numerous resemblances of character. The same patient pursuit of their object; the same turn for soaring sentiment and grand expression; the same resolution to meet a snub with a smile, even to the extent of what has been cruelly called "wading through dirt to dignities"; the same belief in golden wreathage and other grandeurs as the highest reward of life. Is it too much to say that in many ways Tracy Turnerelli is a sort of diluted Disraeli; a kind of grotesque double of the Premier, a crooked mirror in which

he may see much of himself reflected in fragmentary, scattered and twisted lineaments? The "unfortunate" follows Lord Beaconsfield like his shadow. Tracy has now told us for the twentieth time that he is "a gentleman." He is more—he is a Nemesis. Could the shades of Sir Robert Peel or the others whom Lord Beaconsfield has in his time sought to make uncomfortable be made to see what takes place on these scenes of Time, they might feel themselves avenged when beholding the inexhaustible and omnipresent Tracy dodging round their ancient enemy with his wreath, and, in spite of his gestures of dignified declinature, earnestly insisting on making game of his glories by encircling them with its sarcastic suggestiveness. . . . A man with a Wreath to Let is not likely to let the grass grow under his feet, and the hunting of Beaconsfield by Turnerelli, with the throwing away of "Peace" to escape from "Honour," may form an enjoyable addition to the spectacles as speculations of the forthcoming season of sport.

DR. BEGG ON FALL OF TAY BRIDGE

January 6, 1880

IT was not to be expected that the clergy would refrain from "improving" the appalling calamity at the Tay Bridge on the Sunday before last. One section of our specimen divines . . . adopt what may be called the purely natural view of the melancholy event. . . . Another section of the preachers, however, take a much more exalted view of the subject, and in the van of this company of sacred and lofty critics nobody will be astonished to recognise the familiar figure of Dr. Begg. The fair inference to be drawn from the deliverances of the Rev. Doctor and the divines who agree with him is, that the construction and management of the bridge had very little to do with its downfall, and that the present inquiry on the part

of the Board of Trade into the causes of the mishap can hardly lead to anything that will be of service in making such bridges safer in time to come. They are satisfied that the bridge, with the train upon it, was overturned into the Tay, by a special act of the Deity, for the purpose of punishing certain persons for their wickedness, either the passengers in the train for "Sabbath breaking," or some other people for some other sins of omission or commission. Apparently the directors of the North British Railway may rebuild their bridge as strong as they please, but unless they and others adopt certain views of Dr. Begg and his associates, the re-erected structure may again be hurled into ruin by an angry Providence as suddenly and as terribly as was done nine days ago. As to the precise sin or sinner that has provoked the alleged wrathful attack of the Almighty upon the line, the reverend expounders of the Divine purposes and proceedings cannot be said to be of one mind, and they give the public a choice of causes which, if liberal, may also prove a little perplexing. . . .

Scoffers may be inclined to call it strange that the passengers by this particular train alone should have been singled out for vengeance, and that even among them, only the Dundee-bound portion should have suffered. But the doubt only serves to bring out more fully the clearness of the Doctor's second sight. It turns out that the train which perished contained a Unitarian, who had been at Perth spreading his deadly poison, and who joined the train shortly before it left Fife. A Unitarian fresh from his heresies, breaking the "Sabbath" by railway travelling—what bridge or train could resist such a combination? Dr. Begg, of course, was not aware of this fact, but that only illustrates the more forcibly the unerring character of the inspiration, higher than all casual reason, by which he is enabled to keep his fellow-mortals right. The North British Railway Company, accordingly, should give earnest heed to the words spoken by Dr. Begg, and if they desire their bridge, when

re-erected, to be left alone and not cast down again, they must stop Sunday trains, and stop Professor Robertson Smith.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE ON RABBITS

April 7, 1880

IT is notorious that no litigant is ever satisfied that the decision has been fairly given against him. There is always somebody or something to blame, otherwise a case so clearly in the right as his never could have failed. If the judge had not been grossly stupid or biassed, if the jury had not been evidently under the influence of a particularly malignant member, if his agents had not failed in getting forward a certain witness, if his counsel had only referred to a neglected document, if the opposite side had not been utterly unscrupulous and supported by perjured testimony, or if all these things had not happened together, he must have been certain to win. But, unfortunately, one or a combination of the unfavourable combinations indicated has been brought about, and as a consequence he finds himself defeated, when it is as plain as A B C that he ought to have been successful. One thing, however, he is sure of, and that is, if he has not gained his plea he deserved to, and consciousness of merit is always something to fall back on in the midst of a wretched and ill-arranged world, where so often the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. It required no supernatural prescience to anticipate that in the present juncture of public affairs in this country, the Tory party would play the part of the unsuccessful litigant to the end, and discover any number of reasons, except the demerits of their cause, for their having failed in their appeal to the country; and it is in keeping with the fitness of things that of all members of the party, Sir Stafford Northcote, the leader of the party in the elected House, should be the first to show that if things had gone as they ought to have gone, they would have turned out

very differently from what he is sorrowfully constrained to confess they are. From Sir Stafford's point of view, there never was a more flagrant mistake and miscarriage than this General Election and its result, although it must be confessed that some of the arguments which he advances in support of his thesis are very much more striking than convincing. For example, one of the main considerations on which he expatiated the other night at Torquay, as explaining the totally wrong direction which the election had taken, was the political influence of "rabbits," or of objects not much exceeding rabbits in their material or moral dimensions. "Imagine," he exclaims in a transport of feeling, in which the pathetic struggles with the scornful, "would not Prince Bismark be a little surprised if he were told that an election or two in England were changing, not on account of the foreign policy of the present Government, but because there was some cry about the number of rabbits which ought to be killed in the country"? and then he goes on to intimate that many of the elections have been determined by influences scarcely more than equivalent in nature and power to rabbits. Surely the farce of rabbits could no further go. We know, on very high authority, that although the conies are a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks, and the species of rabbits popularly connected with the principality of Wales is well known to be potent for evil, but no natural historian has hitherto credited cunicular activity with the ability to bring down powerful parties and high-handed Governments, like Jonah's gourd, in a night. Moreover, while Sir Stafford's attention was being concentrated on the electioneering significance of rabbits, might it not have occurred to him that rabbits, or their equivalents, are quite as likely to have been burrowing beneath the positions of the other side as those of his own? In a critical battle, like the present, pistols and small arms, such as Sir Stafford had in his eye, are probably not without their influence, but to all practical purposes they may be regarded as about equally balanced,

and the conflict is really in the end decided by the superiority of the heavy guns and the great tactical movements.

Sir Stafford Northcote may rely upon it that the struggle, which he labours to prove has turned out so perversely, has been something more formidable than a controversy about rabbits, such as these seem to be in his estimation ; and perhaps if he had criticised a little more carefully his own contemptuous estimate of the rabbit question, he might have come to understand better than he appears to do the grounds of the sentence of condemnation pronounced upon him by his countrymen. . . . The very disrespectfulness of the Chancellor's attitude towards rabbits is suggestive of the gross political blindness which has entailed his dismissal. It is all very well to look down from Bismarckian altitudes with scorn upon rabbits, but to sensible and unjingoised Britons the rabbit is a quadruped of grave and many-sided importance, because it is essentially a symbolical quadruped. It is an emblem of the whole agricultural difficulty, and that, again, is a reminder that the general social amelioration of England is a matter that may well claim the attention of Englishmen. If Sir Stafford Northcote's once sober head had not been turned by "gunpowder and glory" he would have understood this too, and would have laid the rabbits he so much despises more seriously to heart. But because he has failed to see wherein the nation's true mission and glory lie, the nation has used the freedom of turning him and his to the right about. Had he, in the wider sense of the words, thought more of rabbits, and less of Prince Bismarck, he might have been at this moment still in his place of power, and with the possibility of exercising it for years to come.

SPURGEON AND BRADLAUGH

April 10, 1880

NOTHING could more strikingly illustrate the strange anomalies that abound in human nature than the fact that so

serious an occasion as a General Election should also be the signal for the most reckless levities and the most grotesque perversities perpetrable by man. What can be more impressive, as a moral spectacle, than a thousand earnest patriots agonising on a thousand platforms in their efforts to prove that the present is the best or the worst of all Governments known to history, or conceivable by fancy? Without a doubt, the business is grave and momentous beyond expression, and is felt to be so by everybody with the slightest tincture of gravity and thoughtfulness. Yet, it seems to be selected by the spirit of mirth, mischief, and folly as a peculiarly suitable opportunity for displaying its tricks and pranks and mockeries. Is it the very solemnity of the occasion that suggests to the wanton spirit in question the idea of utilising so sombre a background for the more effective exhibition of its fire and flourish? There is no end to the amount of mental and moral philosophy that might be pressed into the service of an inquiry of this kind; but what good would it serve? It seems enough to note the unquestionable fact, and to remark that it is often in what are habitually the most sober and earnest quarters that the laughing demon emerges with his broadest grin. To borrow an illustration from the incidents of the contemporary election, no person of average piety will think of questioning the seriousness of the Rev. and celebrated C. H. Spurgeon, of the London Tabernacle. Among the salt of the earth, he is one of the most saline particles. And yet we find the election tempting even him into taking a quiet laugh out of so serious a subject as the personality of Satan. Somebody had set afloat a story of his having said, in answer to a question by an "Evangelical Christian," at Northampton, as to whether he should vote for the well-known Mr. Bradlaugh, whom our genial and scrupulous Home Secretary quotes as a sample Liberal, that he "would vote for the Devil if he was a Liberal." In correcting this story, Mr. Spurgeon, with much mock solemnity, remarks that he "should not think of

voting for the Devil in any circumstances." If Mr. Spurgeon had been the most inveterate disbeliever in the reality of the "Devil," he could hardly have spoken more flippantly. As, however, there is nothing in the least degree histrionic about either Mr. Spurgeon or his orthodoxy, his eccentric quip against the Evil One can only be taken as a measure of the liberties which the Election Mephistopheles is allowed to take with the human mind.

While there is a wicked element in all the forms assumed by this not too reverent spirit, it has various degrees of naughtiness and pardonableness. Perhaps the least objectionable phase of it is that exhibited by the election squib-writer. It is a most extraordinary phenomenon that at the very moment when the fate of their country, and possibly of mankind, is trembling in the balance, whole multitudes of the most respectable members of society, and most undoubted patriots, should be suddenly seized with an ungovernable desire to make fun of the whole concern. But so it is, notwithstanding. Scarcely has a dissolution been announced than thousands of heads begin to simmer with jest and jingle, with epithet and epigram, with satire, song, and sarcasm, with pun, parody, and point. The most awful themes, ruinous finance, wanton war, plundering and blundering, harassed interests and outraged treaties, are turned into material for wit, real or intended, in verse or prose. . . . Akin to this tribe of the inspired are the cartoonists, although their efforts are fortunately limited by the fact that the number who have been taught to draw is greatly smaller than those who have learned to write. Yet even within this narrow circle there is room for immense destruction in artistic effort, a truly good caricature, in which ridicule unpoisoned by malice predominates, being rare, and the whole being like the prophet's figs—the good, very good; and the evil, very evil. Proceeding in the line of ascending reprehensibleness, we arrive at the "heckler," who, if he very often discharges a truly useful function, is commonly wound up for his duties by

the spirit of mischief that is in him. It is very proper, of course, to have a public catechist who is saddened and subdued by the thought of wasted surpluses and growing deficits, of unnecessary wars and embarrassing annexations, but probably the best "heckler" is the wag who, with the relevant facts at his finger ends, feels all the bear-baiter's or cockfighter's glee in watching the wretched candidate writhing beneath his well-directed volley of interrogation. . . . Of the unconscious jesters, like the stereotyped bumpkin who detests "that Higgins," so heartily that he is determined to "put a good big mark against his name," little need be said, except that they are not out of place at a general festival of unreason. . . . The other humours of the election contest, where the actors merely go a little off their heads, are comparatively venial, but when they begin to go off their conscience or their honour as well, their performances cease to be humorous altogether, and take rank as offences that must be exposed and punished.

DEAN STANLEY ON NATIONALISING THE CHURCH

September 22, 1880

THERE is a good deal that is startling in the letter from Dean Stanley on "Nationalising the Church," quoted in another column, but the startling element in it does not lie in the fact of its coming from him. His reputation for toleration and breadth of view, and his thoroughgoing adhesion to the principle of comprehension as the only presentable defence of a Church Establishment, are too well known to make it in any degree surprising that he should be found pleading for the legality of granting the use of Parish Churches for Nonconformist worship, and ready to abolish entirely the practice of clerical subscription to creeds with the view, apparently, of allowing any kind of doctrine whatsoever to be taught from the pulpits of

the Establishment. Had all their clergy been Stanleys the difficulties of the Established Churches would probably have been fewer at the present moment, and, accordingly, there is something ungracious in the task of pointing out certain exceptions that must be taken to the Dean's statement, but duty to facts must be made paramount to all other considerations. For one thing, then, the Dean states that at the present moment it is perfectly legal to allow Nonconformist services in Parish Churches. He has had them himself in Westminster Abbey, and what he has done there any bishop, he says, may do in any part of England. This may be quite true, but it is not difficult to imagine the reply of an exact or exacting critic from the Nonconformist point of view. He would say that there is all the difference in the world between the right to use a thing and the permission to use it, and that as long as Nonconformists cannot lawfully claim the use of the Parish Churches for worshipping in upon an equal footing with the members of the Church of England, there is really no "nationalising of the Church" effected by the bishop granting the use of such a church occasionally to a dissenting minister and his congregation. It is very kind of the bishop to do this, but he need not do it unless he likes. Can any one conceive the Bishop of Lincoln granting the use of such a church to Nonconformists? Besides, were a law passed to compel the bishops or other church authorities to accommodate dissenters in this way on their application, how far would such a law be made to extend? Would it include only the "respectable" Nonconformists, or every little sect of enthusiasts, however grotesque or wild? Would it take in Turk and Jew as well as Christian? And if not, why not? The position of the "Christian orderly" service in the Burials Act seems to indicate the impossibility of obtaining, by legislation, the use of the Parish Churches in the full force of the principle approved by Dean Stanley, so that the "nationalising of the Church," at its best, would be far from a finished undertaking.

With respect to the relaxation of creed-subscription, Dean Stanley avers that this has been to a great extent accomplished in the Church of England, and that only a very slight step is required to clear it away altogether, and leave the doctrinal teaching of the church completely free. Such a consummation, he says, "would confer an inestimable boon on the Church of England, and (I believe I may add) on the Church of Scotland also." He says further, that "for the Established Churches, such a deliverance would be in the long run welcomed almost unanimously." In all this Dean Stanley may be right, but to a good many people much of it will come as a considerable surprise. By the Clerical Subscription Act, 1865, he affirms that such a change was intended and effected that "no one might feel his conscience pledged to any of the numerous, and at times contradictory, propositions contained in those documents"—*i.e.*, in the Thirty-nine Articles and Book of Common Prayer. To an ordinary reader the words of the Act scarcely appear to bear out this construction. They are: "I assent to the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion and to the Book of Common Prayer"; and further, "I believe the doctrine of the United Church of England and Ireland, as therein set forth, to be agreeable to the Word of God." This declaration the clergy, on their appointment, must make before both bishop and people; in the case of the latter, reading the Thirty-nine Articles over in their hearing that every one may know to what it is they "assent," and what is the "doctrine" they profess to "believe." What is meant by "assenting" to the Thirty-nine Articles, if not accepting every one of the thirty-nine as worthy of being assented to—*i.e.*, as true in the opinion of the assenter? Dean Stanley contends that by this assent no one is "pledged to any of the propositions contained in those documents." But as the documents contain nothing but propositions, it would appear by this reasoning that the clergy may assent to the whole Thirty-nine Articles and the Book of Common Prayer, and yet not be pledged to one iota of the Christian

faith. At this rate "assenting" must be an empty phrase, which might be employed with as little scandal by a Mohammedan or a Buddhist as by a professed Christian. By the use of the word "doctrine" rather than "doctrines" in the statutory declaration, the Dean maintains that the "candidate no longer professes his belief in any particular opinion set forth, but only in the general doctrine." Will this stand examination? How is it possible to believe in the "general" doctrine without believing in any "particular"? The general can only exist in and through the particulars, and if they go, what is to become of the general? To believe the multiplication table in general, while rejecting its particular propositions will not conduce to progress in arithmetic. Of course the meaning of the Act can only be settled by the interpretation of the law courts, but it will be singular if Dean Stanley can produce any case in which a clergyman who has clearly contradicted any "particular" doctrine of the Thirty-nine Articles will not be held to have broken the law by which he holds his office. The Dean enters upon different ground when he recommends the entire abolition of subscription for both the Established Churches. That would certainly bring about the maximum of comprehensiveness which he wishes to see realised; but when he goes on to say that "for the Established Churches such a deliverance would be in the long run welcomed almost unanimously," he appears to be reckoning without his host. It is quite certain that, instead of being welcomed, such a "deliverance" would be regarded by too many, both within and without the church, as an entire destruction of the church as such, that bringing it within the "range of practical politics" may be regarded as a dream. And this is really the rock on which all schemes for "nationalising the church" on the basis of complete comprehensiveness are only too likely to split. They may be beautiful in theory, put in practice they are Utopian.

II

LAW AND POLITICS

As I have already stated, my brother retired from the editorship of the *Scotsman* in August of 1880. About the same time he sustained two great personal losses. His most intimate friend in the Church, Dr. John Duncan, minister of Scoonie, whose association with him has already been alluded to by Sheriff Smith, died at a comparatively early age. A still greater wrench was the death of our mother on the 20th July of the same year. She had reached the considerable age of seventy-eight, but he felt her death keenly. He had been her sole support since our father died in 1867, in his sixty-ninth year. Whenever he had leisure he visited her at Culross, where she continued to live as a widow. He took no important step in life without consulting her, and, although his retirement from the ministry may have been a shock to her, she understood better than almost anyone else his reasons for his action, and approved of it. The breaking of his closest ties with Scotland occurred almost simultaneously with his retirement from the editorship of the *Scotsman*, and the fact was not without its influence in helping him to

make up his mind as to the next step he should take. He removed with his family to London early in 1881, and settled in Finborough Road, West Kensington. After some hesitation as to whether he should not devote himself to literature, he decided to read for the bar. He entered the Middle Temple, and was "called" on 17th November, 1883. While engaged in preparing for what was to be his final profession, he contributed to several newspapers and magazines, including the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then edited by Mr. John Morley, and the *Nineteenth Century*. In view of the fact that the remainder of his life was to be devoted mainly to political work, it may be interesting therefore to recall that, in February of 1881, he wrote for the *Nineteenth Century* an article on "The Philosophy of Liberalism," the character of which may be gathered from these extracts:—

Liberalism . . . affirms, as a part of nature, that humanity, as a whole, merits respect and confidence, and that politicians and all who in any way occupy themselves with the protection and improvement of human society are engaged, not only in a generous, but in a hopeful undertaking. Can it be said that Conservatism founds upon this creed? It would be invidious, and in many cases unjust, to say of individual Conservatives that they either despise the rest of society or are indifferent to its well-being. As private persons, dealing with humanity in concrete cases, they may be all that not only justice, but courtesy and kindness require. But that is not the point that is in question, and it merely furnishes an additional illustration of the commonplace that men are often better than their creed. We have to do with them as members of a public organisation that seeks to deal with society in the mass, and their estimate of mankind must

be measured by the spirit which really gives life and shape to the body which they help to form. . . .

Apart, then, from the private sentiments of individual Conservatives, what is the spirit of Conservatism as a public power? It is certain that nothing will account for its character and history so satisfactorily as the theory that it starts from a low view of human nature, especially as it is found in the great masses of society. The history of Liberalism is mainly the history of the struggle of the subjugated community to emancipate itself from the bondage imposed on it by the conquering oligarchy, both lay and priestly, whether in the form of striking the fetters from its own liberties or abolishing the privileges with which the dominating class had sought to fortify its position. It needs no detailed proof that, at this stage of its career, Conservatism was identical with a contempt of human nature, looking, as it did, upon the mass of men as fit only to be the thralls of the few. . . .

Modern Conservatism may not be composed so exclusively of pride of superior power, and the exercise of it in conquest, as it was in its more concise form, but those elements are still present in it in more than sufficient abundance. The political tendency, for example, which has obtained notoriety under the name of Imperialism, is a revival of the old instinct of conquest. Moreover, there is a tendency on the part of many people who rise in life, and who appear not to be able to make more of their success than a ministry to their own self-esteem, to gravitate towards Conservatism, an indication that the "barren principle of pride," and sympathy with it, are still abundant and strong in its composition.

[The genesis and the structure of fully-developed Conservatives are then traced—the instinct of tyranny, allied with pride, class selfishness, timidity, and inertia, all uniting in an under-estimate of the popular deserts, and in a common chorus of "No!" to every proposal from the popular party tending to their advance in liberty and power.]

Liberalism is pressing on, as fast as Conservatism will allow it, towards the state of things when there shall be only one party of people, but that cannot happen until every unnecessary privilege, inequality, and relic of class domination has been replaced by arrangements befitting an undivided community that means to manage its own affairs. Liberalism, when interpreted by its aims rather than by its necessities, is not a battle for the supremacy of a class, but an effort to heal up a separation of classes originally made by a totally different social power.

Meanwhile we must take "the people" as they have been put before us, and consider what there is in the Conservative assertion of their political untrustworthiness. "Ninety millions, mostly fools," is the description given of them by one who has certainly not been conservative in some very important matters, although in this criticism Conservatism seems to agree with him. The saying is a hard one. Is it true? Fools, if you will have it so, they may be in many things: in art, literature, science, eloquence, and the like. But the question here is not about such matters, but about what is needed to promote the widest diffusion of happiness in such a society as ours. Are they fools on such questions? They have been closest to the difficulties. . . . In philosophy and æsthetics, for the refinement of intellect and taste, their capacity may not be great, but it would be strange if on some of the most perplexing and pressing political problems they could not contribute some elements of valuable judgment which we should look for in vain among those whose training had been acquired in the school of ease and pleasure, not of labour and necessity.

Believing in man, it [Liberalism] works for man, and not merely for certain men. Conservatism virtually reverses the process.

That Liberalism should be dissatisfied with things as they are—if they are not what they ought to be—and should aim at the ideal state of society, is a necessary corollary from its

adoption of universal interests as the objects of its action, as also in its employment of general principles in policy and legislation as its means to an end. What it wants to effect is the highest happiness, not of a class, but of all, and as long as that ideal state of society has not been reached it has no security that some portion of it may not be suffering unnecessarily. Moreover, it knows that ideal grievances may often be as prolific of pain as material ones. To many, liberty is only second to food, and a needless inequality as vexing as an excessive tax.

For forwarding such an ideal state the application of general principles to politics is indispensable. Without them universal justice is unattainable: it is of them alone we can be sure that they will find their way through every passage and into every nook and cranny of society, rectifying, on their path, every rectifiable abuse to which they are adapted; and Liberalism accordingly is, in one aspect of it, an incessant effort for the realisation of the general principles of social well-being, in its ideal form, to the utmost extent, and at the earliest date that practical emergencies will allow.

To Conservatism all this necessarily seems foolishness. Realising the ideal state of society is for it a dream. At any given stage of its history it is satisfied that the best attainable condition of this is already in existence, the wonder being that it is so good.

It is no part of Liberalism to make a blind tilt against inequality, but only against unjust or inexpedient inequality. The same instincts which naturally prompt the mass of mankind, when not maddened by want, to acquiesce in property dispose them also to acquiesce in inequality. The two are indeed indissolubly bound up together, and recognition of the one involves recognition of the other.

Liberalism . . . would be false to its creed and to the patent facts of English political life if, in despair of wise leadership for the people, or popular preference for wise leadership, it should pause in any course dictated by the

demands of social justice. When a nation's security ceases to be consistent with the progress of justice, it has passed its prime, and no amount of Conservatism will arrest its decline. Then there remains for the patriot only the tragic consolation that, although a people may fail, the race has an inexhaustible future.

"It always takes a man seven years to master a trade," my brother once said to me after he became conscious that he had obtained a position in the House of Commons, and characteristically qualified the remark, "at any rate it has always taken me seven years. It took me seven years to get a grip of the General Assembly." This period of probation was not allowed him as an English barrister. That he had natural faculty for that profession, there can be no question whatever. In the examinations which he had to pass as a preliminary to being "called," his marks were very high; and although he was fifty-two years of age in 1883, he would in all probability have obtained a considerable practice had he not been drawn from law into active politics. But 1886 brought a crisis in his life as in the history of the Liberal party to which he had always been attached. Mr. Gladstone adopted Home Rule; the revolt of the Liberal Unionists followed. Defeated in Parliament by a combination between the Conservative party and his revolted followers, Mr. Gladstone appealed to the country. At the date of the Dissolution, Edinburgh was represented by three Liberal Unionists and one Home Ruler—the late Mr. Childers. The Gladstonians of Edinburgh determined to contest all the Divisions of the city, and it was resolved to approach my brother

with a view to capturing the Eastern Division, which was represented by Mr. (afterwards Lord) Goschen, who was acknowledged on all hands to be one of the ablest and most influential of the Liberal dissentients. My brother was known to be an enthusiastic Home Ruler, and it was believed that his long residence and popularity in Edinburgh would aid his candidature. He accepted the invitation, and on June 19 issued this election address.

GENTLEMEN,—Having been invited, in view of the impending dissolution of Parliament, by a large number of your body to become a candidate for the representation of your Division in the House of Commons, I have accepted the invitation with much pleasure.

I am a sincere admirer of Mr. Gladstone, and am in entire sympathy with his proposed legislation in reference to Irish affairs.

The Irish problem is the absorbing question of the hour, in relation to which all others sink into insignificance. It is almost needless for me here to refer to my opinions on other political topics, but my views on all vital points of the Liberal programme are fully abreast of Mr. Gladstone's, and I shall explain them more at large in the various meetings which I propose to hold throughout the Division.

If it shall be your pleasure, &c.,

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT WALLACE.

The previous evening he had made known his opinions more elaborately in an address which he delivered to the electors in the Music Hall. In it (I quote from the newspaper report) he said—

Until a very short time ago he had no expectation of

standing upon a political or other public platform. For some time back he had come to be of opinion that he was justified in suspending the performance of public duties and in devoting himself entirely to those which were private. But when the present political crisis arose—when he saw that the most vital and cardinal principles of Liberalism were at stake, and that so many persons were deserting from them—the circumstance took a powerful hold on him, and he was led to make up his mind that, for the time, he would let private considerations take their chance and do what little in him lay for the cause which he believed to be bound up with the best interests of humanity. (Cheers.) Accordingly, when he received the invitation from a large number of themselves to address them on the subject of the present crisis, he had no hesitation in responding to the invitation, all the more particularly when he considered the political state of matters in Edinburgh at the present moment. When three out of its four representatives had turned their back upon the party to which they belonged—(cheers)—he thought that, as an old citizen of Edinburgh—(hear, hear)—he was in a measure bound to do his humble best in what he regarded as a good cause. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) He might thereby give pain, perhaps offence, to old and valued friends, and possibly to expose himself to other loss and disadvantage; but he could not help that. As the classical saying had it, he was fond of Plato, but he was fonder of the truth—(cheers)—and if he could venture to claim any credit on this score, he trusted they would allow him to make it the ground of calling upon every genuine Liberal to make his conduct in the present crisis a matter of conscience, and to avoid playing into the hands, in the present state of matters political in Edinburgh, of Toryism. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Having come on their invitation to state some of his political convictions, perhaps the shortest way of doing so was to say that, as regarded the questions at issue in the present crisis of things, he was, out and out, heart and soul, with Mr.

Gladstone—(loud cheers)—not only with respect to the great question of the present hour, but also in respect of all the vital and essential questions of Liberalism. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) If he differed from him at all, it was only in the way of being disposed to extend further and more rapidly the principles of which he was the greatest living exponent. (Cheers.) In making that avowal, he knew that he exposed himself to the taunt of the enemy that they were merely worshippers of Mr. Gladstone. He wanted just to say a word upon this question of "Gladstonolatry." (Laughter.) And he would ask, whom else was there that they would prefer that he should worship? (Cheers.) Not Lord Salisbury, surely. (Hisses and laughter.) Not Lord Randolph Churchill. (Loud hissing.) Possibly they might ask him to worship Lord Hartington. (Hear, hear, cheers, and hisses.) In many respects he had a respect for Lord Hartington—(hurrah)—whom he thought a straightforward, honest man. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) But, unfortunately, in his opinion he had no genius—(oh, oh)—no intellectual courage—(oh, oh, hisses, and cheers)—and he did not think Lord Hartington had a sufficiently large range of sympathies to enable him to travel very far beyond the circle of his own birth and upbringing. (Cheers and hisses.) He thought he was well-fitted to be captain of that timid cohort which would always be found in the Liberal ranks, but, in his opinion, he could never be the leader of the British Liberalism of the future. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Perchance they might ask him to worship Mr. Chamberlain. (Laughter, and hisses.) Well, he was at one time disposed to offer incense at that shrine. (Laughter.) He thought that he had a breadth of sympathy and a power of eloquent expression, and a general loftiness of democratic inspiration that marked him out as a great leader of the popular party of the future. (Hear, hear.) But he must say within recent months he had received a rude awakening; and, in the meantime, he was not a worshipper, and not even an admirer, of Mr. Chamberlain or his present

attitude. (Cheers.) Or perhaps they would ask him to worship Mr. Goschen. (Oh, oh, and derisive cheers and booing.) He admitted at once that Mr. Goschen was a distinguished Conservative statesman—(loud laughter, and cheers)—whom it pleased to go about masquerading in the habiliments and the insignia of Liberalism—(cheers)—like a Macallum More in the Rob Roy tartan. (Laughter.) No, no. Of all the proposed objects of political worship, if such were legitimate, Mr. Gladstone towered above them all—(cheers)—not only in point of intellectual power and versatility, but in respect of genuine moral eminence—(cheers)—and he should be ashamed of himself if he did not admire such a view. He suspected that those who reviled and who despised him did so simply because they had no share in his spirit, and were utterly incapable of sympathising with the noble thoughts and purposes to which he intensely devoted his life. (Cheers.) But, after all, he utterly denied that they held the opinions of Mr. Gladstone simply because of their personal admiration of the propounder of them. (Cheers.) As Liberals, they were not utterly conceited in believing that they were not absolutely born fools. (Laughter.) It was not presumptuous to pretend that to some small degree they were able to think for themselves. (Hear, hear.) He did not think that the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone was right because he believed in Mr. Gladstone, but he believed in Mr. Gladstone because he (Mr. Wallace) saw for himself that his Irish policy was right. (Cheers.) That was an intellectual position of which they had not the slightest reason to be ashamed. (Cheers.) Mr. Chamberlain in his recent manifesto—(hisses)—had taken it upon him to say that the general acceptance which Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy had met with throughout the country had been mainly due to the personal authority and the influence of Mr. Gladstone himself. Well, that was a pretty sentiment to be propounded by a democrat. He could have understood it proceeding from the lips of a Tory who honestly believed that the "mob" could not only not think a

serious thought, but could not even think a thought at all. (Laughter.) But a sentiment of that kind in the mouth of an avowed democrat like Mr. Chamberlain passed his comprehension. It was as one more of the too-rapidly increasing milestones which marked the distance of Mr. Chamberlain's present aberrations from the straight road of genuine Liberalism. (Cheers.) Let him now proceed to give his reasons for supporting Mr. Gladstone, and for not supporting Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen—(hisses)—and Mr. Chamberlain, in their work of wrecking the Government and the Liberal party. In doing that, let them fix exactly what was the issue on which Mr. Gladstone and the Government were now asking for their support. With the powerful and genial assistance of the Tory party, Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Chamberlain wrecked the Government by defeating the Irish Government Bill upon the second reading. (Hear, hear.) Now, the merest tyro in Parliamentary law knew that the rejection of the second reading was the rejection of the principle of the measure—(cheers)—altogether apart from the clauses and details. (Hear, hear.) What was the principle of the Government's Irish Bill? It was simply and shortly this—Irish autonomy apart from Imperial affairs—(cheers)—the right and privilege to be given to the Irish people to manage their own Irish business without interfering with the business which transcended Irish business. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Therefore, the question now before the country was simply—"Will you grant autonomy to the Irish people within that limited range, or will you not; and, if you won't, what are you going to do?"—(hear, hear, and cheers)—because it was universally agreed, he thought, that something must be done. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Chamberlain had done what he could to confuse the issue by saying that what he wrecked the Bill upon was not its principle but the method of applying that principle. (Laughter.) That was a particularly rubicund herring to draw across the scent. (Laughter.) But to his (Mr. Wallace's) mind, Mr. Chamberlain's contention

was a contemptible quibble. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) What Mr. Chamberlain was willing to give the power of self-government in reference to was not legislation at all, but was simply administrative business. (Hear, hear.) To tell him that to direct a gaspipe to be laid down here, and a drain to be opened yonder, was legislation, was to mock his intelligence. (Laughter and cheers.) And anything in the semblance of legislation which Mr. Chamberlain was prepared to offer was a power entirely subordinated to the revision and the cancellation of the Imperial Legislature. What, therefore, he called identity with the principle of Mr. Gladstone's proposal was not identity at all, because the element of independence which was present in Mr. Gladstone's offer was entirely suppressed in Mr. Chamberlain's. (Cheers.) When a man who was in debt offered to pay half-a-crown in the pound, they did not, according to Mr. Chamberlain, differ in principle—the method of payment was the only point on which they differed. (Laughter.) Ask the creditor what he thought. (Laughter.) He thought he would be disposed to say that the half-crown man was the man with little money and less principle. (Laughter and cheers.) That was exactly the contrast between Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Chamberlain's position. Mr. Chamberlain was going to give autonomy at the rate of half-a-crown in the pound; Mr. Gladstone was going to give autonomy, like an honest man, at the rate of twenty shillings in the pound. (Loud cheers.) Neither they nor Mr. Chamberlain need try to hoodwink him by saying that this was only a difference in method, and not a difference in principle. (Laughter and cheers.) Lord Hartington, like an honest, straightforward fellow, as he was, did not pretend that that made only a difference in method. He allowed them to know at once and for all that he differed broadly in principle from the offer of Mr. Gladstone. As regarded Mr. Goschen—(hooting, cheers, and hisses)—he had not been able to see that he offered anything in the nature of local self-government at all. (A voice: "Quite right.")

So far as he had been able to notice with respect to any popular demand, Mr. Goschen was generally in the position of a "universal and everlasting no." (Hear, hear.) Going on to give one or two of the reasons which had prevailed with himself for giving his support to the proposal for Irish autonomy, Mr. Wallace first mentioned this, that it had been demanded by the Irish nation. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) As a democratic Liberal he felt himself in such circumstances shut up to the position which he occupied. It was next argued that they had no right to assume that Ireland would make a foolish use of its power; and it was pointed out that the Scottish and English democracy could not refuse the Irish demands without stultifying and condemning themselves. (Hear, hear.) After a survey of the history of Ireland, and the wrongs the people had endured, he asked, need they wonder if the Irish now came forward and said, "You don't know how to deal with us; won't you let us quietly manage for ourselves?" (Loud cheers.) It was perfectly certain, both from principle and practical history, that autonomy would produce a peaceful, a prosperous, and a reconciled Irish nation. (Cheers.) No one of the instances put forward by Mr. Gladstone in which autonomy had proved entirely successful had been challenged. Another reason that he had for his opinion was that, by giving autonomy to Ireland, it would enable the British Parliament to get on with some business on behalf of themselves. (Cheers.) Of course, they were told that, if the Irish contingent would obstruct, there were powers within the British Legislature to compel them to proper behaviour. It might have been well enough at the time when there was no proof that the Irish party did not represent the nation, to deal with them as rebels, who deserved to be punished; but now, when they were clearly and undeniably representing the whole nation, it would be utterly impossible to deal with them merely upon the ground of technical order, when the claim which they were trying to trample down was one which was founded on

absolute and eternal justice. (Cheers.) One more reason was this, that, unless they granted autonomy, they must adopt coercion. That was made clear by two considerations, the first of which was the endless variety of the schemes which were produced by those who were trying to take a middle passage in this matter. It was really a series of dissolving views that was passing before them. (Laughter.) He was always reminded that he was in a cheap panorama, seeing one scene rapidly succeeding another, until the old one came back again. (Laughter.) Remarking that no person had been more active in this branch of industry than Mr. Chamberlain, the speaker went on to describe the right hon. gent.'s various schemes in a humorous way, and created great laughter by referring to one of these as a peripatetic scheme, the mechanism of a person rejoicing in the appropriate name of Caine—(laughter)—not the Biblical Cain, who slew his natural brother, but the Parliamentary Caine who, most unparliamentarily, slew his political father. The latest scheme in Mr. Chamberlain's manifesto, he thought, showed that his mechanical powers were to some extent exhausted, because it was just returning again to a large extent to the provincial councils, to be overlooked and managed by the central council, which he had tried in the *Fortnightly Review*, and which, in his first appearance in the matter in the House of Commons, he said that he had completely abandoned. (Cheers.) Lord Salisbury once described Mr. Chamberlain as an inventive Cockney. (Laughter.) It was, perhaps, rather impertinent to call Mr. Chamberlain a Cockney, but he did not think Lord Salisbury erred when he described him as a most inventive person, for the number of schemes which he had invented on this matter was one for astonishment—(laughter)—and certainly not for admiration nor for imitation. But, whatever these schemes proved, there was one thing they distinctly showed—that those who took up a middle position were at their wits' ends as to how it was to be done. They would not confess it in words, but their conduct confessed it for them,

that they could not do it because the thing was in itself impossible. And the second consideration which had made him believe that the alternative lay between autonomy and coercion arose from the inherent unsuitability of all those schemes to the subject-matter of the problem, for the fact happened to be that none of these schemes would have the least effect in solving the Irish difficulty, because they were not the thing which the Irish people wanted. Mr. Chamberlain said in his manifesto that, after all, the due enforcement of just laws was not coercion. But the answer to that was very simple—that no law, whatever its inherent quality, could be just which was imposed by an unjust authority. (Loud cheers.) If a man came into his house and said to him, “Brush your teeth, and brush your nails, and take your breakfast, or I’ll knock you down,”—(laughter)—the things he commanded might be right, but that would be coercion. (Cheers.) He had taken the trouble to count up the points of objection to Mr. Gladstone’s policy, and he found that Lord Hartington was credited with sixteen, Mr. Goschen with seventeen, and Mr. Chamberlain with no less than thirty-seven. (Laughter.) Was it not the proper inference that, from such figures, those whose antagonism had been exhibited in this way were simply trying to buttress up what they felt to be a weak and indefensible position by means of captious criticism? (Cheers.) Most of them, in his opinion, resolved themselves into small difficulties, which would soon disappear in the actual working of the scheme. Theoretical objections were easily made by theorists; but it was wonderful how speedily they disappeared when they were put into actual practice. These objections, he thought, might be classified in some way. The classification which occurred to him was into those objections which were merely formal, and those which were in some sense practical. He took up one of the formal objections, and it was one which was very much dwelt upon by Mr. Goschen, and that was that the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament was going to be seriously impaired by this measure.

Supposing that its supremacy were weakened in practice, what then? If the practical result was that Ireland was made happier, was not the end of the Government gained? (Hear, hear.) What did the supremacy of Parliament exist for, but simply for the good effects that it could produce? (Hear, hear, and cheers.) If by voluntarily suspending the exercise of their supremacy they produced the result of peace, contentment, and good order in Ireland, where they never could produce it before, he said that they had done a commendable and statesmanlike thing. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) But, on the contrary, he denied the supposition that Mr. Goschen put. The voluntary suspension of the supremacy did not in the slightest degree lessen it, either in intensity or in magnitude. Temporary non-exercise of it left its existence and its quality precisely as they were before. (Cheers.) Another of these objections was that the "unity of the Empire"—(laughter)—was going to be destroyed and broken up by the existence of the co-ordinate legislature. It was not a co-ordinate legislature at all; it was a legislature with which they honourably contracted to allow a certain measure of independence upon the faith of certain other stipulations being kept by the contractees. But, leaving that apart, let them ask for a moment what was meant by the disintegration of the Empire. He must presume unity of the Empire being broken up simply meant that unity of rule, that the oneness of rule that had hitherto been in operation, was in some way to be transformed; in short, that they were not going to do all their work in one place as formerly, but that some of it was to be done in one place and some in another. Well, what was the practical harm that was to result from this? If it did good to Ireland, and if it did no harm to this country, what was the use of keeping up a dispute for the sake of what was simply a phrase? (Cheers.) All this attention to mere form irritated him, because it was merely sacrificing utility to what was mere symmetry. Criticisms of this sort were not statesmanship, but were a useless

enthusiasm for mere symmetry. He would now allude to an objection of a practical order. They were told that by granting autonomy to the Irish people they would produce great oppressions on the minority in Ireland, that the Catholics would persecute the Protestants. He did not believe they would do such a thing. The era of religious persecution was gone. (Cheers.) Persecution in the past was the work of tyrants and autocrats; but this was an age of peoples, not of personal potentates—(cheers)—and no nation, he believed, as a nation, would do unjustly. Mr. Wallace quoted from a speech by Mr. Goschen to show that, in the matter of education, for example, the Irish members would be anxious to prevent clerical ascendancy—an acknowledgment which he claimed was a most triumphant refutation of all the dismal prophecies they had heard of what the Irish Nationalist members were going to do when they got any power into their hands. In conclusion, Mr. Wallace said he ought, perhaps, to have gone on to expound his views on other political topics, but he must trust to the exposition of fundamental Liberal principles and his own conviction of their truth, which he had incidentally laid before them. He wished to remind them that, in the issue now before them, there was more at stake than the question of Home Rule for Ireland. In no unimportant sense, the sovereignty of the people was at stake. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) If they said, or allowed it to be said, that the Irish should not have their will, then he beseeched them to consider what they were preparing for themselves in some future emergency. (Cheers.) They were practically sanctioning the maxim that was acted upon by the founder of modern Cæsarism—the first Napoleon—of everything for the people, but nothing by the people. Mr. Gladstone was essentially and absolutely correct when he said that this was a struggle of the masses against the classes. (Cheers.) The opponents of the Bill were the Tory party, the exponents and champions of class interests against mass rights; and the mere fact that

they had been assisted by a battalion of ancient Whigs, and by a handful of bewildered Radicals, showed that the question must be one in which the rights of the people were especially concerned. (Loud cheers.)

Questions were handed to the candidate, one of which asked whether he would vote for the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland at an early date? (Cries of "Don't answer.")

Mr. Wallace said he should be ashamed not to give an answer to such an elementary question. Sixteen years ago, when he was an office-bearer in the Established Church of Scotland—(laughter)—he wrote an elaborate essay in defence of religious equality. He had been ten years outside the Church, and one's views changed, both through lapse of time and through the alteration of the point of view from which things were looked at. He was still as essentially an advocate of religious equality, but he must confess candidly that his views as to what might have been done when he was in that state of mind, sixteen years ago, had considerably altered and advanced. He had come to the conclusion that his hopes then were visionary, and he was now, and had all along been prepared, when the proper time came, at the manifestation of the national will, to do what the national will demanded. (Cheers.) The second question was, would he vote for the exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster, and the buying out of the Irish landlords? The question was not sufficiently defined. Everything would depend on circumstances—on the nature of the clause, and upon its relation to the other clauses of the Bill. He should be very unwilling either to vote for or against anything that would wreck the measure, provided it gave a degree of autonomy to Ireland that would satisfy the Irish nation, and practically solve the Irish problem. (Cheers.) With respect to buying out the landlords, he could only say that he should be very much disposed to think that one of the best problems for the new Irish Parliament to take in hand would be

to deal with their own landlords. (Cheers.) They would observe that some time ago, referring to this matter, Mr. Gladstone suggested to these Irish landlords that the sand was running very rapidly out of the glass. (Hear, hear.) That was six weeks ago, and he did not think there could be much sand left in that glass now—(laughter)—for though he had heard of an eight-day clock, he had never heard of a six-weeks' sand-glass. (Laughter and cheers.) He was next asked by Miss Burton if he was in favour of the extension of the franchise to women householders? Well, he had never been able to see why the qualification or disqualification of sex should shut out any human being from their rightful privileges on account of sex; and when the female nation presented its demands, they could rely on his dealing with them in the same spirit in which he had proceeded to deal with the English, Scottish, and Irish nations.

A resolution adopting Mr. Wallace as candidate was unanimously approved.

My brother, in the course of his candidature, addressed a large number of meetings, his speeches culminating in another in the Music Hall, which I give almost in its entirety, because it supplies what I may term the political confession of faith with which he entered upon a Parliamentary career.

A little more than a fortnight ago I came among you, not a stranger absolutely, but what I may call a political stranger, and I explained to you the object of my mission, and the reason why I had started upon it. Those of you who were present were good enough to encourage me in going forward with the undertaking to which I proposed to address myself. Under that encouragement, I have been going forward with as steady and as quick a pace as I am capable of doing, during the last sixteen days. (Applause.) I have not been letting the grass grow under my feet as far as activity in that

kind of pedestrianism on my part is concerned. (Cheers.) I have been in communication with the electorate, individually and collectively, to the best of my power; and wherever I have gone, I have found increasing encouragement in the work to which I have set my hand. (Cheers.) From the two Liberal organisations in the electorate I have received what I hope I may call the right hand of fellowship, from one of them with absolute unanimity, and from the other with what is practically unanimity, because the minority that dissented did so, as I understand, more upon the ground of procedure than upon the substantial merits of the question whether I was acceptable to them or not. (Cheers.) And I have addressed various local meetings throughout the Division, often in the open air, not always entirely with benefit to my organs of expression, but always with a compensatory benefit to my sympathies and my impulses. (Applause.) And whether under the canopy of heaven or under canopies less sublime, but more comfortable—(a laugh)—I have received no opposition, but have been uniformly told, by formal motion always accepted, that I was a fit and proper person to represent the Eastern Division in Parliament. (Loud cheers, and a voice, "You'll walk in.") Now, it may be modest on my part to refuse to believe you upon that point, but it would be most uncomplimentary, and I shall not inflict upon you the slight of flying in the face of your statement, but do my best to justify it. (Cheers.) And, accordingly, I have asked you to meet me here again on the last occasion on which it will be possible for me to address you as a constituency before the day of election; and I have done so with more of a practical than a didactic object, because, to tell the truth, I have, during the past fortnight, got rid, I am afraid, of what ideas I have been able to gather up on the great subject that is now before the country, and if I were to go into anything of the nature of a regular political dissertation, I should simply be repeating myself, and, I am afraid, wearying not a few of you who may have heard the same ideas once, or it may be twice, during the

meetings on preceding occasions. At the same time, I should not, and will not, if it be necessary, as I proceed, shrink from enforcing once more upon you the importance of some of these previously-stated truths ; because what we are here for is not for anything in the nature of an entertainment—an artistic entertainment ; that is not the object of our being here to-night. It is for a serious, an earnest purpose. It is for a practical purpose, and if the means are suited to the end, it matters not whether they be entertaining in a sensational or dramatic sense or not. I am here for the practical purpose of summing up the situation generally, and coming to a clear understanding with you upon what ground I present myself before you, and what I ask of you to do for me. In doing so, I am afraid I must, to some extent, follow the example of our Chairman, and I must say I could not follow a better example, by making some personal references occasionally to my right hon. opponent. When I say personal references, I don't mean references of an offensive character, but references to him as a person. I think you will allow I can hardly avoid that, because at the invitation of some of you, and now with the sanction of a very large number of you, I am here for the express purpose of attacking my opponent, and attempting to dislodge him. (Cheers.) And I have never yet heard that it was possible to attack any person without touching him in some way or other. But I shall certainly, if I have occasion to refer to him, do it with all due respect. (Hear, hear.) I cordially admit what our Chairman said with respect to the eminence of Mr. Goschen, although in Miltonic phrase I am compelled from my point of view to regard it as a bad eminence. For instance, in reading this morning the last speech which he made, his speech in Glasgow, I could not help being struck with its industry, with its ingenuity, and with a certain impassioned eloquence that distinguished it. In short, I have no hesitation in saying that the speech made by Mr. Goschen in Glasgow yesterday, considered as a speech from his point of view, is, to my mind, the best which he has delivered since he came across the

border; for I cannot pretend to say that I was struck with admiration at the other two treatises which he addressed to the public in this hall. Certainly the speech yesterday was marked by the qualities which I have indicated, although I deplore the industry which occupied itself in endeavouring to expose a just and veteran statesman upon the easy ground of verbal inconsistency, and bewail the ingenuity which employed itself in piling up shadowy objections to a great and wise scheme for human welfare—(hear, and cheers)—and resent the eloquence which delighted in ridiculing noble intentions, in scathing national hopes, and in blasting popular aspirations. (Hear, and cheers.) Still, I think this is a better way of exhibiting respect for my opponent than the sort of village adulation with which I see he is, for obvious party and political and electioneering purposes, accompanied by those organs of the press that are anxious for his success. For instance, when I read, as I sometimes read in these organs, statements that the right hon. gentleman, who has never broken his pledges at any time, got into his cab at Rose Street, and was driven amidst a concourse of applauding followers to his hotel, and that then the distinguished statesman walked up the steps, and with unflinching consistency—(laughter)—raised his hat and said good-night—(laughter)—and then that the great financier firmly ascended the stair and addressed a powerful speech to the waiter upon the practical and important subject of bedroom candles—(laughter)—and then that the right honourable and distinguished and great gentleman, statesman, and financier, with the courage of his convictions that has always marked him, partook in the morning of a hearty breakfast—when I read that kind of thing, I do feel that ridicule is cast upon Mr. Goschen himself—(“No”)—and also upon the people who are represented as following with interest such descriptions. (Cheers.) That is not the style in which I mean to show respect for him, but my feeling of respect shall be just to him and also just to myself. Now, we shall say no

more upon that head. Coming more to the direct work of the evening, I shall remind you that I stand before you as a believer in democracy. (Cheers.) I believe in the trustworthiness of nations—(hear, hear)—both as to their motives and as to their political wisdom. I believe in the maxim which tells us that the great soul of the world is just. I regard nations as simply the world in miniature, and therefore I trust them, and believe in them, in the great inspirations and broad directions of political life. (Cheers.) Now, I ask you whether my opponent is not exactly the reverse of this. (Cries of “No,” “Hear, hear,” and “Yes, yes.”) I say he is proved by his career to be a disbeliever in the people—(hear, and cheers)—that he does not trust the people—(hear)—that he does not believe that they are capable of directing their own national destinies, and that they are not to be trusted with the powers requisite for their direction. (Cheers.) Let me read to you just two sentences from his speech upon the Franchise Bill. (Hear, hear.) Upon the third reading of it he said:—“I have felt it my duty to oppose this bill at every preceding stage. I have opposed it, not on the ground of its being inopportune at this particular moment—not solely on the ground of its being an incomplete measure, but I have opposed it frankly, because I was against what appeared to me to be the vital principle of the bill, namely, the extension of the franchise to two millions of voters—(booing)—but I must frankly acknowledge that I have not seen any political forces inside or outside the House which associated themselves with that opposition.” Now, I call that honest, but I also call it demonstrative evidence that the gentleman who held that language—this frank and unmistakable language—is not a believer in Democracy—(cheers)—and therefore is not, and cannot be, a fair representative of the genuine Liberalism of the present day. (Cheers.) But men no doubt may repent of their errors, political and otherwise. Mr. Goschen, however, has not repented, and does not repent. All he says upon this matter is that he would do the best he could to falsify his own

predictions, which being translated into more plain and everyday language, means he would try to make the best of a bad job, which carries the inference that the job is still considered a bad one. (Laughter.) And then on the very last occasion, we know, when Mr. Goschen had the opportunity of signifying his coincidence with the views of the Liberal party, that he stood almost, if not altogether alone among professed Liberals in assisting the Tory party to prevent the Liberals from throwing them out, and having access to the place of Government. On Mr. Jesse Collings' amendment, by which Mr. Gladstone rose again to power, he stood alone, I may say, among Liberals, in siding with the Tory party. In these circumstances, I say, there is clear proof, to my mind, of want of sympathy with the spirit that animates the Liberal party, and the aims which it seeks to achieve, because, I have said before, and I say it again, that when you find the whole Liberal party on one side saying one and the same thing, and the whole of the Tory party on the other side declaring that that thing is a wrong thing, you may be perfectly sure, from the testimony of these two witnesses, that the thing which the one asserts, and which the other denies, must be a grave and a genuine article of Liberalism. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) And if Mr. Goschen stands in an attitude where he is supported by consolidated Toryism, and by that alone—(hear, hear)—and if he is confronted by consolidated Liberalism, I say that his sympathies in that position are unmistakably Tory, and not Liberal at all. (Loud cheers.) Therefore I say that his present position upon this new question which has arisen is simply the natural outcome of the permanent and characteristic political disposition which he had illustrated in his attitude upon the Franchise Bill, and in his attitude upon the amendment of Mr. Jesse Collings. (Applause.) It is not an accidental aberration, I say. It is the indication and the outcome of a permanent disposition. (Hear, hear.) In connection with that, I may read to you a passage from an article in a well-known London journal,

which indicates the nature and growth of this spirit which I cannot help ascribing to my opponent. That article says:—"While Lord Palmerston was still Prime Minister"—that is a long time ago—"and political progress was very slow, Mr. Gladstone startled orthodox politicians, Whig and Tory alike, by supporting Sir Edward Baines' Reform Bill, and by enunciating the doctrine that the burden of proof lay upon those who refused to amend the franchise. The 'classes' were frantic, but unless usually well-informed persons are unusually at fault, Mr. Goschen, then an advanced Liberal, not to say a Radical, warmly thanked Mr. Gladstone for his speech. If this be true, the reflection that is natural to make upon it is that while both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Goschen have moved a good deal since then, the facts are that Mr. Gladstone has been moving forward, but that Mr. Goschen has been moving backwards." (Loud cheers, and a voice, "Three cheers for the Member for Leith.") Then, further, gentlemen, being, as I have said, a believer in Democracy, I am also naturally a believer in the right of the Irish nation to regulate its own affairs, and to determine its own national destinies, and I am a believer in the Liberal proposal by which it is proposed to have that end carried out. (Hear, hear.) Now, my opponent, on the other hand, treats the idea really with scorn—the right of nations to manage their own affairs. Why, he says it is simply a sounding phrase, simply a barren generalisation. I should have thought that it was the enunciation of one of the clearest principles of the Liberal creed, and that it was not to be treated contemptuously as an empty phrase, simply a sounding generalisation. He says that the Irish people have really nothing to complain of because they have the same privileges that we have, and that they are not tyrannised over by being subjected to our rule. Now, what are we to think of the man professing to be a Liberal who really can see no tyranny, nor anything approaching to tyranny, in forcing yourselves, even with privileges in your hands, upon a people that do not want you? (Hear,

hear.) The very fact of forcing yourself, even with good intentions, upon a nation that does not want you, is commencing by perpetrating a political wrong—(cheers)—and whatever follows out of it partakes of the wrongness of the source from which it comes. On Mr. Goschen's showing all the religious persecution of past times might be justified. The persecutor said—"Here is the truth; the most important truth for you, for this world, or for any world, what harm am I doing you if I force it upon you?" The answer was—"You cannot force it upon me against my will. You have no right to force even truth upon me against my will." (Hear, hear.) If that is not a true argument against persecution, I do not know how persecution is to be refuted, because all the persecutors were full of benevolent intentions, and thought that those upon whom they were trying to force the highest privileges were not only unreasonable, but ungrateful, and that they had nothing to complain of, and, to quote in the language of Mr. Goschen, they were having the same privileges that other people had. (Laughter and cheers.) Now, gentlemen, that may suffice for general remark in the way of recapitulation of the principles upon which I presented myself before you at the first. (Hear, hear.) I want now to say one or two words to my supporters in the Division, in the way of stating what they may be able to do in helping towards a successful result on Monday—(cheers)—that is, in the way of disabusing the minds of sundry of the electorate of views which are being, I understand, dexterously, or shall I say cunningly, put upon them by friends on the other side. I am told that they are going about telling such of the electorate as will listen to them, that the proposal of the Liberal Government on the Irish question is taking away the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, and that this is alarming many of the people very much, as I do not wonder it would do if it were true. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) But I ask you flatly to deny it, and I tell you the reasons upon which I recommend you to deny it. The first is that

Parliament—the Imperial Parliament—cannot give away its own supremacy—(hear, hear)—and that for the reason that no Parliament can bind its successors. If the Parliament that has now been dissolved could, by any supposition of political insanity, have passed an Act depriving itself of its supremacy, the Parliament that was next elected could have taken it back again, and have assumed it, for good and sufficient reasons. Good and sufficient reasons for that would not have been difficult to discover. It could have done it either because it saw that the parties to whom had been given away this supremacy were acting in bad faith, and the bargain no longer held, or it could have done it in the interests of the nation at large, present and future, because this must always override every other consideration. (Hear.) And therefore it is positively nonsensical to talk about the Liberal policy giving away the supremacy of Parliament, for the simple reason that no Parliament can do anything of the kind; it is a political impossibility. But to be more practical, it is not true; because the late Bill, which may be taken as representing, in this particular at least, what is certain to be a feature in any future measure to be carried out of self-government for Ireland, the late Bill reserves a whole host of subjects of Imperial concern for the Imperial Parliament. I do not think it would serve any good purpose, and I will not waste your time by going through them all. But I will remind you just of one or two of the subjects reserved for the Imperial Parliament—those not to be touched by the Irish legislative body—the dignity and succession of the Crown, making peace or war, all foreign and colonial relations, the question of international law, matters relating to trade and navigation, the foreign and postal service, coinage, weights and measures, copyrights and patents, questions of lineage, the creation of titles of honour; and more particularly the Imperial Parliament is to keep in its own hands the army, navy, militia, volunteers, and other military or naval forces. (Cheers.) Think of saying that a Parliament has not supremacy when it has the weapon of control in its

hands! There are other provisions of an important character, that the Irish Parliament could not make any law for establishing or endowing any religious creed, to interfere in any way with religious freedom, or imposing any disability on account of religious belief. To say after that that the Government measure proposed to take away the supremacy of Parliament is really to be guilty of making a most inaccurate statement with regard to a simple fact. (Cheers.) In view of the nature of the restrictions placed upon the Irish Parliament, I say that the demand of the Irish people for self-government is a most moderate and reasonable demand. (Cheers.) Then, further, more than that; the Bill reserved, and I have no doubt any future proposal will reserve, the veto of the Crown upon all Irish legislation. (Cheers.) And of course the veto of the Crown means, in our day, not the personal veto of the Sovereign, but it ultimately means the veto of the Imperial Parliament. (Cheers.) What it really did was simply to suspend a certain portion of its supremacy, or rather to suspend a certain portion of its activity, of its own legislative activity, in regard to Irish affairs, for the purpose of having Irish affairs done in what it considered a better way. (Cheers.) It was just an illustration, an instance of what happens in the commonest transactions in daily life. If you bring a man into your house to paint the walls or the doors, you, for a time, part with a portion of your domestic supremacy, because, of course, if you are going to be very literal, the painter is strictly a trespasser; he has no right to be there, he has no right to meddle with your walls, he has no right to put his hands or his tools upon your doors. But you give him a portion of your right, that is to say, you temporarily lodge in his hands a certain amount of your domestic supremacy in order that you and your house may benefit the more, because he knows naturally more about colouring than you do, and more about wielding the brush, and more about how to lay it on. (Laughter.) And so, in that way, your apparent parting with your supremacy is for the benefit of yourself and

your own property. (Cheers.) Now, that is exactly neither more nor less than what is proposed to be done in Ireland. (Cheers.) The Imperial Parliament came to the conclusion that in reconstructing Irish society a better instrument could not be found than an Irish statutory Parliament, and therefore it proposed to entrust the work to that Parliament, but merely giving the statutory Parliament at Dublin a commission, merely appointing it the Imperial Parliament's agent, and never in the world parting with the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) I will go further and say that if I, for one, believed that the Imperial Parliament was to be asked to part with its supremacy—with its ultimate supremacy—over the statutory Parliament at Dublin, I could not support such a proposal—(cheers)—and if I am challenged by anyone who says that if the Irish people demanded to be made altogether an independent nation, as independent of us, say, as France, if I am asked, "Why would not you, upon your principles, grant them that?" I would say that my principles have an application upon both sides of St. George's Channel, and that I must remember that while the national desires and demands and aspirations of Ireland are to be considered in a matter of our common concern, the demands and aspirations of England and Scotland are also to be considered—(hear, hear)—and that if both of them are pulling at the same thing—one pulling one way, and the other the other way—it is quite clear that both of them cannot, upon grounds of principle, get what they desire, and therefore the result will be that there must be a compromise. This is always what happens when two people are claiming one thing. There is always a give and take—and that is precisely the nature of the Government proposals. (Cheers.) It is a case of compromise, a case of give and take between the Irish nation and the British nation. (Hear, hear.) And, therefore, if you, in what I trust will be your endeavour to bring round as many members in the electorate as possible to the right side—(cheers)—if you find that any poison has been

put into their minds by the emissaries of the other party, I say, just tell the people that it is absolutely false, and can be demonstrated to be false, and that this story about the Government proposal giving away the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament is not grounded upon the facts of the case. (Hear, hear.) Then, I am told that the missionaries from the Tory-Whig camp—(laughter)—are trying to frighten electors about the Land Purchase Bill. They are continually telling them that if they return Mr. Gladstone to power, they will, as a matter of necessity, be saddled with taxation that can only be represented by £150,000,000. Now, that very naturally frightens people. It would be a frightful thing to contemplate if it were true. But what I would ask you to say on this point is that, in the first place, the Land Purchase Bill is not, and never was, essential to the Home Rule Bill—(applause)—because the two ideas have no necessary connection with one another. It is perfectly possible to set up self-government in Ireland without any Land Purchase Bill at all. (Hear, hear, and applause.) It is possible to leave the aims of the Land Purchase Bill, whatever they were, to be dealt with by the Irish Parliament itself. (Cheers.) And therefore the one is not an essential part of the other. It may be made an accidental part, by legislative arrangement, but it is not essential nor indispensable. (A voice, "Would you vote for it?") Give me time and you will get an answer. (Cheers.) When Mr. Gladstone said, at one time, that it was an inseparable part of his proposed Irish legislation, he was not to be understood as meaning that it was necessarily an inseparable part. He meant that it was temporarily inseparable, as he said, that it was inseparable in his mind at the moment. (Cheers.) And that is a perfectly genuine and natural distinction. If you have two pieces of wood glued together, they are inseparable as long as you let them remain in the way that you have put them. If you lift up the one, you will lift up the other, through the agency of the glue; but it is not a necessary inseparability. It is an accidental and fictitious inseparability. It is not a logical

inseparability; it requires only the application of a little heat to do away the inseparability. (Laughter and cheers.) In the political case which I am trying in this homely way to illustrate, the Irish landlords supplied the heat. (Laughter.) They got incandescent upon the subject of Home Rule. (Renewed laughter.) They told Mr. Gladstone that they neither wanted him nor his Land Purchase Bill, and they poured vituperation and abuse upon his head into the bargain. (Cheers.) At the present moment, whatever idea of an obligation of honour there might have been in the mind of the Liberal party with regard to the Irish landlords, they have been released from that obligation by the action of the Irish landlords themselves. (Loud cheers.) I ask you to remember, therefore, the notion about there being a distinction between an artificial, and what I call a logical inseparability. If I say that two multiplied by six gives twelve, then it is an inseparable consequence of that, that twelve divided by six will give two. (Laughter.) That is a logical inseparability, because you cannot separate the one from the other, because of the connection of the premises with the inference, and that is always inseparable. But that is a totally different thing from the inseparability which was alleged by Mr. Gladstone to exist, at one time, between the Home Rule Bill and the Land Purchase Bill. (Cheers.) But I must detain you a little more upon this matter as to this important subject, because I know of the mischievous use that is being made of it. Bad as the Land Purchase Bill was, and as I considered it to have been, on the ground of its too great generosity and tenderness towards the Irish landlords, it was never so bad as it was called by the enemies of the Government, because it would not, as was alleged, have taken £150,000,000 out of the pockets of the taxpayers of this country. As Mr. Gladstone says this morning, in his last utterance to the public, it would not have taken a farthing out of the pockets of the taxpayers. (Loud cheers.) For, in the first place, it was not a Bill for £150,000,000; it was a Bill

that made mention only of £50,000,000. And then that £50,000,000 was not to be raised in hard cash and paid over to the landlords. They were to receive it in the form of Consols, that is, a right to a certain annuity which they could sell for a lump sum whenever it pleased them. And then the interest that the Government was thus to pay, and a certain amount of the principal in the form of a sinking fund, was to be paid by the people who got the land—(hear, hear)—by the Irish tenantry, and, in the course of forty-nine years, every farthing that the nation had been made responsible for would have been paid. (A voice, "That is a lie," cries of "Put him out," and confusion.) I proceed with my statement, without noticing that very uncivil observation. (Cheers.) I say that the money, interest and principal, will, in the course of forty-nine years, have been all accounted for by the people who were receiving the benefit of the loan—by the Irish peasantry who purchased the land. (Hear, hear, and a voice, "Are they going to pay interest when they cannot pay rent?") You shall get an answer to that immediately. What Mr. Gladstone showed, and I think that no one, not even his enemies, will doubt his capacity as a financier—(loud cheers)—is, that landlords would have received, by selling their Consols, £50,000,000, the British Treasury would receive £2,000,000 a year for forty-nine years, the tenants would save about £500,000 a year for forty-nine years, and then they would have the property as their own, that is to say, the interest that they would have to repay on the loan would be so much less than the actual rents that they had been paying before. And then the Irish State authority that was to be created for the purpose of taking up the interest would gain some £400,000 a year for forty-nine years. These were Mr. Gladstone's calculations, and I have not the slightest doubt that as calculations they are perfectly correct. (Cheers.) Now, my opponent, remember, is himself a great advocate of Land Purchase. (Hear, hear.) He acknowledges the necessity for making a much further advance in the

direction of Land Purchase. He approves of all the schemes of Land Purchase to help the peasantry that have been made in past years, and he wants a great deal more done. Therefore, when his supporters want to make out an objection to the side that we espouse in this matter, they must be told that the gentleman whom they support is a great Land Purchaser himself. (Cheers.) In reality, the only objection which Mr. Goschen has to the Land Purchase scheme of the Government is that he is not satisfied with the security. He is of opinion that the Irish peasantry, on the supposition of there being a statutory Parliament at Dublin, would not pay interest to what he calls the representatives of an alien Government. He argues that because they are either unwilling or unable to pay their rents to the landlords, they would still less pay the demand of the representatives of an alien Government. But he forgot when he made that remark that the Land Purchase Bill of Mr. Gladstone did not propose to bring an alien Government into direct contract with the people. It created a department of the Irish Government itself to receive the interest. And therefore that objection falls to the ground. (Hear, hear.) And further, we must remember, in dealing with this question with our opponents, that the security proposed was absolutely good, and I will show that. And that is my answer to the gentleman who so prematurely interrupted me. (Cheers.) I will give an answer in facts (Renewed cheers.) It is simply a fact, that where the Irish peasantry have been tried in the matter of repaying interest upon loans that were advanced to them they have as a body faithfully and loyally kept their contract. (Cheers.) I assert—and I challenge anyone to deny it, it is a clear question of historical statistics—I assert that the purchasers under the Irish Church Act, and under the purchasers' clauses of former Land Acts, and the borrowers under the Seeds Acts have, with very few exceptions, punctually paid their instalments. (Cheers.) One case is sufficient to illustrate what I mean. The total sums advanced from time to time since the famine

in 1847 for improvements on land, for seed loans, and the like of that, including the Church funds, amounted to nearly seven millions. Well, of this about one-half has become due, and of that amount only £53,000, that is to say, something under 2 per cent., is in arrear. (Cheers.) An ounce of fact, you know is worth a ton of argument and speculation—(cheers)—and the simple historical fact is that the Irish peasantry have proved loyal to the bargain which they have made with the British Government in connection with those land laws. And if you ask me—and it is sometimes asked what is meant by the No-rent Manifesto—if they won't keep faith with the landlords, how are they to keep faith with the British Government? Because the circumstances are entirely different. They regard themselves, and rightly, as being despoiled by the landlords—(cheers)—not simply in the matter of rack-renting, but because they recollect the history of how English legislation altered the old system of Irish land tenure, and introduced the entirely new system of English tenure upon people not accustomed to it, and who have never been reconciled to it. The system was one by which English landlords were enabled to confiscate the improvements of the Irish peasantry and seize upon their holdings; and the circumstance acknowledged by Mr. Goschen himself in his speech at Glasgow yesterday, that Ireland is in a state of agrarian war, is a correct description of the state of matters. It is actually a case of war in Ireland between the peasantry and the landlords. And that is the explanation of the unwillingness with respect to rent paying. They are in a state of war with the landlords, but not with the British Government, which lends them money on friendly terms, and their conduct in the attitude as contractors with the British Government in repaying faithfully the loans that have been advanced to them shows that they are law-abiding people, who respect contracts, and that as their security has been good in the past, it is perfectly certain to be good in the future. (Loud and renewed cheers.) And therefore I say that Mr. Gladstone was perfectly correct

when, this morning, he asserted in the face of the country, in a way that cannot be truthfully denied, that not one farthing of the millions of pounds would ever have been called from British taxpayers simply because the security for the liability that was formally undertaken was absolutely good and sound. And then I make this further remark, that as far as the Land Purchase proposal was a proposal for the benefit of the Irish landlords, I have no hesitation in saying that that was the most unacceptable aspect of the measure, and one which I could not bring myself to support, come of it what may. As far as their opportunity is concerned, they have themselves parted with it. They have thrown it away, and I don't see why we should press upon them the offer of it again. (Cheers.) But that is a totally different thing from some kind of Land Bill that might be constructed for the purpose of helping to put the poor and ruined Irish peasantry upon their feet again—to give them a loan, merely to undertake a formal liability upon their behalf upon the undoubtedly good security of their making repayment—that is a totally different proposal from the late Land Bill of the Government, and it does not at all follow that a person who would reject the one would find it his duty to throw cold water upon the other. (Cheers.) And, therefore, to the gentleman who from the left asked me whether I was to support a Land Purchase Bill, I say that depends upon what you understand to be the essential principle of it. If your Bill is for the benefit of the landlords in the old way, I never will support it—(cheers)—but if there is to be a Bill to help the poor Irish peasantry, then I will not say that I will oppose such a measure. (Cheers.) I shall take it into my consideration, and hold an open mind upon it; and if I come to the determination to support it, then I am perfectly sure I shall go into the same lobby with Mr. Goschen if he is returned for another constituency, because he is a great advocate of land purchase schemes for the benefit of tenants. (Laughter.) Now, gentlemen, the answer I ask you to make the people in this respect, on whom an attempt is being made

to lead them away in this matter, is to tell them that they are not binding themselves to any risk whatever in supporting the Liberal Government upon a measure of Home Rule. (Cheers.) Then another thing I understand that they are trying to frighten the voters with, especially the working-class portion of the voters, is to the effect that this proposed legislation for Ireland would not attract back the Irish from this country to their native land, and in that way will have no beneficial effect upon the wages of the British workman. It has been said, and I believe with truth, that if you grant self-government to Ireland, you will so improve the agriculture and manufactures of the country that the Irish labourers will be attracted back to their own country from the places to which they have fled in desperation from the poverty of home, and in that way the Irish labourer, being withdrawn from Britain, will lessen the number of competitors here for what may be called the wages fund, and have a tendency to raise wages. (Cheers.) I believe that to be a perfectly good argument, because I am satisfied that the Irish Government in Ireland will be able to put social and political affairs there in such a state that the material prosperity, both agricultural and industrial, will be immensely increased, and that the effect will not only be to draw away Irishmen from Britain to their own homes, but will also be to increase the demand for British manufactures, and so give a stimulus in our country in the manufacturing industry, because at first they will not be able to supply themselves with manufactures, and in any case there will be always some things they will require to get from us. In that double way it will have a beneficial effect upon the prospects of British labour. But what says Mr. Goschen? He says you are totally mistaken there, because what will happen will be this, that the Irish landlords, instead of staying in Ireland with their Consols, will come over here with them, and will diminish the wages fund in Ireland, and add to that in England, with the consequence that there will be no homeward attraction to the Irish labourer, because there will be no increased wages fund for him

to get a dividend from. Let us see if the argument will stand examination. Let me take an instance. I tried to explain it last night in the Oddfellows' Hall, but I was not perfectly satisfied that the audience thoroughly understood it, or with my own way of putting it, and I consider it very important in the light of the attempts made by our opponents to make use of the argument about the wages fund leaving the country. Let me suppose there is £100 in England of a wages fund, and there are twelve labourers among whom it is to be divided—ten of them British and two Irish. Well, that gives you, say, £8 6s. 8d. to each of them. Now, Mr. Goschen says that the effect of the coming legislation will be that the Irish landlord will come across here and say a portion of his money is to be added to it, say it is £20. Of course, it is withdrawn from Ireland, it is added to England, and that makes £120 of wages fund to be divisible here. Now, it is quite true that the Irish labourer is under no temptation to go home in the circumstances supposed by him; but there are still no more than the twelve labourers, and they have £120 instead of the £100 they had before, and that gives them £10 a-piece, so that, in reality, on Mr. Goschen's own argument, they are to be benefited to the tune of £1 13s. 4d. each on the small sum supposed. (Cheers.) And therefore the terrorism which they are endeavouring to get up on this question in respect of the prospects of the British labourer is not only not founded on fact, but is not even supported by the arguments which they themselves employ. (Cheers.) Now, in some of his dismal prophecies about the prospects of the Irish capital and industry, Mr. Goschen says the capital will be certain to flow out of Ireland. Well, it has been poured out of Ireland in generations past by the dishonesty of the landed system. (Hear, hear.) It has confiscated nearly all the produce of the soil, and sent it out of the country to be spent by persons who took no interest in those through whom they obtain these profits. (Cheers.) The instances that Mr. Goschen gives of future depletion of capital in Ireland are rather meagre in my

opinion. He says somebody has written a letter and told him there are a linen and a damask factory that are in a state of great uncertainty whether they will carry on in view of the approaching or possible legislation for Ireland. Now, really it seems to me this is trifling with the subject. (Hear, and cheers.) Two swallows don't make a summer, and the shutting up even of two factories won't cause national ruin. And then, after all, who is it that is to blame for the tendency of these two manufacturers? Why, it is Mr. Goschen and his friends. (Cheers.) If they would drop this system of false alarm, there would be no tendency of this kind on the part of Irish manufacturers. A man making money actually at the present hour will not throw up his business, if he is wise, merely upon the chance of some shadowy thing to come. He will wait until it actually presents itself. But, of course, if he has prophets of evil continually dinning false alarms into his ears, and his head, possibly, may not in every instance be so strong as it is desirable it should be, he will yield to the disastrous impression—(laughter)—and therefore, I put it to you, do this with people who raise this difficulty about the labour question, tell them plainly and distinctly that whichever way the matter goes the British labourer cannot but gain. If, as I predict, the gift of self-government raises the material prosperity of Ireland, then the Irish will go home, and there will be a greater demand for our manufactures; and if, as Mr. Goschen predicts, the Irish landlord comes across here and adds his Consols to the British labour fund, there will be a larger sum to divide, and the dividend will be greater. Then there is another matter to which I shall have to call your attention, although I perceive that the progress of time is such that I must not detain you much longer—(cries of "Go on")—and that is the effort made by our opponents to deprive us of the great value that undoubtedly lies in the argument to be derived from the success of self-government wherever it has been tried throughout the civilised world. After all, the argument from experience is the sheet-anchor of

our argumentative position, because, if you can show that the matter is one of actual experience and has succeeded, you are safe in attempting it in the future. It is no longer in the region of experiment. It is a demonstrative certainty. Accordingly, our opponents exhibit great diligence in trying to stop this argument. Lord Salisbury has done his best in that matter. He said that self-government, however successful it may have been elsewhere, had completely broken down in the case of Turkey. (Laughter.) That is no doubt true, and I rejoice that it is true, and I hope it will go on to be more and more true in the case of Turkey—(cheers)—because Turkey is a system of unrighteous and tyrannical Imperialism—(cheers)—and the sooner that its dependencies receive not only a modified self-government, but an absolute independence, the better for the progress of humanity. (Cheers.) That is no argument whatever against the employment of a modified scheme of self-government in connection with a righteous and just Imperialism such as ours is—(cheers)—and I hope, long will continue to be. (Cheers.) But then my opponent puts it in a different way. Up to this time, no one had challenged our argument with any appearance of plausibility ; no one had challenged the argument derived from the success of self-government in foreign countries and in the colonies. But Mr. Goschen draws a distinction. He tells us that the circumstances of our colonies and the circumstances of foreign governments in which self-government has been tried and found to succeed are entirely different from the case of Ireland ; and, therefore, what must be good in the one case, would not necessarily be good in the other. But the circumstances he adduces are really altogether immaterial to the case. They are not circumstances which differentiate the conditions in which the expedient is to be tried in such a way as to alter the applicability of the expedient. It is much the same thing as if a friend came to me and said, "Well, I hear you are often a little out of sorts, and I will tell you the best thing you can do. When I felt

like you, I took occasionally a box of Beecham's Pills—(laughter) “‘thirteenpence-halfpenny a box, and with Beecham on the label, none else are genuine.’” (Renewed laughter.) Ah, but I say, “That is a very different matter with me, because you are so different from me. You see I notice that you have got blue eyes and black hair and red whiskers—(laughter)—whereas I have got black eyes and brown hair, such as there is of it, and no whiskers at all—(loud laughter)—and, therefore, though Beecham's did you a great deal of good, they cannot possibly do me any good—(laughter)—because the circumstances are so totally different.” (Laughter.) I say that is not an absurd illustration, that is not a ridiculous caricature of the argument that is employed by Mr. Goschen, because the circumstances of difference which he adduces are not essential circumstances in the consideration of the case. (Cheers.) And I will tell you what one or two of them are, to show I am not making a mere general statement. He takes the case of Austro-Hungary. Well, there is no denying that self-government in Hungary succeeded remarkably in improving the condition of Hungary and the Austro-Hungarian empire generally. We all know what state Hungary was in before its power of self-government was given to it, and we all know the condition of it since. The prosperity and orderliness and the unity of the Austro-Hungarian empire no one has ever questioned. But, says Mr. Goschen, there is a looser connection between Austria and Hungary than is proposed between Ireland and Britain in this case, because the connection there is the personal will, the opinion of the sovereign determining what things are to be local and what things are to be imperial. I do not know whether that is a correct account of the binding link in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but it does not matter, because, if it be the fact that a looser connection between the two confederated countries will promote the success of self-government in one of them, I rather think that some of the Irish people, and the Irish representatives, will be very glad to oblige Mr. Goschen in that particular.

(Laughter.) The fact remains that, notwithstanding the nature of the connection, self-government has succeeded in Austro-Hungary, and has united the two countries in a more real and living bond than they were in before. (Cheers.) And even though this were the correct account of the connection, it is simply substituting for the Imperial Parliament in this country the will of the sovereign in Austro-Hungary, for the personal sway of the sovereign is the essence of the constitution there, whilst here we are living under a constitutional Government. But the cases are still identical, because in both institutions it is the sovereign power that binds the two together; and if the sovereign power here be called the Imperial Parliament, and the sovereign power there be called the will of a personal despot—it matters not—the two are bound together by a sovereign power, and they are essentially identical in point of circumstances for the illustration of this case, so that, where self-government has succeeded in the one case, it is bound to succeed when applied to the other. (Cheers.) Then Mr. Goschen takes another illustration from the colonies, and he says that in many of the colonies where self-government was tried, the state of things was not so bad as they are in Ireland. He admits the state of things to be very bad in Ireland; but he says that in the colonies the state of things was not so bad. And, therefore, he argues, it is not correct to say that though self-government succeeded in the colonies it would succeed in Ireland. Now that seems to me a most extraordinary argument. It is just an argument of this nature. A man has got three shots in his leg, and the doctor says the proper expedient for it is amputation. But Mr. Goschen would say if he had got six shots in his leg, amputation would never have done at all. (Laughter.) But my idea would have been that in the worst case—in the case where the leg was double-shotted—amputation would have been still more necessary than in the case where it was only half-shotted. The proper conclusion from that way of putting the matter is that if self-government does so much good where the people have only half cause

to ask for it, it will do twice as much good where the people have double cause. (Cheers and laughter.) Then he continues to make great use of what I will call the argument from want of homogeneousness. (Laughter.) I am using his own expression; and I am told that this word homogeneousness is doing a very great deal of harm to our cause down in the South Back of Canongate and some places in the neighbourhood, because when the head of the house is away at his industry, the emissaries of the other side ply the remaining partner with the danger of attempting self-government where the country to be self-governed is not homogeneous. (Laughter.) And the word homogeneous works as magical an effect, I am told, as the still more wonderful word Mesopotamia is said to have done, in a different connection. (Laughter.) What Mr. Goschen means by the argument from want of homogeneousness is simply this, that in other countries where self-government has been tried, you had simply one race and one creed, but that in Ireland you have really two races, and you have two creeds, and therefore you are not entitled to argue the success of Home Rule in a country which is not homogeneous. (Laughter.) And there is an aspect of plausibility, no doubt, in the argument. But then, like other things, it is to be decided by the standard of fact; and the facts which Mr. Goschen gives in illustration are extremely unfortunate for him. He cites the case of the United States, and he says that there, before the war, there were two parties so different in their character, so different in their local institutions, so different in their aims that they could not be got to work together until the Civil War took place and he would predict that there would be the same thing in Ireland if the experiment of Home Rule were tried. But then Mr. Goschen entirely forgets what it was that lay at the root of the war. What led to it? Why, it was the institution of slavery—(loud cheers)—and, thank Heaven, there is no slavery in Ireland. Therefore I say that the historical parallel does not apply, because on his own showing, where the circumstances differ,

there is no propriety in making a comparison ; and there I say the circumstance that differentiates the case is not an immaterial one, but belongs to the very essence of the question. (Cheers.) But since Mr. Goschen went to America for an illustration, it is a pity that he did not bring home an accurate one. And I will tell you what the right one is. I will give you an instance. In America as you are no doubt aware, there is not the homogeneousness which Mr. Goschen wants. In many of the Southern States there is a majority of negroes, who, of course, have been slaves. But when they were emancipated by the glorious transaction that will be for ever the honour of the American nation—(cheers)—when they were emancipated, the Liberal politicians in the country would not rest until they were recognised fully as citizens in spite of their black colour. But the alarm on the part of many of the white population was unbounded. They would be swamped in many of the States by the negro vote. They said the negro was the antagonist of the white. They said that he would become a very tyrant and oppressor, and I know not what. But, nevertheless, the politicians of America pressed on believing in the principle, and nothing afraid of carrying it out. And, accordingly, in these States the negro was emancipated ; and although they were numerically in the majority, no evil has resulted. The white man, through the gifts which nature has given him, which in many respects are superior to those of the black man, has been able to take the lead, and he is now the accepted and trusted leader of the whole community, both white and black, to the great advantage of both. And therefore I maintain that the argument from the success of Home Rule in other parts of the world stands impregnable. We are entitled to say that if Home Rule had succeeded elsewhere, it is certain to succeed in Ireland. (Loud cheers.) Now, I am not to go over all the points on which I am well aware that attempts are being made to misdirect, to influence wrongly, minds of voters, and to misdirect their

influence in the election. I might have said something upon the prophecies with respect to the separation that is said will likely take place between Ireland and this country if Home Rule is granted ; and I think I could have supplied you with reasons which would show that there was no dread of that contingency happening at all, that there was no reason why the Irish nation should desire to separate from us. (Hear, hear.) It was said that their paying of the tribute money to England was to become such a burden to them, they would set up a separate nationality for themselves if they could. That is an argument that is not really comprehensible, because it means that the tribute would be felt to be such a burden that in order to get quit of it they would desire to undertake the formation of an army and navy of their own which would most certainly cost four or five times the tribute that they are willing to pay to us for the use of ours. (Cheers.) And I might have shown further, from the constitution of the Home Rule League, that there never existed in articulate documentary form any proposition for absolute national independence—(hear, hear)—that nothing more was ever contemplated than simply a form of self-government such as has been shadowed forth by the Bill of Mr. Gladstone. But upon that I shall not dwell at this late hour of the evening, nor shall I say much more, or indeed any more, upon the minority argument. I have spoken of that before, and reasoned it out in different parts of the constituency, and I must simply trust to what I said there and then as a means of furnishing you with reasons for meeting that objection if you encounter it in your attempts to do some good to the general cause in the matter. Then I might have gone on to press upon you a consideration of what remedy there is if you will not give Home Rule ; because something must be done, and what is it to be if you will not have Home Rule ? That is a question upon which our opponents ought to be pressed persistently. They cannot let things alone. If they will not take our way of mending matters what are they going to do ? (Hear, hear.) And they must

know that the only thing that they could do is to pursue the old policy of coercion. That has been tried for so long—tried in so many different aspects—and always has failed, because my opponent himself admits that there is a deep and abiding and, as he said, a well-grounded hostility in the Irish mind towards English rule. (Hear, hear.) They are not to be contented by offers of a Home Rule which is nothing more than power over a few administrative acts, and doing little pieces of municipal or county business. That is not the want that is in the Irish mind. What they want is the power of constructing enactments that are to be of the nature of laws, that are to go to the very heart and core of social and political problems, by the mismanagement of which on the part of England in former times they have suffered so deeply. No amount of increased municipal powers will ever meet the aspiration in their hearts. And then I might have proceeded further, and considered that, if you do not settle this Irish problem in the way that the Liberal Government wish it to be settled, you will get no business of your own done until that obstacle is removed. (Cheers.) I recommend anyone who has doubts about this to read the testimony of Lord Hampden on this matter. He was for many years the Speaker of the House of Commons. No man could possibly be in a position to form a more correct judgment as to what will result if the Irish demand is cast back contemptuously in their face than Lord Hampden, and he assures us in the most categorical manner that it will be impossible to carry on the business of the House of Commons if the representatives of Ireland are there with their grievances unredressed, and no hope of their being favourably dealt with. (Loud cheers.) They have proved in the past when they were less powerful than they are now, that they could block British business, and they will be able in the future, now when they have redoubled power, and more particularly when they are reinforced by the consciousness of a just cause, they will be a double power to prevent us from having our own necessary legislation so urgently required for the benefit of the masses of Scotland

and England. (Cheers.) And remember, in connection with this, that in refusing the demand of Ireland in this matter you will be writing your own sentence of condemnation. You will be saying that, if Democracy everywhere is untrustworthy, Scotch and English democracies are. And, of all nations in the world, I should think it surpassingly strange if the Scotch people refuse to recognise in another people the right to govern themselves. (Cheers.) For what did our ancestors lay down their lives on the bloody fields of Falkirk and Bannockburn, for what did the men of the Covenant shoulder the firelock and take to the hillside, and through thirty years of weary and often sanguinary struggle—as Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge so fully testify—(cheers)—keep fighting on and enduring until deliverance came, if it were not to affirm the principle that a people, if they will it, have the right to be emancipated from alien or unjust authority? (Cheers.) Shall the Scotch nation refuse to another nation the right—(“No”)—which it has so often and so gallantly vindicated for itself? I say no—a hundred times no. (Loud cheers.) Let us take our stand upon the sure ground of a true principle, and if ever there were a true principle in the world it is the principle which we have got hold of here and now. (Cheers.) A true principle is always the magnet that affords secure guidance across the trackless ocean and against the storms and billows of life, whatever the sphere of life may be, private or political. There may be dangers and difficulties ahead in this matter on which we are now embarked, and I am not here to say that in the Ireland of the immediate future it will be all plain sailing and smooth water, but a right idea and a purpose of duty will carry us safely through. (Cheers.) Every step we take forward in any department of life is necessarily more or less a step into the unknown, and if we were to be frightened by every possibility and fear that is conjured up, and would do nothing until we had to our own satisfaction disposed of them, the activity of the world would be brought to a deadlock. (Cheers.) No great achievement has ever yet been made in any sphere of human activity except by those who, conscious

of a true inspiration, went forth, although not fully knowing whither they went. (Cheers.) Had the famous mariner who revealed the western to the eastern world listened to the voice of the mutineers—and perhaps some of those mutineers were called Hartington, or perhaps some of them were called Chamberlain—(cheers)—or perhaps some of them were called Goschen—(renewed cheers)—had he listened to those who were for setting him aside as mad, how infinitely poorer might the world have been to-day. (Cheers.) But conscious of the great truth which he had made his own, he pressed resolutely on in spite of the prophets of danger and destruction until the cry of “Land!” one morning when the sun arose smote into silence his detractors and opponents, and vindicated that heroic soul to everlasting time. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) And similarly I say, let us who believe that we are in this matter associated with a leader who is full of a not less true and great idea in the political sphere, and who is cast in a no less heroic mould, and inspired with a not less heroic spirit—I say let us press resolutely on in the line of duty, regardless of the mutterings or the shoutings of the timid and the blind, for a day will certainly come when an Ireland regenerated by the fidelity of its own heart, and the wisdom of its own head, and the strength of its own right hand, will demonstrate the truth of the simple yet great idea for which we are here contending, and the world will wonder that there ever were found men who could doubt that the lode star of justice would ever lead to any other goal than that of happiness. (Loud cheers, the audience upstanding and waving hats and handkerchiefs.)

The voting for Edinburgh took place on Monday, July 5, 1886, with the following result in the Eastern Division :—

Wallace,	-	-	-	-	3688
Goschen,	-	-	-	-	2249
					<hr/>
Majority,	-	-			1439

My brother's intimate friend, Mr. William M'Ewan, was returned by a large majority for the Central Division of Edinburgh, and Mr. Childers easily retained his seat in the Southern Division. Mr. T. R. Buchanan, Liberal-Unionist member for the Western Division, and now one of the representatives of Perthshire, retained his seat. He subsequently became a Home Ruler. Mr. Gladstone's comment on the news of the changes in the representation of Edinburgh was that the city had thrown off its chains. My brother continued member for East Edinburgh till the end of his life, being re-elected, though not without opposition, at the General Elections of 1892 and 1895.

III

SPEECHES IN PARLIAMENT

DURING the thirteen years of his membership for East Edinburgh my brother devoted himself to the work of the House of Commons. He imagined at all events that he accomplished this work most effectually by studying the various questions that came before the House in the course of each session, and applying to their solution the Democratic principles of government which he had reasoned out into impregnable convictions. He was somewhat slow in gaining the ear of the House: in conversation with myself he more than once attributed this to what he termed "the circumbendibus style of oratory that suited the General Assembly" but puzzled the mind of the ordinary English member who is the "predominant partner" in Parliament. But after he gained a hearing he was invariably listened to with respect and, especially in the latest years of his membership, with delight. He gave the House of his best in thought, in humour, in moral earnestness. I regard his speeches as, like his leading articles and everything he wrote, a part of himself. It was no doubt a personal disadvantage—and one so obvious that it does not require to be laboured—that he entered the House of Commons

late in life. But from another point of view it was an advantage, if not to himself, at all events to such as heard his speeches. He was unable, and perhaps unwilling, to produce speeches calculated merely to win a passing triumph in the shape of a snatch vote; but he was all the more able to make real contributions to the literature of political oratory.

My brother's speeches on Irish questions, but more particularly on the final developments of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1892 are those which attracted most attention at the time of their delivery. I have therefore given them the first place, and in the order in which they were delivered. But he took a deep interest in Scotch questions and especially in educational questions. Towards the close of his life he seemed to me more concerned about the future of the British democracy, and especially such problems as are vaguely indicated by such phrases as "Imperialism," "The Hereditary Principle," and "Second Chambers," than even about Ireland. I have therefore arranged his speeches under the different heads of "Irish Questions," "Scotch Questions," and "General Politics." I may add that I have generally followed Hansard's reports.

IRISH QUESTIONS

THE LANDLESS MILLIONS

Tenants' Relief (Ireland) Bill

September 21, 1886

Mr. R. WALLACE gave a hearty support to the second reading of the Bill. He did so, first of all, because he was unable to see how it was possible to carry out the principle of the legis-

lation of 1881 without this Bill, or something in the nature of it. He considered this Bill a most moderate and Conservative proposal in respect of land policy generally. Hon. members must remember that the question of Irish land was not exclusively an Irish question. If they had allowed it to be dealt with in a Parliament of Irish people they might have insulated the question ; but, since the party opposite had insisted on having principles connected with it threshed out in the Imperial Parliament, they must bear in mind that they were only forcing them more and more on the attention of the Imperial population. He would tell hon. gentlemen opposite that certain very remarkable meditations were fermenting in the minds of the people of this country with respect to the policy which was to be pursued with respect to land. The landless millions were beginning to look around them, and to see with surprise that England was taken possession of by a comparatively few thousands of individuals, whom, with a small percentage of honourable exceptions, they regarded as an idle, selfish, and overbearing class, spending in luxury and in frivolous self-indulgence the wealth that had been procured through the tears, the sweat, and even the life-blood of a pinched and frequently half-starved population. These people were beginning to ask how it was that this landholding oligarchy, whose chiefs had also clothed themselves with hereditary power and honour, had come to be possessed of all England, and had shut the real people of England out ; and many of them were beginning to form a belief that the so-called title must originally rest simply on a transaction of violent seizure, and that those who had subsequently purchased, having purchased in the full knowledge of what these people believed to be an original act of spoliation, could be in no better position as regarded title than those from whom they derived it, and who had acquired it by the original act of spoliation to which he had referred. . . . He should not be surprised that more or less revolutionary ideas were shaping themselves in the minds of many of the people. He, for one, although he

had some doubts on the general question of the ownership of land, deprecated all violent and sudden revolutions, because he knew that, though useful and beneficial to succeeding generations, they were always afflictive of much misery and suffering to the present one. . . . But he must confess that if the landowners of this day refused to be moderate and conciliatory in the coming struggles about the land, which were as certain to come as they were sitting there, he could foresee that something like violence and danger would arise in the settlement of the question. It was just because this Bill, or the principle of it, at all events, seemed to him to give landholders an opportunity of encouraging a land policy as regarded Ireland that should advance the question, not by violent jerks and by sudden and cruel ruptures, but by a smooth, gradual, and gliding movement, that he should support its second reading.

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN

Debate on Queen's Speech

February 1, 1887

Mr. WALLACE—With the best attention I have been able to devote to the matter, I have not been able to arrive at the conclusion that it is my duty to condemn what I understand to be the Plan of Campaign. A great deal of the condemnation that has been vented on the Plan of Campaign has arisen from the unfortunate name that has been given to it by its authors. I daresay it is attributable to the character of the Celtic intellect that it is more apt to express itself in picturesque than in homely terms. If, instead of giving it a sort of military name, they had chosen a name of a civil description, and had called it "The Tenants' Union," it is very likely that a large number of persons in all parts of the country would not have been scandalized or alarmed by the movement. As to the legality of the Plan of Campaign, of which we have heard a good deal, I cannot say that the

question is one which has had much influence upon my mind. I do not know that it has been pronounced to be illegal by any authority in an authoritative manner. . . . This, however, I will undertake to say, that if the Plan of Campaign is not legal it ought to be ; and that, if it should so happen that some of those gentlemen who are members of this House should be found guilty of a criminal conspiracy in respect of this matter, everything should be done to obtain a mitigation or cancelling of the sentence, and that the law on which they were condemned should be repealed with all possible speed. . . . But, apart altogether from all legal argument, this is a question which must be regarded from a moral and equitable point of view also ; and I say that, from this point of view, the Plan of Campaign has everything in its favour. It holds the field, and nothing can stand against it. We have been told that it is dishonest and immoral. I do not deny that there is immorality and dishonesty in the connection ; but I want to know on which side the immorality and dishonesty are? . . . As I understand the Plan of Campaign, I cannot say a word in its favour except upon the view I have already taken, namely, that it is confined to cases where the rent cannot be justly got out of the land consistently with the rights of the tenants. In that case, if the tenants are to be called upon to pay the rent in all instances—if the Irish problem is viewed in its history and in connection with the legislation and the rights which the tenants enjoy by statute and custom to demand rent as a legal right where it cannot be got out of the land I have no hesitation in describing as dishonesty ; and the landlord who, in such circumstances, asks for the rent is a dishonest man. . . . We have been told in the course of this debate—and we have been told very little else in connection with Ireland—that order must be established in Ireland. . . . But where disorder has been brought about by injustice . . . merely to insist on the restoration of order, and to do nothing more, may be policemenmanship, but it is not statemenmanship. I maintain that that is exactly the

position of the Government who are now sitting on the front bench. . . . I venture to say to Her Majesty's Government that they are not the men to establish order in Ireland. It is a very different set of men from you who ought to be establishing order in Ireland; and I say so because I hold that you are now there wrongfully, in view of certain expressions of the national mind of Ireland, once and again repeated, which are historical, and which will be more and more signalized by history as the world grows older.

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN

Criminal Law Amendment (Ireland) Bill

April 26, 1887

Amendment by Mr. R. T. Reid, Dumfries :—"That this House declines to proceed further with a measure for strengthening the criminal law against combinations of tenants until it has before it the full measure for their relief against excessive rents in the shape in which it may pass the other House of Parliament."

Mr. WALLACE considered the amendment a reasonable one. It was perfectly conceivable that, if some adequate measure of relief with respect to Irish rents were placed before them, and they were certain that it would pass into law, the House might become convinced that there would be no necessity for further proceeding with this strengthening of the criminal law. He admitted, for himself, that he was not very hopeful of any such measure being placed before them by the Government, because, from the character of the remedial measure which they had proposed "elsewhere," he despaired of their being able to put it into such a shape that it could be hopefully regarded by the House. He could not see how the proposal of bankruptcy, as the highway to success, had the promise of success. It struck him as very much as if they were told that to knock a man down was the best way to set him on his

legs. He had never himself observed an operation of that kind successful. Still, they were bound to look upon it as possible that some measure of a hopeful character might be put before them ; and he was satisfied that unless they had the assurance that some effectual measure of remedy against the evil of excessive rent, now undeniably existing in Ireland, was to accompany this measure of coercion, it would add infinitely to the amount of misery at present endured by the Irish people, and to the amount of hostility with which English rule was already regarded. There was plenty of material in the Bill to enable the two Resident Magistrates to make a great many new crimes. There were, at all events, artificial crimes that were perpetuated by the proposed legislation. If a combination among tenants who desired a reduction of rents should be held to be illegal under this Bill, as he feared it would, the Government could not escape the charge of having created or perpetuated a new crime. The more startling the failure of juries to support the Government in the prosecution of undoubted crime, the clearer was the proof of antagonism between the people whom those juries represented and the Government. In such circumstances it was not the jury system that ought to be abolished, but the system of government, in order that a Government more in harmony with the mind and will of the Irish people should be substituted for that at present in power.

IRELAND AND DUBLIN CASTLE

Criminal Law Amendment (Ireland) Bill. On Clause 1

May 9, 1887

After division at 3.10 a.m., Mr. Wallace moved the adjournment of the House.

The House divided :—Ayes, 162 ; Noes, 245 ; Majority, 83.

Same Bill. May 10. On amendments with regard to witnesses refusing to be sworn,

Mr. WALLACE condemned the principle upon which the Government declined to accept such amendments. The

obligation upon a witness in a regularly constituted trial at law under the present system (he said), and the obligation upon a proposed witness in this preliminary investigation, do not stand upon the same level at all, and do not carry with them the same correlative moral obligation. To tell me, therefore, that a person who refuses to give testimony at a preliminary inquiry stands upon the same basis of guiltiness and merits the same punitive treatment as a person who refuses to give evidence at an ordinary trial at law, is to tell me something which is ridiculous. . . . It seems to me that the Irish nation hates Dublin Castle just as heartily as Dublin Castle hates the Irish nation, and that being so, the feeling which is necessarily created in the mind of the average Irish witness must be that he is not only entitled, but even bound in honour and in national duty, to keep back what he knows from the enemy, or even to mislead him, or send him upon the wrong track. The position is one of war, it may be a bloodless and constitutional war, but still it is war, and war, we know, suspends ordinary moral relations and duties. . . . I say, in such a condition of feeling, it is peculiarly hard and oppressive that the average Irish witness should be subject to the treatment to which this legislation proposes to subject him.

Criminal Law Amendment (Ireland) Bill. Clause 3
(Order for Special Jury)

June 8, 1887

Mr. WALLACE—We have received nothing from the Chief Secretary except his own special assurance that he knows that there cannot be fair and impartial trials in Ireland, and that jurors are in danger of their lives, property, and business. But, sir, we from Scotland have had some experience of general assertions from the Chief Secretary for Ireland (Mr. A. J. Balfour) in matters of a similar nature. I shall not, because it is not strictly in order, allude to them further than

to say this, that having been in controversy with the Chief Secretary for Ireland as to the rapacity of landlords in the Western Islands of Scotland, and having received a categorical contradiction from him, I think that in the face of the statement of the Skye Commission, in which it is proved that landlords have been exacting from their tenants rents from 100 to 120 per cent. beyond the true value of their land, the right hon. gentleman's personal assurances must come to me with a diminished power compared with what I might at one time have been disposed to regard them. . . . This preamble (to the third clause) is insulting in the last degree. I am afraid that possibly the fact that it is an insult is in the view of the Government a recommendation for it, because I have sat long enough in this House to see that the attitude—the mutual attitude—of the Irish nation and Dublin Castle is one which is unique in the history of civilised society. I require no further evidence than I get from what passes across the floor of the House to know that Dublin Castleism is an insolent and arrogant tyranny. I do not wonder at the spirit of resentment which often animates the representatives from Ireland who sit on this side of the House, and which impels them to take action and make statements which possibly an absolute standard of abstract propriety would, even in their own minds, occasionally incline them to condemn. I can make every excuse for them, when I see the provocation which they daily and hourly almost encounter from the evil spirit of Dublin Castleism. And here we have that spirit in what I may call its perfect embodiment. We have the flower, if there can be a flower proceeding from so degraded a stem; we have here the formal expression of the insolent and unauthorised tyranny which is the animating spirit of what I ventured to call Dublin Castleism.

EVICTION OF IRISH TENANTS

Irish Land Law Bill. Clause 4 (Substitution of a written notice for execution of an ejectment)

July 29, 1887

Mr. WALLACE—I wish to enter my protest against the determination of the Government to reduce the process of evicting the Irish tenants to one of silence and secrecy. It seems to me a hateful thing for people to prefer darkness to light; we have high authority for believing with regard to those who do so that their deeds are evil. It has been said that this change is demanded by public policy. Well, I think it is entirely contrary to the policy of the law as we have hitherto seen it in connection with all great changes of personal status. . . . A man cannot be born without having the circumstance published with solemnity—without having the fact registered for the information of all. A man cannot be married without still greater publicity and solemnity, and he cannot even die without having his change of being publicly notified. He cannot be divorced, made a bankrupt, or a Doctor of Laws, or a criminal, or signalised in any other way, having his personal status changed, without the fact being made a matter of publicity and solemnity. . . . I ask, sir, is it right that when so great a change is to be made in personal status as the reduction of one in the position of a tenant of land to one in the position of a helpless pauper, we should not have brought to bear upon it the power of public opinion and of public conscientious feeling which is felt to be necessary in all similar changes? And, further, is it not right that the public should be advertised fully of the change that is made in the status of one with whom they have to enter into important relations, commercial and otherwise? Why, sir, in the course of a single night a person who was in such a position that he could be regarded by possible creditors as one with whom it would be safe to deal, because he was practically a person of

substance, may be reduced to the position of one in whom they could have no proper commercial confidence, and yet they are not publicly made aware of the fact. . . . I regard this as a very serious change indeed, and as a very serious change for evil.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY
Consolidated Fund (Appropriation) Bill

August 28, 1889

Mr. WALLACE professed his alarm at the prospect of a great impetus being given to denominational education, first in Ireland, and then, by way of gratitude, in England. He continued—From what we have seen of the extraordinary billings and cooings which have been going on between the Government bench and the Irish members, I think that the departure is quite as new as it is beautiful. It has not impressed me in a pleasurable way. I have seen with much greater satisfaction the hurlings of defiance of both sides than these mutual embracings. We know that when a certain class of persons fall out certain other persons come by their own ; and now I am beginning to think that when a certain class of persons agree some other people ought to look after their own. . . . The right hon. gentleman (the Chief Secretary) has given an alarming pledge that the Government will, on the earliest opportunity, bring in a bill for the creation of an exclusively Catholic University in Ireland. Well, it is only twenty years since a movement was inaugurated and thereafter carried out with triumphant success to disestablish religion in Ireland ; but now we are to have a reactionary policy for re-establishing religion in Ireland, for the creation of a Catholic University devoted to one religious body alone. If that is not the re-establishment of religion in a country where it was disestablished, then I am labouring under some hallucination as to the meaning of

common words in the English language. I am one of those in whom the declaration of such an extension creates, not hope, but first of all a feeling akin to despair, and then a determination to resistance that sometimes arises out of despair. . . . This proposal to extend denominationalism in Ireland will make many of us not less ardent, but more ardent, agitators for Home Rule than we are at present, though it may be from a different point of view and in a somewhat changed spirit. We shall be taught to see that the great educational difficulty in Ireland and the corresponding perplexities that spring out of it in this country, disturbing and poisoning the political atmosphere, constitute one of the strongest and most insuperable reasons why those who wish well to a true system of national education should do all they can, and at the earliest moment, to realise the wishes of the people. I agree that Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas, but I also think it should be governed with Irish money. . . . I think I may promise the right hon. gentleman and the Government that if this is the sort of march they are going to take in educational matters, it will not be a funeral march, but a very lively march for them indeed.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION

Special Commission (1888) Report

March 10, 1890

Mr. WALLACE, in the course of his speech, said — The motion (for the adoption of the report) only escapes from being an indefensible absurdity by being no proposition at all, and by conveying no idea whatever. When the First Lord of the Treasury asks us to adopt the report he is not giving utterance to any coherent human conception—he is simply making a Parliamentary noise. The second part of the motion thanks the judges for their impartial conduct in the matter. This is only a piece of useless padding, in order to make it look big

and more imposing to simple minds. . . . I suppose it is intended to be a compliment to the judges. But it by no means seems to be complimentary. Were I a judge I should not be grateful to anyone for thanking me for being just and impartial, just as if he were surprised at it, and just as if it were uncommonly good of me to be just and impartial. . . . To thank a judge for being just and impartial is very much like thanking the Duke of Cambridge for not running away in battle, thanking the Lord Mayor at one of his banquets for not picking his guests' pockets, or thanking the Archbishop of Canterbury for not telling lies or for not maintaining the Macedonian heresy. It is almost insulting—of course unintentionally so—both to the House of Commons and to the judges. . . . Then the First Lord of the Treasury in the third clause of his motion orders that the report shall be entered—I presume that the right hon. gentleman means interred—in the Journals of the House. And that is all. No action, it appears, is to be taken on this portentous machinery of investigation, erected in such a peculiar way, amid such heat, and carried on by such an expenditure of money, feeling, time, and labour. Indeed, to put it shortly, the motion of the First Lord of the Treasury may be summarised in this way. The first clause is nothing, the second is good for nothing, and the third leads to nothing; and nothing plus nothing plus nothing equal to nothing is one of the simplest and one of the most indisputable propositions known to either mathematics or logic. And yet it is all put into perfectly grammatical English. The verbs agree with the nouns, and the adverbs qualify the verbs, as they have been accustomed to do since the foundation of the world. Would it not have been far better to have graciously and veraciously given expression to the proposition which undoubtedly this empty and meaningless formula conceals, and to have said—"This report is good for nothing; it contains nothing which can be of any party service to the Government, not even the smallest splinter of a stick wherewith to beat the tiniest political dog. Let

us huddle it away out of sight as quickly as possible; let us hide it for evermore"? That would have shown a consciousness of defeat, and would have been an expression of failure. Then the First Lord of the Treasury rejects the amendment, although he does not deny its substance. The right hon. gentleman thinks that there is some reparation due to the Irish representatives for the grievous wrongs they have suffered, and he has expressed his own personal gratification that they have been acquitted of the more abominable charges brought against them. But it is contended that the Irish members have been found guilty of as grave offences as those of which they have been absolved, and that, if the House is to record the acquittal in the amendment they ought also to record the condemnation. If that argument is good against the amendment, it is also good against the motion, as proving that there is a fatal omission in it. If it is the opinion of the Government that the Irish members have been guilty of crime, why have they not put into their motion a clause affirming the necessity of prosecuting those members? I can hardly help thinking that in this Special Commission we have seen the true and honest steel of English judiciary twisted by maleficent ingenuity into a sort of political infernal machine, which has at length gone off, but unfortunately on the wrong side, and has damaged only its authors. The engineer has been hoist with his own petard, and whenever that catastrophe happens . . . I no longer delight to dance on his mangled form. I approach him with sympathy, "take him up tenderly, lift him with care," carry him to a hospital, and deposit him there, and leaving the oil and twopence with the authorities of the establishment, return to the ordinary duties of life, with the self-rewarding gloss of benevolence in my bosom and the fixed resolve to repeat the performance whenever similar circumstances occur. I think the circumstances are recurring, and therefore I am sincerely desirous to help the Government in their melancholy plight by trying to persuade them to accept the amendment.

HOME RULE AND THE LAND QUESTION

Purchase of Land, &c. (Ireland) Bill

April 21, 1890

Mr. WALLACE—In opposing this Bill I find my duty is an exceedingly simple one. One of the purposes for which I was sent here was to oppose any such Bill. At the last election my constituents were, and they are now, of opinion that if Ireland is fit to be entrusted with the management of its affairs generally, it is certainly fit to be trusted with its land affairs; that an Irish Parliament, necessarily possessed of more minute knowledge and greater time to deal with such a question, would deal with it with more information and more skill than the Imperial, and certainly not with less wisdom and justice. In that opinion I most heartily concur. There may be leading members of the Liberal party . . . who are of opinion that the Imperial Parliament ought to settle the land question before allowing an Irish Parliament to commence its duties. That is not at all the opinion of Scottish Liberalism. . . . I am bound to oppose any proposal for beneficially paying off the Irish landlords at the expense or risk of the British taxpayer. . . . But I go further than this, and maintain that all parties in this House are by implication pledged against this Bill, and, before dealing with its proposals, are bound to go and obtain a new mandate from their constituents. The last general election was no doubt a Home Rule election in one of its aspects, but it was also a Land Purchase election as well and as much. . . . I remember the struggle we had to lay the Land Purchase spectre. With a copy of the Land Purchase Bill in each hand, hon. members opposite went raving, reciting, and maddening through the land, proving from a hundred platforms, and to the intense consternation of the assemblages of old women and children of both sexes respectively, that possibly since the flood there never had been so dangerous a cataclysm as the introduction of the Land

Purchase Bill of the right hon. member for Midlothian. When hon. and right hon. gentlemen opposite come here and propose to support a Bill which, if the Bill of the right hon. member for Midlothian was dangerous, is *à fortiori* infinitely more dangerous, . . . I say in acting as they are they are breaking faith with the country, and they are bound, before ever they consider such a proposal as this, to consult the country and get themselves liberated from the vows which they so solemnly, or in some cases so lightly, took during the last general election. . . . But the great objection I have to this Bill is that it proposes to perform a great act of State favouritism by using the public credit—that great financial power which has been created by the enterprise and industry of the community at large—to endow a very limited group of Irish landlords and tenants, without any call or justification whatever for such a partial and one-sided proceeding. . . . How is this proposal to be justified? What is the great advantage supposed to be gained to justify this deviation into Socialism? Mainly, we are told, the advantage is that it will convert the Irish nation from their feeling of discontent towards England and the Dublin Castle Government, that it will, in fact, cure them of Home Rule. . . . I must say I cannot understand this alternative policy of kicks and coax, of cane and candy, of stroking the cat with the hair on the one side and against the hair on the other, and imagining that thus you can soothe the animal. . . . Though the land difficulty has been the original cause of the existence of the Home Rule sentiment in the Irish breast, you are a trifle too late in coming to settle the land question, and the Home Rule sentiment may survive in a man. Even though he become the owner, instead of the tenant, of his farm, it does not follow that he will be converted at once to a profound affection for Dublin Castle rule.

THE LIMITS OF HOME RULE

Government of Ireland Bill

April 13, 1893

Mr. WALLACE said he had no desire to argue the general question of Home Rule, as he was past being further convinced with regard to it. The only point he desired to put to himself was whether the Bill was sufficiently well adapted for the purpose of carrying out Irish Home Rule. The test he applied was that such a Bill should give to Ireland the management of its own affairs, of the whole of its own affairs, and of nothing but its own affairs. As he found that, upon the whole, these objects were sufficiently provided for in the Bill in such a way that, with a little amendment in committee, it might be brought as near perfection as such a bill could well be, he intended to vote for the second reading. He had listened with great satisfaction to the speech of the right hon. gentleman the member for West Birmingham (Mr. Chamberlain) upon the introduction of the Bill. Although since the right hon. gentleman's melancholy fall from political eminence he had always been compelled to listen to him with a certain amount of caution, he always derived great pleasure from the easy lucidity and grace with which the right hon. gentleman set forth his deplorable ideas. The right hon. gentleman had taken great pains to show that the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, which was, no doubt, by constitutional necessity *in posse* in the Bill, would amount in practice to little or nothing. On that point the right hon. gentleman was, no doubt, substantially right. It would, no doubt, be a matter of such extreme difficulty for the Imperial Parliament to interfere with the Irish Legislature that in practice it would be found, except when it came to be a case of absolute red ruin and the breaking up of laws, that the Imperial Parliament would not interfere with the Irish Legislature. In short, the Irish Parliament would, to quote the words of the Prime Minister,

be practically a separate and independent Legislature. The main difference between the right hon. gentleman (Mr. J. Chamberlain) and himself on this point was that, while the right hon. gentleman deplored this prospective state of things, he rejoiced in it, and the reason for the difference between them was that he (Mr. Wallace) believed in the principle of Democracy and the right hon. gentleman now did not believe in it. No doubt the right hon. gentleman would say he did, and no doubt he believed he did, but it was evident that he had been given up to blindness on account of his political iniquities. He (Mr. Wallace) desired to see the Irish Parliament have the freest hand possible in directing the destinies of their native country, because he knew that in no undertaking could any success be obtained unless a free hand were given to capable men. If the House of Commons were to take it into its head to direct an epic poem to be produced by Mr. Swinburne, or Mr. Morris, or Mr. Meredith, or Mr. Watson, under, say, the daily and direct superintendence of the President of the Board of Trade (Mr. Mundella), or the President of the Local Government Board (Mr. Fowler), with the assistance in emergency of the First Commissioner of Works (Mr. Shaw Lefevre), he had no doubt that the poem would not be likely to go very far towards procuring immortality for its author. In the same way, if the hon. members for North Longford (Mr. Justin M'Carthy), Waterford (Mr. J. E. Redmond), South Tyrone (Mr. T. W. Russell), and North Armagh (Colonel Saunderson) and their colleagues in their joint management of the Irish Parliament were not given as nearly as possible a perfectly free hand, they could not be expected to do very much for the best interests of their country. He would have confidence in entrusting them with the great powers which this Bill would put into their hands, because he was a believer in the principle of Democracy. He believed that, while the individual might be and too often was a fool, or a lunatic, or a scoundrel, the nation, on the other hand, with the knowledge that its best

interests were bound up in the observance of public prudence and the enactment of public justice, would, in its collective capacity, behave sanely, honestly, and sensibly. Accordingly, he had no hesitation in believing that the last thing the Irish Parliament would seek to do would be to quarrel with this country or attempt to separate from it, because it would know that its interests would always lie in a totally opposite direction. It would aim at justice, because injustice would bring it before the civilised world with a stain upon the honour of a nation which was almost abnormally sensitive upon the point of national honour, and because it would know that justice was in the long run the shortest and cheapest road to national honour. It would, he was sure, have too much good sense ever to allow theology to spoil business. Talk about the priests manipulating the politicians seemed to him to be merely reversing the probable relations. His impression was that it was the politician who, in these days, manipulated and used the priests. Men of the cloister were not able, at the present time, to use as their tools men of the world. As for Ulster, Ulster would not fight. He was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but he ventured to make this prediction. At the worst, as the Ulster Convention some two years ago concluded that the resistance they should give should be a passive resistance, he believed that Ulster would here and there refuse to pay its taxes—that was to say, would elect to pay them in the roundabout way of having execution put in against its furniture. Every sensible man knew that a battle of sideboards and tablespoons could not long be maintained. Ulster would fight in the proper place—on the floor of its own House. As to bloodshed, whilst it might, and no doubt would, shed millions of cubic yards of Parliamentary and platform gas, it would not shed a single drop of human blood, especially its own. He did not understand why Irish land was for three years to be kept out of the hands of the Irish people. The Home Secretary (Mr. Asquith), two years ago at Manchester, said, in speaking on this subject :—"As to

the land, I cannot understand how any Home Ruler could presume to deny to any Irish Legislature the power of dealing with the very question which lies at the root of all the social prosperity or distress of Ireland."

He (Mr. Wallace) entirely agreed with the language of the Home Secretary, and he should very much like some member of the Government to tell the House why Ministers presumed, as the Home Secretary put it, to keep back from Ireland the right of dealing with its own land. Why was Ireland going to block the way for three years after they should have professed to have cleared the line? The land of Ireland was, in a very literal sense, Ireland. Ireland was simply a name for a large piece of land lying westwards of St. George's Channel, and Home Rule for Ireland with a part of Ireland left out did not seem to be a proposal of very great promise. Not only did he require, in a proper Bill of Home Rule, that Ireland should manage her own affairs, but he also thought that she should manage nothing but her own affairs. He found that the professed purpose of the Bill on this matter was also satisfactory. Ireland was to have her own share in dealing with Imperial matters in this Parliament, and if that was in every way practicable and consistent with other requirements, he said that was only reasonable and right. But if the Bill had been constructed on other lines, if it had arranged that while Ireland managed her own affairs in Dublin she should also come across and manage British affairs, in which she would no longer have any true interest, and with which she would, in fact, have as little to do as America or France—affairs for which her representatives could not possibly have been chosen, and in respect of which the people directly interested could have no voice in the election of those representatives—in such a case he would have been placed in a very painful dilemma, and would have had difficulty in determining whether he should support a bill containing a proposal so anomalous, so unjust, and, in his opinion, so dangerous. This had been called an organic detail of the Bill. He did not

know to what extent that phrase might extend, but he thought it often came near to what was called a vital principle, at all events sufficient to justify discussion on a second reading upon it. An article in the *Westminster Gazette* entitled "Please Push Me" was interpreted by some hon. members as indicating that the Prime Minister was prepared to go a step further with this portion of the Bill. Those sentiments, spoken in the name of many Liberals, had occasioned him considerable misgivings, and possibly the House would excuse him for dwelling a little longer on the topic. He was, of course, glad that at the present moment no such proposal, but the very opposite, stood in the Bill. The Irish members were to vote on Imperial matters with which as undoubtedly they were not concerned. He was perfectly aware of the difficulties connected with the proposed arrangement. But what he said was that they were not more startling in their nature than the startling and initial difficulty of Home Rule itself; and as he was not afraid to face the one, he was not afraid to face the other. His hon. friend the member for Northampton had published a plan limiting to a certain extent the proposed Imperial powers of the Irish members here. It would be perfectly feasible for a British ministry with a British majority to always maintain its natural position in that Parliament. The plan he referred to would limit the powers of Irish members in proposed votes of confidence by refusing to give them voting power except where a vote of confidence concerned Imperial matters. But when that vote of confidence was on an exclusively British matter, or was really upon a mixed matter, and since Ireland was in the relation of 5,000,000 to 30,000,000, it would be fair that the rights of the minority should give way to the convenience and rights of the majority. Before looking seriously at the compromise of the member for Northampton, he desired to consider what the Bill could say for itself, and whether it could not show it was able enough to do its own work. A certain amount of rudimentary amusement had been extracted by some of the cap-and-bell

minions of the party opposite out of the "Pop-in-and-out" clause of the Bill, as it had been called. The expression seemed to have tickled certain intelligences. If it had gone no further no great harm would have been done; but some faint-hearted members of his own party had taken a most serious view of the matter. To them "popping in and out" had seemed a masterly and unanswerable sarcasm, and they had taken to whimpering. "Oh dear, this will never do." Before taking on so, he would ask them to consider how the matter really stood. In the first place, "popping in and out" was no novelty of the law or the public business of this country. In the county councils, by express provision, when certain questions were raised, certain members of the council had to stand out, and only returned when the question had been settled. ("No, no.") He believed he was speaking in the presence of members of the London County Council who had popped in and out many times, and still survived to tell the tale. What would be the ultimate practical result of the limitation of the Irish power of voting in turning what would be an Imperial majority to-day into a British minority to-morrow? He had no doubt that a British ministry, with the power of veto in its hands, might do a good deal to reduce the Irish members to reason if they required to be subjected to that operation. But still he feared in the end the Irish power over the Imperial estimates might possibly prove too strong for them. But, if that were so, he believed the majority would find a way of carrying out its will. How it could be done was a question of detail. It might, undoubtedly, create great changes—a perfect revolution, it might be in their present methods. But those who were engaged in bold undertakings must not shrink from the mere number of the bold undertakings in which they were engaged, and if it involved a revolutionary change in their method of procedure, was that necessarily an evil? Was there any divine right of Cabinets? Was it necessary that Her Majesty's ministers should always be the leaders of the

majority of the House? Was it necessary that Her Majesty's ministers should be in that House at all? Was it not possible to conceive some method of the legislative element of the constitution communicating with the executive in an entirely different way from the present, and yet in a way not less, but possibly a great deal more, advantageous? If they insisted that the executive should always be in that House, was it necessary that they should all be of one mind upon all subjects? If there were two majorities in the House, why might there not be two organs for carrying out the will of the majorities? Why might there not be an Imperial executive and a British executive? If the will of that House were carried out, he, for one, did not care by what instrumentality it was carried out, provided that the will of the Legislative Assembly was given effect to. The existing front bench system, in his opinion, was very far from being perfect. For the sake of a sound home policy, they had often been dragged into and made responsible before the country for a very unsound foreign policy. The present front bench system—and he was speaking of both sides of that system—fostered parasitism, cliquism, log-rolling, and the more or less indirect forms of nepotism and other political vices that were most detrimental to the best interests of the public. The House was getting more and more paralysed and strangled by its own officialism, and by the too-growing power of Her Majesty's ministers; and he would contemplate with a very chastened equanimity, rather, he might say, with a hopeful anticipation, the advent of a Parliamentary millenium, in which the front bench withered, and the House grew more and more. He was not advocating the coming about of this state of things as a desirable state of things. He was not even insisting on trying to demonstrate that it was a necessary or inevitable state of things. He was only saying that, if there was a proper working of this Irish Home Rule problem so as to do justice at once to Irish and British interests, and

if that should demand their facing such a conjuncture, he, for one, would not be filled with absolutely frantic terror at the prospect. His hon. friend the member for the Border Burghs (Mr. Shaw) made a statement which rather surprised him. He said that nine-tenths of the people of Scotland were in favour of having their interests over-ridden by irresponsible Irish members. He must say that was news to him. But if the hon. member was frightened by such a prospect as that, he wished to ask him and his Liberal friends who sought to reverse the provisions of the Bill in this matter how they proposed to surmount the difficulty which the hon. member had pointed out? His hon. friend the member for the Border Burghs had said that the true way to do it was by enabling Irish members to vote upon British business; and then he supposed that that would get clear of all confusion. But getting clear of confusion might sometimes be too dearly purchased. If a man presented a pistol at his head, and demanded his money or his life, probably he might avoid confusion by giving up his money; but, for his own part, he would prefer to grapple a little with the confusion before he parted with his money. It was said that the difficulty of having two majorities would be cured by enabling Irish members to vote, not merely upon Imperial affairs, but upon British affairs also. In that case, if the Irish vote put the British ministry in danger that would not matter, because they would have the Irish vote still with them to support the Imperial ministry. But what security would they have that the Irish vote, which put a ministry into power on a British question, would be with them on Imperial questions? What would be the dominating influence in the minds of the Irish representatives? He did not wish to speak with disrespect of the Irish members, of whom he had always spoken with respect, and with something approaching affection. He did not admit, however, that any Irishman was either a better or a worse man than himself. He did not admit that he was better, and he hoped he was not worse. For his own part, he contended that an

Irishman would act upon the principles on which he would act himself in the same situation—that was to say, he would do the best in the circumstances for the interests he was sent to represent. It might be cast in his teeth that he had already expressed great confidence in the action of the Irish members in Dublin, and why then should he cast suspicion on them acting in British matters here? In Dublin Irish members managing Irish affairs would be in a true position. Under this Bill, Irish members acting in Westminster in British affairs would be in a false position, and whilst he had no lack of confidence in a good man in his true position he might say that even a good man in a false position was not a very calculable quantity. He said the Irish members would simply be guided by Irish interests. The member for North Kerry said in his hearing two nights ago that he had found the Tory party as pliant in his hand as the Liberal party, and that he might find them so again; so that the hon. member was looking forward to opportunities of experimenting on the pliancy of the Tory party. It seemed to him that all they would gain, if they gained anything, by bringing the Irish members there to vote on British matters would simply be to enable them to wring from the Imperial Parliament new concessions in the interests of their country, and the next vote they would require their assistance on would give them an excellent opportunity of gaining that concession. In short, the plan they proposed would simply be that of giving, not only a second, but a tenth, or even a twentieth string to the Irish bow, and their last state would be worse than their first. He would ask was it fair to the British majority that their interests should be sacrificed by the action of what would really be the representatives of a foreign power? It was said they were doing so now, but he denied altogether the identity of the present with the new position. At present Ireland, as far as her domestic affairs were concerned, was not a foreign power. All their affairs at present were thrown into hotch-potch, and Ireland had a

finger in the pie. Every hon. member from Ireland was a British-Irish member, chosen by an Irish constituency for British-Irish purposes. The House of Commons was not a confederacy of separate constituencies; it was one large membership of one great constituency, and the different localities in choosing individual members were simply acting as agents of the aggregate constituency. He was not a Scotch member—there was no such thing properly speaking. He was a United-Kingdom member, combined with the topographical peculiarities of his race. On the Liberal platforms at the last election the cry was Home Rule plus the Newcastle programme, and in Great Britain it was the Newcastle programme plus Home Rule. The items were differently arranged; the totals were the same. But under this Bill this domestic unity would be entirely broken up, unless, indeed, they were going to try to set up the nominal against the real, the shadow against the substance, and the sham against the fact. He repeated that, under the Bill, this domestic unity would be substantially and totally broken up. Irish members, when they came to Westminster, as far as domestic affairs were concerned, would be regarded as the representatives of a foreign power. They would not have been elected by a constituency in whose affairs they were qualified or instructed to meddle. Their position of acting in British affairs would be essentially anti-democratic, and substantially tyrannical. They would be taxing and ruling a people by whom they had not been chosen or authorised to act. They had heard of the equality that ought to prevail amongst members of Parliament. But in the proposed state of things the Irish members would be outrageous sinners against the principle of equality, because their interest in British affairs would be purely academic. “*Omnes omnia*” would require to be changed to “*omnes Hiberni omnia*” or “*omnes Britanni nihil*.” At present there was a mutual system of check between British and Irish interests. British interests were, so to speak, given in pawn to Ireland

as security for British fidelity in Irish matters, and Irish matters were given in pawn to Britain as security for Irish fidelity in British matters. Under this Bill, all this would be gone, for, while Britain would still be under recognisances to Ireland, there would be no Irish securities in British possession. Ireland would be irresponsible, under no check, under no pledge, under no recognisances. He wished to deal with one other argument, which was possibly the strongest argument with some of his Liberal friends who took a view different from the view he took of the Bill. They said—"If we could secure Irish votes for British purposes, it would help us to carry a great many Liberal measures, such as Welsh disestablishment, Scotch disestablishment, payment of members"—in short, all the political delicacies of the season. Again, he asked what security was there that Irish members under the new system would always vote for what were called Liberal measures? During the recess, the hon. member for South Longford went to Edinburgh to demonstrate to the people there that Irish representation in a few years, under the new system, would be to a large extent Tory. He thought the hon. member was right, because a nation of small landlords was likely to be a nation of great Tories. At all events, Irish members would still be animated by the leading principles of what might be best for Irish interests. In the last Parliament, an Irish representative spoke with great glee and cynical satisfaction of the negotiations between the Irish members and the Tory party, and stated that at the time they were as thick as thieves, and might be so again. In that connection he would read an extract from his matutinal guide, the *Daily News*, seven years ago, who said—"Great Britain desires to govern herself, and not to see her affairs conducted at the caprice of men who openly avow, as Mr. T. P. O'Connor did at Liverpool, that when they are voting about Egypt they were thinking about Ireland."

That was true; and he wanted to ask further, if you were to

secure that the Irish vote should always be Liberal, he was asking that, not of the party opposite, but of his own nominal friends—what right have you, as Democratic Liberals, to invite such votes? What you want to do is really to rule and tax your own people by persons who have not been chosen by your people for that purpose; and yet you call yourselves Democratic Liberals, and profess to speak of governing the people by the people. Do you tell me that if you get good votes for a good cause you do not care a straw how you get them. I say that is exactly the spirit of the briber and the corrupter, against whom the Liberal party have carried a Corrupt Practices Act. What he says is, "If I can get good votes for a good cause by half-crowns and free beer, why should not I do it?" That is precisely your position. It was enough for him that the proposal was condemned by decency, by national sentiment, and, he was glad to say, by the existing statutory law. He was not afraid to claim votes upon principles he could defend in the open day, but he declined to descend to the level of the political pickpocket, and to seize even upon useful Parliamentary chattels by fraudulent and larcenous devices. He asked the House to imagine the proposed plan in actual operation. Imagine him busy in this Parliament at his own British business, and every day, and possibly every hour, foreign gentlemen from Ireland came and poked their foreign noses into his business without his invitation, and, as often as not, decided it entirely against his will. The prospect was intolerable, and whenever he thought of it it made his blood boil in a Parliamentary sense. He did not know how this would be stood in England; but in Scotland, as it gradually dawned on the apprehension of the people, they would not stand it. They were a slow and patient people, taking a good many kicks for a very few concomitant ha'pence; but there came a point when they took fire, and when they did they blazed like pandemonium. Their emblem was a thistle, and their motto was *Nemo me impune lacessit*. If Parliament was resolved to saddle

them with an Irish incubus—and even an Irishman out of place was an incubus—they would quickly grow very prickly indeed. There might be some of his compatriots who did not altogether sympathise with his view of the matter. He could only account for it by supposing Nature must have qualified them for eating rather than for understanding the thistle. He would only further say to his Liberal friends that, if they would insist upon having the Irish members in that House both for Imperial matters and for managing British affairs, they would simply drive men like him to demand the exclusion of the Irish members altogether, and to revert to the original lines of the Home Rule Bill of 1886. He was very much mistaken if in reality that was not the genuine belief of some of not the least prominent of the Treasury bench in this matter. They had had some talk about federation. He was not a theoretical federationist. If it was the demand of the people of Scotland and Ireland, then as a Democrat he would give in to the demand. But federation, or, as it should be called, decentralisation—for federation was not possible by breaking up a unity—federation was a voluntary synthesis of a number of previously separated parts. But he would not quarrel about a phrase. If they were to have federation it should be simultaneous—all at once, and if they were to ante-date the right of Ireland to her share in the federal arrangement, then we should require her to pay for that anticipation. He said the whole three nations should be decentralised at once, but Scotland was not ripe for it and England was dead against it, and if Ireland was to get Home Rule much sooner than the others required it, she should have to pay discount in the shape of the temporary exclusion of her members, and England would have discount in losing the advantage of their labours in the management of Imperial matters. For himself he should not be unwillingly driven to that conclusion. It was said that it would be inconsistent with the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, but the

Prime Minister disposed of that objection in one sentence of his speech in moving the second reading of the Bill when he pointed to the Colonial Legislatures and reminded the House that, though the colonies had no Imperial representation, yet Imperial supremacy over them was complete. The argument that there must be a visible symbol of this unity and supremacy was a silly one, fit only for that class of mind that could not understand how our public school children could be taught to love their country unless they were deluged with a regular supply of Union Jacks. Besides, the argument was not true to fact. It was a well-known optical fact that truncation was often a contribution to visibility, and that the part struck the eye more readily than the complete structure. He would take an illustration from the business of the House. A one-legged Secretary of State would, especially on State occasions, be a far more noticeable spectacle than the bi-legged and inconspicuous individual who now discharged those functions. As to other parts of the Bill, of which so many of its supporters disapproved, he had done his best to defend them. His opinion was that the presence of the Irish members at Westminster to take part in British business would be a danger and disaster to the country. He therefore trusted that the Government would not give way to any of the attempts that might be placed in their road to make changes in the Bill in this respect. Believing that the Bill as it now stood, with certain amendments in Committee, would be a satisfactory measure, he should vote for the second reading.

A SECOND CHAMBER
Government of Ireland Bill

May 10, 1893

Mr. WALLACE said he would vote against the proposal for a Second Chamber for two reasons. First of all, he thought,

generally speaking, that principle was the best strategy, just as honesty was said, by those who had tried both ways, to be the best policy. His second reason was that he thought pushing the Bill through by hook or by crook was very bad strategy, because hon. gentlemen on his own side of the House must remember that these discussions were to a large extent of an academic character. The Bill might be got through the House of Commons, but they knew very well it would be thrown out by the House of Lords; and their only subsequent chance of success was that they should be able to raise the country against the House of Lords. They would never be able to rouse the country by means of a bill which had been made to pass. Bills that were made to pass were like razors that were made to sell. They might succeed in passing them upon the market; but the market would find them out. They would never excite public enthusiasm by a shifty and patchy bill, in which the country would know that principles were sacrificed to mere tactics.

RELIGIOUS EQUALITY AND DISABILITY

Government of Ireland Bill. Clause 4

June 23, 1893

Mr. WALLACE said he had put down an amendment to each sub-section of the clause, as well as a collective amendment to the whole, for the purpose of rejecting each and all of them; but he thought it right to spare the time of the Committee by only moving the rejecting of the whole clause. He regarded this clause as anti-Home Rule in its spirit and character. As it stood until an hour ago he read it as a declaration that, while Home Rule was equal to every other political problem that might be presented to it, it curiously and inexplicably broke down in face of the problems raised by the heterogeneous quartette of religion, American extracts, Corporations, and fish. One of these had been withdrawn,

and to that extent the character of the clause was less singular ; but the spirit of it had in no way been changed or improved by that alteration. The policy of the Bill was most properly to give to Ireland the freest possible hand in the exercise of her own self-government, on the ground that the honour and interests of a self-governing people are perfectly safe, and, indeed, most secure in their own hands ; but the policy of the clause was in the teeth of that description. Its policy was, to his mind, one of distrust of the Irish people, and to tie their hands. The Committee had entrusted already to the Irish people far greater powers than those which were restricted by this clause, and had refused to protect the Irish Legislature from temptations far more powerful than any from which they would be protected by this clause. A Catholic people who could be trusted with divorce and marriage laws, and a people, whether Catholic or not, who could be entrusted with the whole criminal law, were qualified to be trusted with any problem or any social question, civil or religious. He might be asked whether he was to allow the Irish people to be absolutely free in their self-government. He would say that he believed far greater evils would arise, and, perhaps, in the not distant future, out of the restrictions in this clause than would have arisen from giving the Irish people complete freedom. If he were asked whether he would allow Ireland to begin at once in the possession of her full freedom, or whether she must not be compelled to creep before she walked, he wanted to know why should Ireland be dealt with as a baby nation—put in legislative leading strings and administrative bib and tucker ? It might be said it was necessary to conciliate opposition, possibly on both sides of the House. With respect to conciliating hon. and right hon. gentlemen opposite, he had carefully observed their proceedings during the discussion of the clause in Committee, and he was of opinion that nothing would reconcile them. And he was not surprised at it, because they were debating the Radical distinction between

the two parties—between the party whose watchword was “Trust in the People,” and the party whose watchword was “Distrust of the People.” It was impossible that there could be any reconciliation between parties with these respective watchwords when any question arose that brought them to close quarters. Even if there had been a desire to conciliate the Opposition, he wished to know why the Government had systematically refused things for which they had expressed the strongest desire, and put upon them things for which they had expressed no desire whatever? He had not seen the conciliatory temper advancing as the discussion proceeded on the other side of the House. He had watched with a great amount of ethical interest the development of virtues in the public characters of the right hon. gentleman, the leader of the Opposition, and the right hon. gentleman, the member for West Birmingham, as these controversies proceeded, and he had not noticed that sweet reasonableness was the virtue that made the most rapid progress in the course of that development. Was the action of the Government intended to conciliate the weak brethren on their own side? He had never thought it was a wise policy to trouble much about weak brethren; but he refused to believe in the existence of many weak brethren on that (the Liberal) side. The weak brethren were getting very much stronger, especially in the power of digestion. They were tired of the prolonged character of the discussions and of their evil effect in preventing the House from dealing with questions of political, industrial, and social reform, and were getting more and more ready to swallow almost anything—a most dangerous and fatal disposition—that was put before them in the shape of Home Rule that would pass in any way in order that they might get to these problems. He wished to refer to the religious sub-sections of the Bill, and he wanted to ask with respect to them, what was the principle upon which these provisions rested if it was not that Ireland was not fit to be trusted with the control of the State relations to religion? He denied that with respect not only to Ireland,

but to every self-governing people. For his own part, he was an uncompromising advocate of the principle of religious equality and an opponent of every form of religious disability; and if he were asked his opinion of the merits of the subsections, considered merely by themselves, he approved of them, so far as they went, most cordially. But he was equally attached to another great Liberal principle—a principle which was paramount to the principle of religious equality, and, indeed, paramount to all other Liberal principles—he meant the doctrine that a self-governing people ought to be allowed to govern themselves exactly as they pleased. If such people asked him he should advise them to have nothing to do with any religious endowment with religious disability or educational sectarianism; still, if they refused to take his advice, whilst he should be sorry to think they had made a mistake, he should have no right to interfere; it was the community's own business, and it was for them to say what they were to do with their own resources, and to order their own arrangements. He should like to ask his Scotch Home Rule friends a question on this matter. He was not at the present moment an aggressive Home Ruler. He had not received quite enough provocation even yet. The cup of Governmental iniquity was not yet quite full. He was a contingent Scotch Home Ruler, contingent upon the ultimate deliverance of the Scotch people—by no means yet authoritatively declared—as to the whether, and what, or when, of any Home Rule they might desire. He knew there were other friends of his who had gone further ahead. They had gone, it seemed to him, in front of the people; and in a spirit of what he ventured to call anti-democratic self-will they were calling out for Home Rule legislation for Scotland precisely upon the footing of the Home Rule legislation for Ireland. He wanted to ask them how they would like this clause, and how they could consistently press upon the Irish people a clause of this description? Were they prepared to see the control of

religious questions and of ecclesiastical questions denied to the Scotch people? If not, why did they press upon Ireland a measure which deprived her of the absolute control of her religious relations? He might be told that the Irish people were willing to accept the clause. He was not sure that that was entirely the fact; but if it were, that was not enough for him. Home Rule had its duties as well as its rights; and if they took great pains and made great sacrifices in that House to put Ireland in possession of Home Rule, the Irish people were bound to carry away with them every subject that was capable of being an obstruction or aggravation and an irritation in the Imperial Parliament. He wanted to ask what had been the policy of the Liberal party in connection with these religious and ecclesiastical questions? Was it not that the Scotch ecclesiastical question was to be left to Scotland, the Welsh ecclesiastical question to Wales? and if the English ecclesiastical question had not been proposed to be left to the English people as yet, he presumed it was because the subject was not within the range of practical politics; and in the same spirit he asked, ought not the religious and ecclesiastical questions of Ireland to be left entirely in the hands and the control of the Irish people themselves? They might tell him the Irish people did not want religious endowment and educational exclusivism. If that were so, what was the danger of leaving them in formal control of a matter they were not going substantially to meddle with? He was not sure that the confidence in this matter rested on a sound foundation. He did not see why the Catholic Church should not in the course of time—although at the present moment she might not—desire something in the nature of religious endowment. Other Catholic countries called for and had State support for Churches and State support for educational exclusivism, and why should not Ireland, as its history proceeded, desire the same, more particularly as they were continuing to keep up in England

and possibly in Scotland also, an Established Church and a system of education which, though undenominational in name, was substantially sectarian in character? If such controversies as these were to be raised at all, let them be raised in Ireland where they had a right to settle them. Do not let them be raised here where, after giving Home Rule to Ireland, they had a right to expect they should be delivered from the trouble of dealing with Irish problems. There would then be less chance of danger being done in Ireland, because the expense would come out of the Irish pocket; whereas if they had to do with the matter in the Imperial Parliament, they would have to pay for it. Let him say a word on one other clause of the Bill. He referred to the 5th sub-section, which from its parentage he hoped he might not be considered irreverent if he said it might well be called the "Yankee-Doodle sub-section." They had heard a great deal about insulting Ireland and the Irish people. He took it upon him to say that if ever there was an insult offered to any people as betraying a want of confidence in them, and suspecting them of deficiency in the most elementary principles and faculties of self-government this was exactly the clause. If language had any meaning, the only meaning that could be put upon the clause was that there was a probability (so strong that it required to be legislatively guarded against) that one of the first measures of the Irish Legislature would be to pass an Act for hanging, say, his hon. friend the member for South Tyrone without due process of law, and with nothing but due process of hemp, and that there might be continual appeals to the country on the question of the Plunkett Decapitation Bill, or the Carson Cremation Bill, or the Johnston Chains and Slavery Bill. He could not understand how the clause came to be in the Bill. He supposed it might have been out of compliment to his right hon. friend the Chancellor of the Duchy in recognition of the splendid success of the American Commonwealth—he meant, of course, the book, not the

Republic. He would only say in this connection, "Oh that my right hon. friend had not written the book!"—at all events, until after the Home Rule Bill was passed; for, when an author had written a splendidly successful book, it was not in human nature for him not to desire that the world, or some part of it, should take a leaf or two out of it, to say nothing of the whole edition. He hoped that the responsible editor of the Bill, the Prime Minister, would really send this clause back to the place whence it came, in the usual form—"Returned, with thanks, as unsuitable to our columns, which, besides, are pressed for space." As to the 6th and other sub-sections, he should only submit to the Committee whether it was not pertinent to ask that if such questions—even though they were petty in many of their characteristics and relations—were to be left here to be a source of possible interruption and irritation, where was the benefit to Great Britain to come from the passing of this Bill? They were told that "Ireland blocked the way," and that when Home Rule passed it would block the way no longer. That all depended on the completeness of the powers with which the Irish Legislature were endowed. But if the irritations arising from these questions were to be left here, then they should have Dublin resounding with Ireland, while Westminster would be simultaneously resounding with Ireland. In short, it would be "Ireland, Ireland everywhere, and not a drop to Britain!" There was one other reason which weighed with him, perhaps more gravely than any he had mentioned, why he desired to see this clause, if possible, out of the Bill. He desired to remove every vestige of an excuse for the monstrous and dangerous proposition which he believed would be made by-and-bye, to retain the Irish members in this House with full powers to deal with British questions after they had been gifted with a Legislature of their own for the transaction of their Irish affairs. That proposition was of a double character—it imported not only Home Rule for Ireland but Irish Rule for Britain. He had been sorry to

observe that certain Irish members appeared to be clutching at these unjust and altogether intolerable powers, for the trumpery reason that certain Irish matters which they did not seem very unwilling to leave behind them were to be left in this Imperial Parliament. In that light the provision of this clause filled him with suspicion and foreboding. The way in which the matter stood—if he might be allowed the language of illustration—was this: “You and I have been keeping house together for a great many years, but you are leaving with all your belongings to go into a brand-new house—which, by the way, has been to a large extent built by my exertions. There is an old sideboard and a poker which you do not find it convenient to take along with you at this moment, and which you desire me to give house-room for; but, on the strength of my good nature and the alleged necessity of looking after your articles of vertu, you insist that you must have the full run of the house—my house now by the hypothesis—with your latchkey, and your bedroom, and your hot and cold water, and all the modern conveniences as before, and exactly when you like.” Now, that was too much. He said: “Take away your effete sideboard, your dirty poker; who wants your ridiculous chattels? Mind your own house, and let me mind mine.” If his hon. friends from Ireland insisted upon having some of their property left behind, then in that case he would say, “Leave it at your own risk. You must not quarter yourself on me on the pretence of looking after your things.” No doubt the Irish members would vote against the omission of the clause—that was to say, they insisted on leaving some of their property behind them; but, in that case, they left it at their own risk. He did not want their blessed things. Take them away, and if they would not, at all events take themselves away. Let them send for their things when they wanted them, and they might rely upon it that, so far as he was concerned, they should be sent by return of parcels post. These were the grounds on which he opposed the clause. His

was the action not of an anti-Home Ruler, but of a thorough-going Home Ruler in favour of a more thorough-going form of Home Rule than that which the Government had placed before the Committee and the country, and, on the strength of these reasons, he had considered it right to make his protest in this way, and to move the omission of this clause.

IRISH MEMBERS AT WESTMINSTER

Government of Ireland Bill Committee. Clause 9

July 12, 1893

On the motion of the Prime Minister (the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.), to omit sub-sections 3 and 4 of clause 9 of the Home Rule Bill, the effect of which would be to leave Irish Members free to vote on all questions, British as well as Imperial, in Parliament—

Mr. WALLACE said—I have listened with the deepest respect to the statement made by the Prime Minister, as I always do to any utterances coming from him, but I must say that, deep as was my respect, my sense of disappointment was deeper still, a disappointment arising not only out of the tremendous nature of the conclusion which the right honourable gentleman announced, but also from the nature of the causes which he described as having led him to the decision which he has just made known to the Committee. (Hear, hear.) In my view, weaker and more inconclusive reasons for so great and formidable a determination could hardly have been placed before a legislative assembly. What is the true character of the announcement which the right honourable gentleman has at last made to the Committee? It amounts to an entire revolutionising of the Bill.

Hitherto I have with perfect heartiness defended the great principle of this Bill, and have even desired its extension beyond the limits set upon it. The object of the Bill is to give self-government to Ireland. It proposes to give it with

a comparatively generous hand, although not with the fulness and absoluteness that I, for one, would have desired. Accordingly, wherever I have differed from the Government in the course of these discussions, it has been not by way of contrariety to the aim and object of the Bill, but because I have thought that they were not being carried out with the completeness I considered desirable and possible. (Hear, hear.)

But the proposal which the Prime Minister has now laid before the Committee will pervert the Bill, so that it shall be no longer simply a measure to give self-government to Ireland, but shall become at the same time a proposal to take away self-government from Great Britain. (Hear, hear.) It is now a double-headed Bill—I will not say a two-faced Bill, because that expression would be open to a construction uncomplimentary to the Prime Minister and the Government. But it is a double-headed Bill; with one mouth it proclaims self-government, with the other it denies self-government. The only distinction lies in the locality where the affirmation and negation of that principle are respectively to be made and applied. The same principles of liberty that make me an out-and-out supporter of Home Rule make me an out-and-out opponent of the change in the Bill that has just been declared. (Hear, hear.)

Whatever may be argued by theoretical and transcendental reasoners, this twofold and contradictory character of the Bill is the practical result of the throwing overboard by the Prime Minister of these Jonah sub-sections. (Loud laughter.) To use the language, more picturesque than polite, of the honourable member for Northampton (Mr. H. Labouchere), it "places Britain under the hoof of Ireland"—(hear, hear)—he does not specify the type of hoof—and by making the Irish members, who will no longer be clothed with a representative character in British matters, and who will sit merely as a college of extra-mural assessors, the arbiters of our affairs, it does what the same high authority describes as

being "as outrageous as placing the arbitrament in the hands of a delegation of Greenlanders." (Cheers.) On this subject of Irish members for all purposes, I may usefully quote from an article in the *Contemporary Review* for April, 1892, by my honourable and learned friend the member for the Dumfries Burghs (Mr. R. T. Reid, Q.C.), who, I have no doubt, will act in this crisis with the fearless honesty and outspokenness which are the leading features in his character. He says, "British ascendancy in Ireland would be replaced by Irish ascendancy in Great Britain. Pocket boroughs were disfranchised in less advanced days, because the will of genuine constituencies was thereby overridden at the bidding of individuals; yet these pocket boroughs could at least claim to be situated within a district and inhabited by persons, however few in number, directly affected by the legislation which they contributed to make. In the arrangement under discussion, a phalanx of free lances returned by Irish constituencies would be enabled to make laws neither directly or indirectly affecting their constituents. It is unprecedented to obtrude into a representative assembly an extraneous element not elected by those whose business it transacts." (Cheers.)

The Prime Minister's reason for making this gigantic alteration of the Bill is not, as I gather it, that he and the Government have changed their minds on the absolute right or wrong of the matter. Their "opinions," he told us, "are not wholly abandoned." In other words, they are complying against their will, and are naturally of their own opinion still. The reason given is that he finds a preponderance of opinion, especially on this side, against the sub-sections, and that the Government cannot carry them, and therefore they cheerfully acquiesce in the direct contrary. (Loud laughter.) Now, I am not going to be so presumptuous as to quote, to the greatest master of Parliamentary tactics extant, anything about the danger of executing a change of front in presence of the enemy, or the more familiar maxim about swapping

horses in the middle of a stream, or any wise saws of that description ; but I will venture to ask him whether he is quite sure as to the accuracy and the true import of the evidence on which he relies, and the facts which have been represented to him by his scouts ? (Laughter.)

I notice he laid great stress on the nine amendments from various quarters for omitting the sub-sections, one of which he ended by moving himself. I will take the first that comes from one of his own followers, I mean the honourable member for Northampton (Mr. H. Labouchere). No doubt that honourable member is a most devoted follower of the Prime Minister—(cheers)—so devoted, indeed, that by his own account it requires a special interposition of the Sovereign to keep him from following the right honourable gentleman straight on to the Treasury bench—(prolonged laughter and cheers) ; and I notice that, though frustrated in this effort of affectionate attachment, he sits as near the right honourable gentleman as he can, in fact, separated from him only by a narrow, but unnavigable strait—(renewed laughter)—so that he has the solace of feeling that, though he cannot be the rose, he is as near the rose as possible. (Continued laughter.)

Well now, is the right honourable gentleman sure that he knows what the honourable member for Northampton really thinks of the retention of Irish members with unlimited powers ? I have quoted already some of that honourable gentleman's sayings. I will make one or two more citations from a small anthology of Northampton notions on this head which I have been at the pains to compile. (Laughter). On the 27th of October last year the honourable member said : " I really cannot comprehend how any human being can suggest that, while the Irish are to manage their own local affairs, they are to be allowed to have a controlling voice in our local affairs." (Cheers.) On the 15th of December he said : " I should not vote for any clause which leaves our local affairs to the arbitrament of the Irish members, after Ireland has been relieved of the intervention of British members in

Irish local affairs." On the 5th of January this year—(laughter)—he said: "Do Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley for a moment imagine that Great Britain would accept any Bill that, whilst securing to Ireland freedom from our interference in her local affairs, gives to the Irish members the casting vote in our local affairs?" (Cheers.) At the end of January he said: "I hardly believe that any member of the Cabinet is so lost to the most elementary notion of self-government as to wish to allow the Irish members to govern British reforms by Irish votes. (Cheers.) This would be as outrageous as to stock the Irish Parliament with British members in order to secure a majority there in favour of some particular scheme of legislation." In the beginning of March he said: "I have always held that the inclusion of the Irish members ought not to be a fatal objection, provided the Irish members do not vote on purely British matters." On the 9th of March he said: "The really important question is, whether Home Rule would carry the country at the general election? (Cheers and laughter.) There are two things which render this doubtful, and the first is, if our opponents could point to the fact that the Irish members will remain masters of our local affairs, and be able to throw their votes for or against any local measure, irrespective of its merits, and that with the view of securing something to Ireland." (Laughter.)

How the honourable member has got round from the starting-point of these utterances to putting down the amendment, in moving which he has been anticipated by the Prime Minister, I do not know, and I do not care. (Hear, hear.) Time is too precious to spend it in investigating the psychology of Parliamentary teetotums. (Loud laughter.) But I think it would be well for the Government to consider this phenomenon carefully if they are going to rely upon the honourable member for Northampton as one of the important signs of the times. If they are going to do so, however, I will trouble them with another passage from the honourable member's meditations, because it bears upon a very important

and relevant question of fact. On the 18th of January he said: "If I am to judge from the vast number of letters that I have received from all parts of the country, I am by no means alone in my views regarding the advisability of the exclusion of Irish members from Westminster after Home Rule became law. I believe that the large majority of Radicals are with me in my recognition of the wisdom of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley in regard to this matter, and that if these statesmen will only have the courage of their opinions, they may count upon the approval of the vast majority of Home Rulers. I do not in the least assert that there are no objections to the Irish being excluded from the Imperial Parliament. What I say is, that the objections to their retention outweigh those to their exclusion. Personally I am for entire exclusion. Partial exclusion would, at least, save Great Britain from the utter folly of British issues being at the mercy of the Irish members, whilst we have granted Ireland Home Rule because we think that the inhabitants of any island are better judges of its wants and requirements than the inhabitants of any neighbouring island. To suppose that we could obtain a majority at a general election for any such surrender of our right to self-government is to show a singular ignorance of Englishmen." (Cheers.) I think the Government ought to weigh well this testimony of their own chosen demometer or morometer—whichever way they put it—before finally surrendering to march as captives at the wheels of the honourable member for Northampton's triumphal donkey-cart. (Loud laughter and cheers.)

For my part, I stand by the Government's own sub-sections, until I see some amendment better fitted to do their work than the sub-sections themselves. Ordinary humanity bids me step in and take what charge I can of the Prime Minister's abandoned offspring (renewed laughter), especially as he has left it in an entirely destitute condition, with, so to speak, scarcely a stitch of clothing, or frustum of feeding-

bottle, or customary note with guinea enclosed to the benevolent. (Loud laughter, in which Mr. Gladstone joined.) As the Government were not ashamed to put the proposal forward, I need not be, and am not, ashamed provisionally to maintain it. Deserted though it be, it has the Government stamp and genealogical likeness upon it, and that is always something. I believe it to be absolutely just and reasonable in principle. It proposes to give to Irish members, as is only what is perfectly fair, their just share in common or so-called Imperial affairs, and to let us take our chance of such consequences as that may lead to. On the other hand, it proposes, what is also perfectly fair, to exclude Irish members from merely British matters, in which, after Home Rule is passed, they will have no interest whatever, and so let us take our chance of whatever might be incidental to that arrangement also. (Hear, hear.)

Nobody will ever make me believe that, given a just and reasonable principle like this, it is not in the power of this House of Commons, to which the sub-sections leave, without appeal, the whole regulation of the matter, to work it out in such a way that order and a perfect distribution and settlement of every just and relevant consideration or necessity would be the final result of all that is concerned in the application of the principle. (Hear, hear.) As to its being thus workable, I am content to ask my friends on this side, have we not the guarantee of the Prime Minister's matchless Parliamentary reputation staked on its being workable? Would he have allowed sub-sections to go forth to the world stamped with his authority which he knew could be properly described as unworkable? (Hear, hear.) Have we not, further, the authority of the Secretary for War that the application of the proposal for business purposes might be safely entrusted even to the hands of a Town or County Council? If the Secretary for War (Mr. H. Campbell-Bannerman) in that declaration did not see his way to vindicate what he has stated, I think the Committee will

agree with me that he must be what a celebrated compatriot of his and mine would have called a wind-bag—(laughter); whereas my right honourable friend is known to be a solid, substantial, and sagacious segment of the universe. (Much laughter.)

As far as I am concerned, I admit that possibly the plan of the sub-sections might dislocate the working of the existing Cabinet system to some extent, and it is natural for gentlemen on both front benches, whose lives are spent either inside Cabinets or trying to get inside them—(laughter)—to think the Cabinet system the best of all possible systems, just as the prosperous and fortunate classes are said generally to be optimists in creed, and to regard the present as the best of all possible worlds, while the unfortunate and non-prosperous are usually pessimists, with the exception of a few saints and philosophers. (Laughter.) For myself, I regard the Cabinet system as, to a large extent, an aristocratic and even courtly tradition which is getting a little antiquated and in need of revision, and I should be glad, indeed, to think that the sacrifice of these sub-sections by this Cabinet was not inspired in some more or less remote degree by the instinct of self-preservation. (Cheers and laughter.) I am content, however, with the Secretary for War, to regard these sub-sections as simply a matter of machinery, which the Chancellor of the Duchy said would work more smoothly, easily, and familiarly than the opposite plan, of which I suppose the right honourable gentleman is now the champion. (Laughter.)

All this, however, since yesterday, is mere ancient history, or spilt milk, or whatever else is the appropriate nomenclature; but, at the same time, I submit that it should bespeak for the like of myself a feeling of commiseration, in view of the high and dry position by which I suddenly find myself surrounded. The ideas which at this moment govern me are ideas which I learnt from the Prime Minister himself. (Loud cheers.) I knew that the right honourable gentleman had declared that

he would not be a party to any arrangement by which, after Ireland had a domestic Legislature of her own, Irish members should sit in the Imperial Parliament to manage British affairs. I knew that the right honourable gentleman had put these two things together, not the one as the accidental concomitant, but as the logical sequence of the other. I trusted all along to these declarations, and for years I have been declaring, wherever I have had an opportunity of speaking to the people, and invariably with their approbation, that one of the natural and, without doubt, inevitable conditions of Home Rule would be that Ireland should have no more power over our local affairs than we should have over hers. And now, how do I find myself? Left to no other consolation than the barren one of reciting *Amicus Plato, magis amica veritas*. (Loud cheers and laughter.) I offer myself to both sides of the Committee as an object of sympathy in the tragic situation in which I find myself placed. (Loud laughter.)

I feel like the disciple of a venerated master who has been guided by him over a famous historical bridge, crowded with numerous but disappointed transmigrants, to acquire at the end of our journey, an enlightened hold of the priceless principle that the angles at the base of a notorious geometrical figure are equal to one another. (Loud laughter.) Of course, I am overjoyed; I shout "Eureka," and vow eternal gratitude to my venerated master. But when, in the course of a few days afterwards, that venerated master comes along and tells me that he has been around and about among our friends, and finds that there is a general feeling that those angles ought not to be equal to one another—(loud cheers and laughter)—and that accordingly he is going to bow to this general feeling, so that henceforward we shall maintain their inequality rather than their equality, I ask you, sir, what am I to do? (Loud laughter.) Not being blessed with that flexibility or even fluidity of intelligence which makes so many of my co-disciples

not only equal to one another, but equal to anything—(loud laughter and cheers)—I feel somehow as if, having got the conviction, I shall not be able to un-get it. If I had not known better, perhaps I might have done better. But, unhappily, *J'y suis*, and perforce *J'y reste*. Is not my case one to melt the proverbial heart of the proverbial stone?

What comfort does the right honourable gentleman offer me in the desolation and despair of which himself is the cause? He tells me I shall have the felicity of assisting in asserting the equality of all members of Parliament. But it seems to me that is precisely the thing I should *not* be doing if his latest proposal becomes law. (Cheers.) Members of Parliament are equal—when and why? When and because, and only when and because, they are clothed with a representative character. In no other circumstances can they even be present in this House. Under Home Rule, Irish members will possess a representative character in Imperial affairs. They will be in their natural place, and I am willing to hazard the consequences. But in British affairs they will not be clothed with a representative character—(cheers)—they will be mere *advenæ*, mere amateurs, responsible to no constituency for what they do, running no personal or national risk if they give a wrong vote. When will the inequality come in? It will come in when you put interlopers on the same footing with those who have the legitimate call; and equality can only be restored by excluding those interlopers from business with which they will no longer have anything to do. (Cheers.) I know what is said on this head by transcendental theorists like the noble lord the member for the Barnsley Division (Earl Compton), to whom I always listen with respect, because he seems to me to seek to base his vote on reason and not simply to give effect to his gregarious instincts; and I also know the answer, but I do not give it, because I am responding to consolation tendered to me by the Prime Minister, who is careful to distinguish

the theoretical and practical categories, and who knows that the Home Rule question must be treated on the footing that Ireland is to be *quasi*-separate and independent, while the Imperial Parliament, through the supreme difficulty and inconvenience of exercising its reserved and indefeasible supremacy, will in practice reign but not govern. (Hear, hear.)

Then the Prime Minister tells me further, by way of consolation, that I shall not be in such great danger, after all, of that Irish intrigue in British affairs which I certainly dread, and which he originally stated neither he nor his colleagues could bring themselves to face, and have apparently been able to face, if at all, only within the last twenty-four hours, because, as he says, there will be a rise of new parties and a splitting up of interests under Home Rule, and in this Parliament there will not be the necessity for, and there will not be, that Nationalistic combination which is now maintained, and which the right honourable gentleman seemed to regard as the only possible danger ahead. The drawback to that form of consolation is that, in order to administer it, the right honourable gentleman has to assume the *role* of a prophet. But in my sorrows prophets are of no use to me. I can do my own prophesying at home. (Laughter.) And I cast the Home Rule horoscope somewhat differently. I think he has miscalculated the occultation of Lyra. (Laughter.) Under the proposed legislative arrangements in Ireland, I think there will be such a survival of the Nationalist sentiment and combination, both there and in this House, as may be necessary for preserving the independence already acquired, and to enable its possessors to achieve more. More particularly, and to say nothing of finance, I believe it to be certain that in watching here the action of the Imperial veto upon native legislation, the Irish members will vote as one man, or, at all events, the party that is in a domestic majority will go solid for Nationalist aims, however British interests may suffer. And that is why, in their hearts, Irish members prefer 103 to 80,

and will to-night vote themselves into dominion over British interests with which they will have nothing to do, a transaction in which, however, I am bound to say I should, were I an Irishman, probably join them, especially if invited to it as they are by the inconceivable facility of British simplicity. (Cheers.)

The last consolation offered me by the right honourable gentleman is that I shall share in the happiness of putting the Paramount in its proper place of priority to the Secondary—of making Home Rule the principal thing in the Bill, and accepting his view that other arrangements are of a minor character, and so succeeding in carrying Home Rule, which is the paramount, whatever becomes of British interests, which will be the secondary. Sir, I know that the end is logically paramount to the means. One does not require to have read *Albertus Magnus* or *Peter Ramus* to learn that. But what I want to ask is, does the end always justify the means? (Hear, hear.) Shall we do evil that good may come? That seems to me to be the practical question raised in this case. I know plenty of people in daily life who hold strongly by this doctrine of the paramount, who, when they wish to gain an object or acquire a possession, will pay any price for it, however extravagant, but I also know that it generally lands them in the Bankruptcy Court. One encounters gentlemen at the Old Bailey and at Quarter Sessions who are strongly attached to the doctrine of the paramount. (Laughter.) They want that gold watch, or that silver plate, and if other people's interests must be sacrificed, so much the worse for other people's interests, which are only secondary to the paramount object, and a minor matter. (Laughter.) But I know that it does not pay. It brings its practitioners into their three months, or their three years, or more, in the direct ratio of the enthusiasm of their devotion to the doctrine of the paramount. (Laughter.) Altogether, I must say that I derive little consolation, in my

forlorn state, from the comforts proffered me by the right honourable gentleman.

When I turn to my fellow Home Rulers, those "ponderating" Liberals who seem to have scared the Government, I do not find myself much better off. I can only touch one or two of the points they take.

They tell me that by adopting the *omnes omnia*, or Irish-for-all-purposes, plan, we shall be curing all the confusion and evils of the in-and-out system. I confess I do not see it. It seems to me we should increase the evils a hundred or a thousandfold by extending the area of their operation. It is a simple question of the rule of three. If so much mischief can be done by Irish presence in Imperial affairs, how much more mischief can be done by their added presence in British affairs? I do not understand this Gargantuan homœopathy, by which you propose to translate *similia similibus* into *omnes omnia*. It reminds me of the well-known man of Thessaly

"who was so wondrous wise,

He jumped into a thick-set hedge and scratched out both his eyes ;
So when he saw his eyes were out, with all his might and main
He jumped into another hedge, to scratch them in again."

(Loud laughter.) That seems exactly the philosophy of the new Government plan of curing the evils of Irish presence in Imperial affairs by means of their further presence in British affairs.

But, say my friends, the Irish are doing all these mischiefs now ; you will be no worse than before. But I want to be better. (Hear, hear.) And in these despised and rejected sub-sections I think I see a way to be better. I fear, however, I shall certainly be worse. At present the Irish members are, at all events, in their true position, and, in a true position, average men are trustworthy ; and besides, I have a check upon them if they go too far. But under Home Rule, with unlimited powers here too, I should not only have lost all the check upon them I now possess, but they would be in a false position, with no representative responsibility, making laws

which they would not have to obey, imposing taxes which they would not have to pay ; and, in a false position, the best of men are dangerous. (Hear, hear.) Even were there no Irish interests to sway them, and they were legislating for Britain merely for their amusement and at the bidding of caprice and whim, they would be dangerous, as there is a very old Parliamentary hand, of even longer standing in this House than the right honourable gentleman himself, who will "still some mischief find for idle votes to do." (Loud laughter.)

Last of all, my preponderating friends tell me that, if I will only consent to this new arrangement, we shall secure the co-operation of I do not know how many good Irish Radical votes, and I am not sure that, human nature being so weak as it is and so open to temptation, this is not the most prevailing consideration when all is said and done. (Cheers.) But I want to ask my fellow Home Rulers whether they can honestly, and in conformity with any ethical standard of political action, join in an attempt to snatch votes—even Radical votes—in this way. There is no principle more sacred to Radicalism than the principle of representation, that people should be ruled through representatives chosen by themselves. But what would the British votes of Irish members be under the conditions of Home Rule? They would not be the votes of members chosen by the people in whose affairs those votes would be exercised. I tell my fellow Radicals that it will be impossible honestly to obtain Radical Irish votes under the scheme of Home Rule. Do you say that you will go upon the line of "Get votes, honestly if you can, but by all means get votes"? (Cheers.) Then I shall begin to be afraid that I have been getting into not the best of company, and I, for one, refuse to join in debauching Liberalism or committing what I believe will be a political rascality. (Opposition cheers.) I will do all I can to obtain Radical votes on Radical principles, but I will also do all I can against obtaining Radical votes on anti-Radical principles. Besides, what certainty have you

that the Irish votes will be always Radical? A nation of small landlords is as likely as not to be a nation of great Tories—(laughter)—and in any case Irish votes will vote Irish whatever comes of Radicalism. (Hear, hear.)

I regret more than I can express that the Government have not stood by their own better judgment in this matter, but have given way, apparently without argument or discussion, to the opinion of those who are surely inferior to themselves in judging of the proper construction of legislative clauses. I am afraid it is becoming, to a certain extent, too characteristic of this Government to give way. They are getting too much into the way of first putting their foot down, and then taking it up again and running off. I venture to tell them that a Government of runaways is not unlikely to prove a fugitive Government. (Cheers and laughter.) It is not their mind but their will that makes me uneasy. I am not so much afraid for their head as for their backbone. The Government contains one superb and transcendent genius, and half-a-dozen—at all events five—other men of undoubtedly conspicuous intellect. (Laughter, and cries of "Name, name.") I am not ashamed to acknowledge such a Government, upon the whole, as my leaders, but I do regret that when Nature was finishing off those splendid and other crania—(laughter)—she appears to have somewhat forgot that to make such structures properly effective and serviceable, they must be mounted on vertebral columns of non-cartilaginous material. (Renewed laughter.)

I am sure it will be understood that, in so speaking, I am actuated by the most friendly disposition towards the Government. (Laughter, and cries of "Oh.") Faithful are the wounds of a friend. (Hear, hear.) I do not need to recall the old Greek jingle about *κολακεις* and *κορακεις* to show that flattery and friendship are by no means synonymous. I have observed that Governments, like individuals, have two classes of friends, the candid and the sugar-candied. (Loud laughter, in which Mr. Gladstone joined.) For myself, I am

afraid there can be little doubt about the category to which I belong, for, unfortunately, Nature has not endowed me with any plethora of saccharine attributes—(laughter)—to begin with, and such as may have been bestowed have, I apprehend, become almost atrophied by negligent culture. (Laughter.) Such as I am, however, I offer my counsel and my warning, if need be, to the Government, and I felicitate myself to-day on having taken courage to speak out my mind—(cheers)—and tell them what I really think and feel with respect to the unfortunate and, I believe disastrous change which has so suddenly come over the spirit and character of this Bill. I am afraid now that, when it goes down to the country, and is by and by sufficiently thought over and understood by the people, it will not only create no enthusiasm, but may excite a great amount of opposition, not only to the Bill, but possibly to the idea which it originally and exclusively represented, and so be the means of retarding a cause which I shall always continue to regard as, under just and rational conditions, the cause of justice, of liberty, of progress, and of good government. (Loud cheers.)

Government of Ireland Bill, as amended

August 15, 1893

Mr. WALLACE said he had amendments in this connection on the paper, which from the uncompromising attitude adopted by the Government in reference to the amendment of his hon. friend the member for Kirkcaldy (Mr. Dalziel), he clearly saw would have no opportunity of being considered. He was not at liberty, therefore, to argue this amendment out; but perhaps he might be allowed simply to state his own attitude upon the question. If the amendments he had upon the paper had had a chance, which they would not have, of being considered, his proposal would have run as follows :—

“That on and after the appointed day there shall be in Ireland a Legislature consisting of Her Majesty the Queen and the Legislative Assembly, with such Legislative Council, if any, as may be created by Irish Act.”

He would have started in Ireland with a Legislature consisting simply of the Sovereign and a Legislative Assembly, but he would have endowed that initial Legislature with a limited prolific faculty of producing a supplement to itself in the form of such Legislative Council as it might create by legislation. In that way he would have desired to throw upon Ireland itself the responsibility and the duty, if it were a duty, of providing a Second Chamber for itself, and a Second Chamber of any kind that it chose to select for itself. Such an amendment would not have required his arguing the abstract question of a Second Chamber at all. He would have desired to get rid of the abstract discussion ; it would have been enough for him to say that on that article of their political faith he did not belong to the school of the Prime Minister, who, so far as he could learn, desired a Second Chamber, partly because experience appeared to have taught him that legislation proceeded too rapidly without one, and partly because the right hon. gentleman was attached to the hereditary principle for reasons which he had never been able to follow. He himself belonged rather to the school of the Chief Secretary for Ireland and the Home Secretary, who were avowed enders rather than menders of the House of Lords and similar institutions. Such being his position he, for one, had the greatest aversion to having anything to do with the construction of a Second Chamber, and especially in connection with new institutions which were to be given to a newly-started country. But by his amendment, if it had had a chance of being considered, he would have been able to get out of this difficulty. He admitted that Ireland had a perfect right to be governed as it chose ; and as there was no accounting for tastes, if she desires to have a Second Chamber in addition to the primary Legislature, he, for one, was not in a position to deny that she had a right to her choice. But he thought he was in a position to deny that she had a right to compel him to take any personal concern or responsibility in creating such a Chamber. He

said that if Ireland wanted this institution, and especially in the peculiarly distasteful form offered in this Bill, by all means let her please herself ; all he begged was that he should not be asked to put his hand to the unclean thing. He would not, and he could not do it. His amendment, if he could have moved it, would have enabled him to get rid entirely of the 6th clause, which was a distasteful provision, reserving as it did the iniquitous principle of property qualification, and conferring on a small body of landlords the power of vetoing the evident will of the people. He would have gone a considerable way further than his hon. friends the members for Kirkcaldy (Mr. Dalziel) and Walworth (Mr. Saunders), but only in the direction of making concessions to the Irish people. As it was, he would have pleasure in going into the lobby with them.

POLITICAL PRISONERS

**Address in Answer to the Queen's Speech. Amendment
in reference to Irish political prisoners**

February 14, 1895

Mr. WALLACE said that he intended to vote with the hon. members for Ireland, and against the Government. This amendment had been made a subject of confidence by the Government, and he desired to clear up his position in the matter. He thought that the turning of an adverse vote on this question into a vote of censure on the Government was not worthy of them. He could not understand any rational justification for such a position. He supposed the Chancellor of the Exchequer would plead that it was an old tradition that a vote against the Government on the Address was to be accepted as a vote of censure. He ventured to say that this was a piece of antiquated nonsense. He imagined that the practice had come down from the days of Sir Robert Walpole ; but the Parliamentary promulgator of graduated taxation at the end of this century might easily have undertaken the not

very difficult duty of brushing aside the cobwebs left by Sir Robert Walpole.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT: On the contrary, I wish he was here.

Mr. WALLACE thought, at any rate, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer might have detached his mind from the traditional formalities connected with this question, and that he might have devoted it to the centre and substance of the matter. Were the expected supporters of the Government to be tied down in the way in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, by his utterances, proposed that they should be? It came to this—unless the supporters of the Government were on every minute point to come to heel, they must run the risk of being dismissed to go before the country. He desired, however, to set the matter in the light of public interests. Was it right and proper that a great administration should be prepared to throw up its great power for usefulness all over the country, and for a very considerable period of time in prospect, merely on a matter of petty administration? A Government that went out of power in a pet because its own supporters or the House of Commons offered advice differing from the view which it entertained itself on a point of mere administration deserved to be censured. Years ago he had voted with his hon. friends on this question, and he had seen no reason to reverse the opinion then arrived at. The prisoners had certainly expiated whatever crimes they had been guilty of; and, in addition to that, he had since seen a more clear and more full indication of the national sentiment of Ireland on the question. One other important event had happened since that time, and that was the enunciation of certain large principles with regard to amnesty, both in speech and writing, by the Chief Secretary. The Leinster Hall speech justified the vote he was about to give. The Chief Secretary had no right to limit the application of his principles in any arbitrary way he pleased. The Chief Secretary was master

of his own mind, but he was not master of deductive logic. Extracts from the Leinster Hall speech were quoted yesterday, and in that speech the Chief Secretary practically pledged the Government to give an amnesty to these prisoners whenever Home Rule was granted to Ireland. He drew two inferences: the first was, that these prisoners were political prisoners. If not, why should they be amnestied on a political occasion? Did the Chief Secretary propose to amnesty the murderers, the thieves, and the rogues in Ireland? He drew the further inference that it was not a question of abstract justice. It was simply a principle of political expediency. If not, Government would not make a part of the contract. If Home Rule had been carried eighteen months ago, these men would have been amnestied. If Home Rule was not passed for twenty years, they would remain in prison. Was there a principle of abstract justice there? If it was a question of expediency, it might be expedient to give amnesty now. The Irish people were to get not merely the haunch of venison, but the trimmings into the bargain; and they said, as they could not get the haunch of venison, "Give us the trimmings." They asked for something on account. He said that was a very justifiable request. He thought the Chief Secretary might grant the request of the Irish people, and release the so-called dynamite prisoners. He should call them poli'cal prisoners. From what he knew of the nature of the Irish people, he was sure they would feel far more grateful for the contingent than for the postponed mercy.

DENOMINATIONAL EDUCATION

The Queen's Speech—Roman Catholic University for Ireland

February 16, 1898

Mr. WALLACE said—I will not attempt to go minutely or elaborately into any criticism of the speech which the

right hon. gentleman (the First Lord of the Treasury) has just made. It is one that calls for much more consideration than even the most powerful intellect in this House can give on the spur of the moment. I think I may be permitted to say that I have heard more luminous and definite statements made by the right hon. gentleman. It may be through general intellectual defect on my part, or possibly because I am more stupid at this moment than is my normal condition, but I must say that it strikes me that there is a vagueness and inconclusiveness about the right hon. gentleman's endeavour to foreshadow what there was then in his mind that makes it at this moment appear that there might possibly be more in his mind than he told us in the short time he occupied the House. I notice, however, what seemed to me to be an inconsistency between the introductory and final statements of the right hon. gentleman. He told us, I think, that there was practically no such thing as undenominational education in Ireland. It may be, in theory, that the mode of its practical management was such that it was sectarian and denominational. The mode of management which he speaks of was the management, I think, of the clergy, the management of the priests, the management of the ministers, or whatever specific name may attach to the different varieties of the clerical element in Ireland. I think it is a most reasonable demand that has been made on the part of my hon. friend behind me, who is deeply interested in such questions, to know what was to be the species of management of the new university which the right hon. gentleman has in view. If the governing body is to be of such a nature that it will convert the new universities into Roman Catholic institutions, then I fall back upon the phrase which my hon. friend below the gangway used this afternoon, namely, that the Irish Roman Catholic College will be a denominational and sectarian institution. The very complaint that I have to make about Trinity College is that it is of a practically sectarian and denominational character. If this new university

is to be a practical reproduction of Trinity College, then I think the country is now face to face with a distinct proposal on the part of the right hon. gentleman for starting a Catholic and sectarian institution. I do not think the mere fact that he has said a number of prizes would be open to anyone who came to seek them makes any material alteration in the situation. He told us himself that he would not send any youth in whom he was interested to be instructed in the so-far undenominational institution which he has projected, and which he is to carry forward at some time or other. At the present moment I can come to no other conclusion than this—that what we have to consider really is the proposal to add to the number of sectarian and denominational institutions in Ireland.

I wish to call the attention of the House to one or two words that I have to say in reply to the challenge of some of us members above the gangway from members from below the gangway. The mover of the amendment challenged, as I understood, certain English and Scotch Radicals to vote against this amendment in view of certain conduct of which they had been either guilty or deserving of condemnation in regard to the discussion of Irish matters in previous years. No English or Scotch Radical, as far as I know, has had an opportunity of joining in this debate, and as I myself happen to be—at least, I profess to be—a Radical, according to the best definition of it, I, without any doubt or hesitation, intend to vote against the amendment proposed by the member for East Mayo. I would like the opportunity of clearing my position as far as I am able to make it clear, and I request the indulgence of the House while I do so. I shall not trespass upon any favour the House may extend to me in any statement that I make.

[The hon. member was speaking at half-past five o'clock when, by the rules of the House, the debate stood adjourned.]

SCOTTISH QUESTIONS

TROUBLES IN SKYE

Address in Answer to the Queen's Speech

February 16, 1887

Mr. WALLACE complained that no sufficient reason had been given for refusing an inquiry into the late troubles in Skye. He had no hesitation in saying that the feeling in Scotland was one of widespread and intense dissatisfaction—"oh"—with the manner in which they had been taught to believe or suspect that the people of Skye and Tiree had been treated. . . . The people of Skye were a people of intelligence and piety. (Laughter.) Hon. gentlemen on the other side might laugh at intelligence and piety, or at both combined. But there had been a long tradition of education in that island; and the result was that the population there were, in point of intelligence, superior to the same class in England. . . . There were two things which the people of Scotland especially resented in this matter. They resented the uncalled-for and exasperating theatricality of sending a portion of the British army and navy against a half-starved population; and they resented the apparently tyrannical conduct of Sheriff Ivory, which seemed to them to have been dictated by an extraordinary egotism on the one hand and, on the other, by something like a determination to crush the crofters in favour of the landlords. Those suspicions were shared by the people of Scotland as a whole. . . . He contended that it was possible, with a sufficient number of police, to perform the civil duty required there, and that it was not necessary to call in the aid of the military.

CONTEMPT FOR THE SCOTTISH NATIONALITY

Supply—Civil Services

March 21, 1887

Mr. WALLACE opposed the policy of forcing votes by exhausting the physical resources of members, and called

attention to the fact that Scotland as well as Ireland had grievances that should be discussed, though he admitted that of the 72 Scotch members 68 had gone home to bed. He added:—I have waited for the simple reason that, of all the nationalities represented here, the Scotch nation has the most difficulty in obtaining a hearing. We are constantly on the watch to get in a word upon Scotch affairs, because our difficulty is that, while the Irish are hated, we are despised, and contempt is far more difficult to overcome. Hatred stimulates resistance from the hated: contempt crushes and paralyses the organ of combativeness.

THE CROFTER COMMISSION

Scotland—Action of the Crofter Commission

May 24, 1887

Mr. WALLACE said he wished to raise his humble voice to emphasise the peculiar facts connected with the results of the recent deliverances of the Crofter Commission. He did not think these points were sufficiently appreciated, even after the speech of the hon. member for Caithness (Dr. Clark). The reductions that had been made in rents by that Commission were even more significant than those connected with the fixing of judicial rents in Ireland. The reduction percentages were much higher in Scotland than in Ireland, reaching, as they did, to 30, 40, and even 50 per cent., which showed how great the injury was that had been inflicted on the crofters. He did not think the meaning of the reduction of 50 per cent. was sufficiently realised. Suppose there had been a reduction of 50 per cent., what did that mean? It meant an injury to the tenant much higher than injury of 50 per cent. It represented 100 per cent. A tenant, say, was charged £100 a year rent; it was then discovered by the Commission that the rent ought to be reduced to £50. That was a reduction of 50 per cent. so far as the landlord was concerned; but what did it

mean with respect to the injury that had been all along done to the tenant? It meant that he had been all along paying £50 of unjust charge, so that he had been charged 100 per cent. more than he ought to have been charged; £50 on £50 was the same as £100 on £100. (Ministerial laughter.) It required elementary instruction of that kind to bring the matter properly home to the minds of hon. members opposite. He thought it ought to be impressed on the minds of hon. members opposite that there were sufferings in connection with the tenancies in the Western Islands of Scotland that were even more deplorable, in many respects, than the sufferings of the tenants of Ireland.

LUNACY DISTRICTS

Lunacy Districts (Scotland) Bill. Clause 4 (power in certain cases to contract with existing asylum before erecting new asylum)

August 24, 1887

On amendment by Mr. E. Robertson (Dundee) to make it optional to contract with the chartered asylum or not.

Mr. WALLACE said—This is not a question affecting Forfarshire alone. It excites as much interest in Edinburgh as in Dundee, and the feeling is general that there is a great hardship in the parochial boards being bound to one particular asylum, and not being at liberty to select among the different institutions one which may answer their purpose. In short, there are particular asylums which are protected, and the parochial boards simply want the principle of free trade to be guaranteed to them as it is to others who wish to procure any article of service. Looking at this as a general question, I sympathise very much with the direction in which the parochial boards of Edinburgh and Forfarshire desire to move. I would have been pleased simply to have omitted clause 4 from the Bill. At the same time, as I am challenged to go to a division, I shall, on general principles, feel com-

pelled to vote for the amendment before the Committee. I cannot understand how it is, when no one is to be injured, objection should be raised to the parochial boards having the opportunity of choosing the asylums to which they shall send their patients. There are no vested interests connected with these privileged asylums, and no one would lose a penny by withdrawing the existing monopoly. Economy, I believe, was the object originally contemplated in the Act of 1857; but I think experience has shown that the danger which was then anticipated does not now exist. The only fault which I think can be found with the parochial boards is that they are too extravagant in their expenditure. I have always heard that parsimony, even to the extent of positive niggardliness, was the charge to which they were most exposed. The original object of the clause having disappeared, it seems to me that the clause intended to remedy that should also disappear.

THE SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND

Secretary for Scotland Act (1885) Amendment Bill. In Committee

August 24, 1887

On clause 2 (Transference of powers and duties of Secretary of State).

Mr. WALLACE said—I beg to move the amendment which stands in my name, namely, to insert after “Scotland” in line 26, “Provided always that no person shall be capable of holding the said office of Secretary for Scotland who is not a member of the House of Commons, and that the appointment of any member of the said House to such office should not have the effect of vacating his seat.” Now, I have a variety of reasons for proposing this amendment. The first one is of a general character. I think that the possibility of the Secretary for Scotland being a member of the peerage should be excluded.

I hold that view upon the ground of general political principle, because I am one of those who are of opinion that the aristocratic principle should be discouraged and diminished in the government of the country. If possible, a Commoner should be preferred in all the functions of government. In saying this I believe I am giving expression to the opinion of the great mass of the people of Scotland.

. . . The number of Conservatives returned is a tolerably correct arithmetical measure of the amount of aristocratic faith in Scotland. The vast majority of the people of Scotland are purely and strongly democratic. Scotland has for a long period been subjected to influences the tendency of which has been to produce an extension and development of democratic ideas. The people are more and more feeling a difficulty in understanding why they should give reverence and honour and obedience to any man simply because he is his father's son. There is a growing discontent with the fact that a handful of persons, possessing, no doubt, that qualification, should be empowered by law to raise themselves to claims for honour and obedience above the rest of their fellows. . . . I desire the Scottish Secretary to be in the House of Commons because he ought to be easily accessible to the Scottish nation as personified in its representatives, in order that he may be amenable to their questionings, and that the largest possible legislative advantage may be taken by them of his position, and it is in the House of Commons really that we have the Scottish nation represented. Practically speaking, the Scottish nation is in the House of Commons, and nowhere else. No doubt there are some 87 persons connected with the Scottish peerage who are necessarily not represented in this House. But even of these there are 51 who are peers of Great Britain by special creation, or peers of the United Kingdom; and these noble lords I look upon rather as Englishmen who have a Scottish connection than as properly Scotchmen in any practical sense. They are exotic to Scotland;

their positions and their education and their feeling render them, to a large extent, foreigners in Scotland. They are not so much Scottish as shareholders in Scotland ; so that really there are only 36 persons, properly speaking, who are identifiable as Scotsmen who are not in the House of Commons. I say, therefore, that the whole nation is here, and that in a large reckoning of this kind we cannot count these three dozen gentlemen. . . . This, then, is the place where the Scottish Secretary ought to be found, that he may be in touch with the people whose fortunes he is to a large extent expected to influence. Then, I desire the Secretary to be in this House in order that he may, if possible, aid us in getting a full—at all events a better—attention paid to Scottish business. I venture to say that Scottish business, and the satisfaction of the claims of Scottish business in this House, is in an outrageous and intolerable condition at present. Scottish business is pushed away into a corner ; and all that is given to it is a few scraps of time at two or three o'clock in the morning, and two miserable Wednesday afternoons. That is the whole amount of time that has been devoted this session to the legislative wants of a nation that numbers close on 4 millions of people, and that is possessed of a special and very highly organised civilisation, embracing complicated, delicate, diversified, and minutely ramified interests—legal, educational, commercial, agricultural, and industrial. Now, I think I am not indulging in exaggeration when I say this is a wrong state of matters. . . . This neglect and contempt of the interests of Scotland may be owing to the overshadowing influence of the mere physical bulk of England—500 representatives can, of course, whenever they choose, outweigh 72. It may, perhaps, be the fault of the Scottish members themselves. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, and nobody attends to it. It may be that we are too independent of one another—I will not say jealous of one another—or it may be that our appetite for humble pie is more keen than is consistent with our public

prosperity. Whatever may be the reason, the fact is undeniable that in British legislation Scotland is, at the present time, practically nowhere. I have some hope and expectation that, if the Secretary for Scotland is always vigilantly present in this House, and if powerfully present in the Cabinet, he will have the influence and the power, to some extent, to mend this state of matters. At all events, he cannot make them worse; and the experiment is worth trying whether he cannot make them better. Ireland has her Secretary in this House and in the Cabinet; and we see what an immense amount of time and attention Ireland has gained for the consideration of her affairs by that arrangement. Perhaps, if we had a Secretary for Scotland with some force of character, we might possibly get something like our own share of attention. What, let me ask, is our fair share? I venture to say, making a calculation on the basis of population, that in a session like the present, Scotland ought to have had very nearly a clear month all to herself. That is a very moderate calculation. Instead of this, we have only got the two wretched Wednesday afternoons, and the morsels of legislative offal which have been flung to us at three o'clock in the morning. If we make a calculation on the basis of comparative wealth, it will be found we are entitled to a much larger share of the time of the House than we get. Now, let me remind the Committee that the arrangement which I propose would be in accordance with the old Parliamentary traditions of Scotland, which do not live merely in history books, but in the minds of the people. In the days of the Scotch Parliament the Secretary for Scotland was of necessity continually in touch with the Commons, for the simple reason that the old Scotch Parliament was a single-chamber Parliament. . . . I now come to the second part of my amendment, which I admit is, perhaps, the most disputable part of my proposal. At all events, I am led to believe it is open to dispute; and that is that on the appointment of any member of the House as Secretary for Scotland he shall not *ipso facto*

vacate his seat. I would gladly have omitted that part of the amendment if I had seen it possible to do so consistently with maintaining the main proposition. I have tried it in all ways, and I am utterly unable to see how I can reconcile the two propositions, namely, to make the Scottish Secretary exclusively a member of this House, and at the same time provide that when appointed he shall vacate his seat. . . . Suppose that a member of the House is appointed Secretary for Scotland and that upon the plea that the office is one of profit under the Crown he vacates his seat. Suppose that he is re-elected and is again appointed Secretary for Scotland, he vacates his seat. The same thing will go on again and again in the attempt to appoint a Secretary for Scotland. . . . I do not see any reason for the proposition as a general proposition, and I see less reason for it as applied to the case of Scotland. . . . Whatever may be the value of the general argument as applied to the kingdom at large, there can be no doubt that, as far as regards Scotland and Scottish Parliamentary traditions, there really is no defence whatever for perpetuating the rule with respect to offices of profit under the Crown, because the causes which led to the rule in England never existed in Scotland. There was never any danger in the Scottish Parliament of the Crown obtaining too much influence. The danger was all the other way. . . . The rule is really and entirely an English rule, springing out of English circumstances and out of English history. It was enacted a few months after the Scottish members first took their seat in this House under the Act of Union ; but Scottish history, traditions, and ideas had no connection whatever with the enactment of this law. Before sitting down I must notice one objection of a practical character that may be brought against my proposal. It may be said that to exclude peers would be to run the risk of a very substantial loss of administrative capacity, and consequent loss to the country. I have considered the point as carefully as I can, and I must say that the risk is infinitesimal—more particularly is it so in connection

with the purely Scottish peerage. I do not speak of the English nobility, but of the purely Scottish peerage, and I venture to say, with respect to them, that scarcely without any exception I do not know that a more insignificant aggregate of humanity is at the present moment existing on the face of the earth ; and therefore, I do not see that, as far as they are concerned there will be much practical loss to the country if they are debarred from holding the office of Secretary for Scotland. In any case it is simply a question of the balance of advantage, and I am one of those who are of opinion, taking all material calculations into account, there will be an amount of advantage derived from observing a rule such as that which I propose should regulate this matter which will far more than compensate for any loss that can possibly accrue.

FAIR RENTS IN SCOTLAND

Answer to the Queen's Speech

February 22, 1888

Amendment by Mr. Anderson for the creation of a tribunal to fix fair rents in Scotland.

Mr. WALLACE said the Lord Advocate seemed to think that the Scotch people were thinking about nothing else than University reform, Burgh Police laws and Private Bills. He ventured to say that nine out of ten of the population of Scotland were not thinking of these matters at all. . . . He had no doubt that in the matter under discussion the Lord Advocate would be as successful in voting down Scotch members as he was last night, when he brought in the usual smoking-room brigade to vote down Scotch public opinion. . . . They had heard in these debates recently attempts made by hon. and right hon. gentlemen to draw from the case of Scotland illustrations and arguments with respect to the Irish difficulty. It was said that Scotland was contented with the Union, because Scotch opinion was always deferred to on

Scotch matters. But that was not the case; the fact was precisely the opposite. Scotch opinion in any matter which was peculiarly Scotch was voted down in this House by overwhelming numbers of English Tories. . . . He had brought very closely home to his attention, by deputations from agricultural constituencies, the state of things in different parts of the country, and his conviction was that the sufferings of the Scotch tenantry were not less in proportion than the sufferings of the agricultural tenants in Ireland. There might not be the same cases of absolute cruelty, though he believed there were cases to be found in Scotland which would parallel any case of cruelty in Ireland if they were equally advertised. But the condition of things—the grievous and serious condition of things—was such that, in his opinion, it ought to have been mentioned in the Gracious Speech from the Throne. At all events, if there was to be a selection made of the Scotch topics that were to be mentioned in the Speech, not those that were mentioned would have been selected, but such a one as formed the subject of the amendment. He would take one instance of the manner in which Scotch tenants were treated. (Quoted case of a farm belonging to A. J. Balfour in which compensation had been refused to the leaving tenant, with the consequence that he was “now in the position of a ruined man.”) His (Mr. Wallace’s) testimony, so far as he had been able to gather information about the matter, was that the Scotch landlords generally did not treat their tenants generously, and did not even treat them justly. . . . The Government’s promise of University reform, and to deal with the Burgh Police and Private Bills were simply three red herrings which were drawn across the path to give an appearance of paying attention to Scotch matters, and to enable them to give the real questions which were interesting to the people of Scotland the go-by, and to do nothing that was worthy to be done. He would assure the Government that they were the most active apostles of Home Rule in Scotland that he knew of. He was not a red-hot advocate of Scotch Home

Rule in the meantime ; but he could assure the Government that there were no people doing more to create a determination on the part of Scotland to have something in the nature of an independent local legislature and local government than Her Majesty's Government by the way they were treating, or rather maltreating, Scotch business.

SCOTTISH MEMBERS

Scotch Business

July 31, 1888

Mr. WALLACE, as one of those who supported the suggestion of a Saturday sitting to make progress with Scotch business, explained that he certainly did not do so as in any way regarding it as a desirable way of treating Scotch business ; it was simply a fit of desperation in the hope that, if the Government would not give them something like fair treatment, they might secure some treatment at least. They were glad to be treated at all ; it was better to be maltreated than ignored. That was practically the position of the Scotch members in the choice of the alternatives before them. . . . There was one consolatory reflection that moved him when he threw out a suggestion for a Saturday sitting, that probably on that day a considerable part of the supporters of Her Majesty's Government would be away amusing themselves, and there might be a possibility for once of the voice of Scotland having some small influence in the determination of Scotch matters. But he found it was vain to rely even upon that hope.

Supply

August 4, 1888

Mr. WALLACE considered the position of Scotch business at that moment to be one of the most deplorable character, dishonourable not only to Scotland, but to that House, and

to the managers of business in that House. . . . The fact he wished to fix upon was the general position of Scottish business at the present moment under the action of the Secretary for Scotland (the Marquess of Lothian); the most disappointing action, considering the hopes entertained in Scotland when his great office was created. Under that action Scottish business, Scottish members, and Scotland altogether, to his mind, had now reached the very lowest level of contempt. . . . Looking at the present state of the House, he asked if it was not the most complete and graphic description of the utter contempt in which Scottish discussions and Scottish business were held that could possibly be afforded? What were they there? "*Rari nantes in gurgite vasto*," and simply because it was a Scottish discussion that was on. The first Lord of the Treasury did not seem to think that there was any individuality in Scottish members—that they were simply a homogeneous class, like a dozen of oysters, and if they got two or three they had got the substance and similitude of all the rest. The right hon. gentleman thought he could sample them like a bag of beans, or a ton of "Parnellism and Crime," or any indiscriminate stuff which could be safely recognised by putting in their hand and pulling out an accidental specimen. . . . The right hon. gentleman was much to be excused in this matter, because he was simply reflecting what was the attitude of all the nationalities represented in this House towards Scottish business. It was perfectly well understood by the Scottish nation that they were systematically selected by the three other nationalities as the nation that was to be despised. (Cries of "No.") It was very polite of them to say "No," but he went by facts and not by words, and he knew that they were to a certain extent looked upon as the legitimate laughing-stock of the three nationalities. That was very much owing to the action, or rather the inaction, of the Secretary for Scotland, and the inefficiency of his coadjutor, the right hon. and learned Lord Advocate. . . . He could not help hearing

it said amongst, he supposed, the wits of the other nationalities that when a Scottish discussion was on it was what was called "a haggis debate," and it was called so by persons who, he believed, could not distinguish between a "haggis" and a "philabeg." He was speaking principally at present of the English section, and he would give a proof of what he said. They had great pride as a nation in the right hon. and learned gentleman holding the coign of vantage on the Treasury bench against all the world, like some incarnate judgment *in rem*. But how were the right hon. and learned gentleman and those who were associated with him and the Scottish nation represented? How did they appear in English eyes? There was a journal published weekly in this city called *Punch*. He was told it was called a comic journal. He would not have known it himself, but that might arise from a national deficiency. He would accept the description on the faith of those who said they had authority for speaking in such matters. They had heard a great deal about libels directed by the *Times* against the hon. member for Cork (Mr. Parnell) and his associates; but he said they could not hold the candle to the libels directed by this alleged comic journal against the Lord Advocate, the Scottish members, and the Scottish nation. In a recent illustration, instead of recognising the Lord Advocate as a gentleman who was wearing himself to the bone—or as near to the bone as he could get—in the service of his country, they described him as reposing upon the Treasury bench in adipose indolence, spread out like Milton's leviathan—

"Slumbering on the Norway foam, extending many a rood,"

and in no way occupied about Scottish business, except to turn his back contemptuously on Scottish members, and to ward off any possibility of getting on to Scottish business. . . . Then, with respect to their Irish friends, . . . he must say that, while he admired their patriotism and the entire engrossment of their minds in matters that pertained to their

nationality, he sometimes wished that they had a little sympathy with Scottish members, and would give them a small deducted portion of the time which they themselves occupied. . . . Then, with respect to the third nationality in the House of Commons, he found that even Taffy, with the larcenous consciousness of that marrow bone hanging about him—even he exalted the horn against the Scottish nation, and told them to their face that what they had was not a language, but only an accent, just as if the melancholy gibberish which he himself talked at his Cymrodorions and his Eisteddfods, or whatever else he called them, was not in reality a reproach to civilisation and a serious impediment to human progress. (A laugh.) . . . Now the iron—or rather the irony—of the situation was entering into the Scottish soul. It was 181 years since the Union, and it had taken a long time for the matter to penetrate, but it had been gradually entering the Caledonian mind, and now the hideous joke of what was called Scottish business in this House had finally got into the Alexandrian cranium ; and when once it was there, they might rely upon it it would not be easily removed. . . . It was not removable like one of the Chief Secretary's Resident Magistrates. That was the compensatory element in the alleged slowness and tardiness of the Scottish nature. If it took a long time for an idea to penetrate the Scottish mind, it took eternity itself to get it out. He said in all seriousness the notion of Home Rule for Scotland was now growing—each step being irrevocably assured in the Scottish mind. He was not a red-hot enthusiast in respect of Scottish Home Rule. He did not want his country to sink into a sort of North British Switzerland, very comfortable but very small—into the position of a respectable Vestry among the nations. He should be sorry to see the Scottish democracy dissociated from what he believed was the splendid career that lay in the future of the great English democracy. But if they could not get anything done for themselves, they were driven into a position in which they must make a fight for some kind of

independence; and they might rely upon it that, if Scotland went in for independence at all, it would not be a fractional independence. It would not be a milk and water matter. They were accustomed to stronger drink than that. . . . His arithmetical calculation of the proper amount of time to be given to Scotland was not three hours on a Wednesday, but three weeks—excluding the autumn session, of which they would take account when it came on—three weeks of sober, serious, careful, and industrious application of Scottish representatives to Scottish legislation. This was not a composition which any honest debtor would offer to a creditor. It was not a farthing in the pound. The conduct of the First Lord of the Treasury reminded him of what was said by Lord Bacon long ago when an articked clerk—for he was always sure that impostor Shakespeare would be found out—when he said—“A man may smile and smile and be a—” well, an opponent of Scotch business. Of course—

[It being half after five of the clock, the debate stood adjourned.]

Supply—Adjourned debate resumed

August 6, 1888

Mr. WALLACE (continuing) said the offer of the First Lord of the Treasury of a few hours at the fag end of a Wednesday afternoon, conditioned by the question whether the Irish General Commission of Inquiry into Most Things under the Sun Bill would be finished by Tuesday evening, was not only unjust to the Scotch members, but insulting to the Scotch nation, and he ventured to say, to the common sense of mankind at large. It was utterly impossible to consider even the initial stages of the Burgh Police Bill in so short a time. That Bill was a great structure. It contained almost as much matter as a volume of the “Encyclopædia Britannica,” and was as complicated in some respects as these volumes usually were. Why should not the Lord Advocate, in the lobbies, in the dining-rooms, or even in society, button-hole the First Lord

whenever he saw him, hold him "with his glittering eye," and din into his ears, "Oh, First Lord, where are my three weeks? where is my fortnight?" as the case might be. He ventured to suggest to the Lord Advocate to consider whether he could not with profit and advantage to his country play the part of the importunate widow with the unjust judge in the parable. The Lord Advocate was well acquainted with that case. Why should he not badger the First Lord, deal with him to such a degree that at last the First Lord, in desperation, would be compelled to say, "Although I neither fear God nor regard man, yet because this Lord Advocate troubleth me I will arise and give him his three weeks." If he were the Lord Advocate he would not give the First Lord the life of a dog. . . . He had not been able to see any purpose, wise or unwise, which the Solicitor-General for Scotland served. When he had seen him sitting beside the Lord Advocate, the idea of the whale and the sprat of Scottish politics had less occurred to him—"Oh, oh," and "Question")—than that, while the Lord Advocate really did nothing the Solicitor-General for Scotland was there to see that he did it; in short, that he was the "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to keep watch o'er the life of poor Jack." . . . He had never heard him open his mouth in the House on Scotch business. (Mr. Wallace was proceeding with further criticisms of the same character, when he was called to order by the Speaker.) He asked English members to consider in what position Scottish affairs stood. . . . He would appeal to the First Lord himself. Although the Scottish members were his political opponents, he was sure he spoke for himself and many of his colleagues in saying that they regarded the right hon. gentleman not only with personal respect, but with a sort of sneaking affection. Although he almost always kicked them downstairs, he did it in such a pleasant style that they might almost fancy he was handing them up. At the same time, his fine words were of very little profit, and he would ask him in all fairness to consider whether

the Scottish members were to be treated with the justice to which they had a claim.

HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND

Motion by Dr. Clark

April 9, 1889

Mr. WALLACE moved the addition of the following words to Dr. Clark's motion:—"At such time and of such a character as may be desired by the Scottish people," making the resolution read as follows:—"That, in the opinion of this House, it is desirable that arrangements be made for giving to the people of Scotland, by their representatives in a National Parliament, the management and control of Scottish affairs, at such time and of such a character as may be desired by the Scottish people."

Mr. WALLACE said—I regret to have an amendment of this kind, because until to-day I was perfectly satisfied with the form of his (Dr. Clark's) motion, which I regarded as meeting a necessity such as, in my opinion, does exist for giving expression to the profound and constantly growing dissatisfaction of the Scottish people at the apparently incurable neglect of their business by the Imperial Parliament, and their increasing conviction that there must be some decisive and radical change. But on coming down to the House, I found to my surprise that my hon. friend's resolution had assumed an entirely different form by which it would commit me to a precise and definite plan with respect to which I do not understand that the representatives of Scotland at the present moment hold any mandate from their constituencies. To my mind, it would be as fatal to our democratic principle to force Home Rule in the shape of a national Parliament on an unwilling people as it would be to refuse it to them when they desired it; and having no authority from my constituents, and knowing none from my country, to support my hon. friend's motion, I feel bound, for my own protection, to interpose an amendment which will make my duty to the Scottish people plain to them

and to this House and to my own mind. . . . I believe that the attitude of the people of Scotland in regard to the question of Home Rule is in a state of formation. I agree with what has been stated as to the condition of the mind of Scotland with regard to the way in which its affairs are treated, or maltreated, here; but whatever may be the conception of the remedy which exists in the Scottish mind, I wish to impress on the House this fact, that the attitude of Scotland towards the question of Home Rule within its own borders is determined at the present moment by its attitude towards the question of Irish Home Rule; and that the simple reason why there is not greater excitement manifested in the shape of petitions to this House, and of enthusiastic and crowded public meetings in Scotland on the question of Scotch Home Rule, is to be found in the circumstance that they consider it a national duty to devote their strength in the meantime to the promotion of Home Rule for Ireland. . . . The mind of Scotland is, as a whole, fully made up on this question. The Scotch people regard the demand for Irish Home Rule as sincere, and also as safe and certain to be fulfilled. They regard it as sincere. They do not look on the excitement in Ireland on this matter as some do, as merely a factitious demand created by agitators. They regard the question of Irish Home Rule as perfectly safe. They are not disposed to accept the teaching of the right honourable gentleman the member for West Birmingham, who comes down to their first seat of national learning, and seeks to teach that national organisation is equivalent to Imperial disintegration. And they are not disposed to believe that nations are moved by irrational and insane considerations, and therefore they believe that Ireland, even if she had the power to separate herself from the British Empire, would not, apart from lunacy, seek a separation from which she would have nothing to gain. Once more, I say that the Scotch people are of opinion that Irish Home Rule is certain to come. They do not believe that the policy of Her

Majesty's Government can be successful, even if persevered in. . . . At the same time they know that it will be a hard struggle. They think that to carry Irish Home Rule is not unlike pulling a camel through the eye of a needle. They know that it is a difficult operation, although they also believe that, with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together, it can be done. But they have sense enough to see that the pulling of two camels simultaneously through the eye of the needle could be done by nothing short of a miracle. And therefore they do not expect to be able to carry Irish Home Rule and Scotch Home Rule simultaneously and successfully through. So they have at once the wisdom and generosity to be content that their own question shall for a time stand by until, with the help of the friends of the cause, the question of Irish Home Rule shall be settled in that successful way in which it is certain to be settled eventually, both because they believe that the necessity of Ireland is greater than their own, and also because they recognise the fact that Ireland was first in the field. Therefore it is, sir, that I am not able, without the words of the amendment which I have suggested, to agree with the motion of my honourable friend. I may further say that I am not quite certain that, in the condition of mind of the Scotch people now, they will regard with entire satisfaction the language of the resolution, because it is worded so as to exclude a Scottish Executive, of which he makes no mention whatever. I rather suspect that the Scottish people will regard that as possibly an unintended, but not the less a decided, smack in the face to Ireland, because if, as the right honourable gentleman, the member for Midlothian, has said, national aspirations are equal in their rights all over the world, it may be inferred that, as Scotland is equally a nationality with Ireland, Ireland can do without an Executive if Scotland can. . . . And I think that in another respect this motion will not meet with the complete approbation of the Scottish people in the frame of mind which they now maintain towards the Irish people, because it speaks in the

most vague and undefined way of the nature of the legislative power which is to have control of Scottish affairs.

Sir CHARLES DALRYMPLE rose and claimed to move that the question be now put, but the Deputy Speaker declined to put that question.

Mr. WALLACE resumed: You know it is the fact that it uses the word "Parliament," and I venture to submit that the word "Parliament," or even the phrase "National Parliament" is not definite. It may mean a Council of any description, with undefined powers, and it is not necessarily identical in character with the Imperial Parliament. It simply means an assembly for the purpose of legislative discussion. If that be so, the Scottish people do not know what sort of a Council or National Council it is that my hon. friend is driving at. For anything we know, it may be akin to one of those numerous Councils which are springing from time to time from the incessantly parturient brain of the right hon. gentleman the member for West Birmingham—a Council which may possibly report its proceedings as if it were in the nature of a subordinate committee to the Imperial Parliament, and not anything in the nature of an independent Parliament. I know very well that the offer of such an assembly, call it by what name you please, will not create any enthusiasm in the Scottish mind.

UNIVERSITY FEES

Scottish Universities Bill

July 24, 1889

Mr. WALLACE moved as an amendment—"Provided that no fees in existing classes above three guineas shall be increased, and that no fees in new classes, or classes in which the fees are now three guineas or under, shall be fixed above three guineas." The object of the amendment was to meet what, he feared, would be a very great danger in the practical working of the measure, namely, the danger

that was already beginning to appear of making higher education in Scotland too exclusively the privilege of the wealthier classes. He did not say that in the Universities education was as accessible as it should be. In some of the professional classes the arrangements pointed to the expectation that certain professions were to be shut against the poor man. This was more particularly the case in the profession of law, the classes being so arranged that the education was accessible only to those who had a considerable capital to start with in life. The same thing prevailed to a considerable extent in the profession of medicine. This was a most unwholesome state of things. In the machinery of this Bill he was afraid there was a threatened aggravation of this evil. The consequence of the pecuniary arrangements was that the Commissioners would be driven to new expedients for the purpose of raising money, and he was afraid they would attempt to throw the burden of supporting the Universities more upon the students who largely attended them. The Lord Advocate had told them that there were certain classes which would be perfectly prepared to pay considerably higher fees. He had no doubt he was alluding to the classes of law and medicine, but he (Mr. Wallace) objected to making any of the learned professions exclusively the professions of those who were well to do. The only security against this was to insert some provision by which the Commissioners should be prevented from making regulations which would tend to develop the evil which, he said, already existed.

Same Bill. Motion for Third Reading

July 31, 1889

Mr. WALLACE said—I wish to make one remark in regard to this Bill which I had not the opportunity of making when it was passing through Committee, namely, that I do not think it will work satisfactorily owing to the inadequate nature of its pecuniary arrangements. I do not think I

am exaggerating when I say that possibly one-fourth or one-fifth will be abstracted from the fee fund by the arrangements for extra-mural teaching and affiliated colleges. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in referring to the subject, was careful to enlarge on the comparatively large salaries drawn by about fifty of the present professors, but he forgot to add that there are fifty professors whose incomes average only about £470, and that if they are to be raised to £600, according to the recommendation of the Commission, the amount of £6500, will be at once chargeable on the fund, and to that there will have to be added the cost of the new professorships, the assistant professorships, the endowment of new chairs, and other matters recommended by the Commission. It will be found that the cost of these, if carried out on the most moderate scale, will be £25,000, and, if this be added to the amount for the salaries of the professors, it seems to me impossible that £42,000 should meet all the charges. I have forgotten to include the arrangement for compensation, and when I look at all these matters it seems to me that the measure is in danger of shipwreck for want of resources to carry it out. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer will make it certain that those who succeed him will be responsible for providing everything in the nature of compensation or pensions, it might be possible to arrange for carrying out the proposed reform; but if no such arrangement is made the result will be disastrous to this measure, and possibly we may have to resort to the calamitous expedient of trying to increase the revenues of the Universities by increasing the contributions of the students. I beg, sir, to move that the Bill be read a third time this day three months.

Mr. STOREY, Sunderland, seconded, but, after explanations by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, withdrew, and the Bill was read a third time and passed.

STANDARD OF EDUCATION

Local Taxation (Customs and Excise) Duties Bill
Clause 2

July 30, 1890

Mr. WALLACE in course of his speech, said—The Chancellor of the Exchequer referred to his own experience in relation to a constituency in the Scottish metropolis, and adverted to an occasion on which he advocated principles antagonistic to free education, and said that he then and there obtained proofs of the confidence of that Scotch constituency in the opinions he professed. . . . I can confidently say that in that particular constituency there is, among the working classes, a strong feeling antagonistic to the proposal now before this Committee. . . . But the Chancellor of the Exchequer also told us that it was unfair to Scottish parents to say that if you remit the fees for more than the compulsory standards you do not rely upon their sense of duty. My reply to that is that, if that is an objection to this measure, it is an objection to compulsory education altogether, because every compulsory scheme must necessarily rely on the parents' sense of duty. The great object of the present educational system is that there should be a universal diffusion of knowledge throughout the community up to a certain standard, and for that purpose it is necessary that compulsion should be exercised on that class of parents who are not sufficiently moved by a parental sense of duty. I say that, if we are not satisfied that the standard of education is sufficiently high, we are bound to take such measures as may secure, as far as possible, that parents who are not moved by the sense of duty, shall, by some other means, be induced to carry on the education of their children to the necessary limits. We are asked, why are we to free or emancipate parents from their duty? Sir, I do not regard the proposal for free education which we now make as any attempt to free parents from their duty. I regard it rather as an assistance to parents in the performance of their duty—as an

inducement offered to them to keep their children at school after they have passed the compulsory stage in order that the standard of education may be raised as far as possible throughout the community. . . . I maintain that if the Sixth Standard is not made, as far as possible, universal, you, to a large extent, lose all the advantages derivable from the education given in the previous standards.

The Chairman objected to Mr. Wallace travelling beyond the scope of the clause.

Mr. WALLACE—I make no proposal to render the Sixth Standard compulsory, but I say that in this clause you are simply throwing obstacles in the way of the attainment of that which is the object in having the five compulsory standards. I was about to say that it was extremely desirable, from an educational point of view, to keep children in the Sixth Standard, even after the compulsory stage had been passed, and that this clause, because it throws itself in the way of the attainment of that object, is a most objectionable one. The five compulsory standards only give the key to knowledge, and do not give any experience of knowledge, or any pleasure, or any of the good temptation which arises out of that knowledge. . . . I maintain therefore that it is a great calamity and disappointment to Scotland that the inducement that might have been offered to parents, through a better version of this clause, to keep their children longer at school than the compulsory stage, has not been held out. The only redeeming consideration I find in it is, that it will prove—and that not very long ahead—a greater disappointment and a greater calamity to the party who have so perversely refused the object on which the national will and aspirations were set. . . . And now I would renew my protest against what I will call the political fraud contained in this clause; that is to say, the attempt to declare that the money is given exclusively for the freeing of the compulsory standards, in the face of the promise given to us that “behind the back of Parliament and the statute it will be all right.” When I am compelled to sit

here and see that sort of thing done, I feel almost that I am not in the best sort of company. It looks to me almost as if I were present at the concoction of a prospectus that may, by and by, require the attention of the Directors' Liability Bill. I say I will not be, even indirectly, concerned in putting forward a delusion of this sort to the public. It may be very clever, but I say that Artful Dodgerism in a political or any other character does not commend itself to my plain and unsophisticated understanding. I do not like old Fagin in any capacity, and I hope that, at the last moment, more straightforward counsels will recommend themselves to the Government.

EXPENSE OF TRUMPETERS

Supply—Civil Service Estimates

August 7, 1890

Mr. WALLACE objected to several of the expenses in the Lord Advocate's department, one of which was the charge, for several years, of an annual sum of £700 by the legal secretary for drawing bills for Scotland. If, he said, we get £700 worth of bills drawn a year, we certainly do not get £700 worth of Acts passed. I should think the average annual value of the legislation we get for Scotland is about 2s. 6d. . . . Fancy a charge of £320 for four trumpeters. This is the year 1890, remember that. There ought to be a certain chronological congruity between facts and dates. If the payment had been for bagpipes I think, considering the national character of the music, my opposition would have been disarmed, and, at all events, it would have been left to an English member, like the senior member for Northampton, to challenge a vote of this nature. The trumpeters not only get £80 a year each for the blasts they occasion, but they get more, because there is an item of £16 16s. 4d. for each of them under the head of salaries and allowances from the Consolidated Fund. I think, considering the inflictions which are

imposed upon the community by these men, it would have been far more reasonable if their salaries had been reduced by the £16 odd instead of being augmented. Then they receive a uniform once every five years. I do think that that is too bad. I have had experience of these trumpeters and know what they can do. I have an early recollection of an event in my youth—a period which I need not connect with any historical or well-known date. At that time I repaired to the nearest assize town, out of curiosity, to see how justice was administered in the country in which I hoped, in the future, to be able to play a part, public or private. The procession from the place where the judges stayed to that in which they performed their functions was a terrible show, to my youthful imagination, and even in my later recollection it was a remarkable scene. The performance of these trumpeters was a terrible performance, if I may be permitted to say so. It was simply appalling, and the only consolation is that it afforded certain relief in some rationalistic doubts which I had entertained about the falling down of the walls of Jericho. . . . I do not see what good is done by making these frightful noises in the assize towns when the Scotch judges go there to dispense justice. It is never done in Edinburgh. The Lord Advocate never has a trumpet, unless he blows it himself. . . . The judges administer justice in Edinburgh without any trumpeting, and I do not see why they want the trumpeters in Jedburgh, which was always famous for its justice. The people of Jedburgh do not require trumpeters ; they only require the hangman.

REDUCTION OF RATES

Consolidated Fund (No. 1) Bill

March 24, 1892

Mr. WALLACE said—In this Bill there is an appropriation of £110,000 to be distributed towards the reduction of rates in

Scotland, and it has not yet received adequate attention from this House. It really constitutes a crisis in the educational and social history of our country. The question is whether a great endowment shall be frittered away in uncalled-for, insignificant, and unjustly distributed doles to individuals or whether it shall be kept together and devoted to some higher national purpose. The sum of £110,000 which is proposed to be appropriated under this Bill is really a first instalment of this great endowment, and we say it has not been properly considered. . . . This proposed appropriation for the relief of rates arose upon a supplementary estimate having reference to the financial year now closing. It is in effect a retrospective grant, not for the purpose of enabling the rating authority to diminish the rates in the future, but to help persons who have already paid their rates, and have paid them without a murmur. Now, how can you do that? Strictly speaking, you cannot relieve rates already imposed and paid. Like the celebrated unpulling of a man's nose, it comes too late. It is really undertaking what is impracticable. As a matter of reality, it is sending the Chancellor of the Exchequer round to the Scottish ratepayers who have paid their rates, with a sackful of half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, and three-penny pieces, to give each of them what is strictly a "tip" for having done what he could not help doing, and which he had no grumble about having to do. Now, I submit that it is a futile and ridiculous proceeding. . . . Let us see how the operation would really work. Take my own city of Edinburgh. You would naturally at the outset begin with that important Edinburgh institution, Parliament House, where the judges administer justice. You would tell off the Lord Advocate and the Solicitor-General as your almoners, and they would commence, I suppose, with 6s. 8d. for the two Presidents of the Court of Session, receiving vouchers, of course. Then, 5s. to the learned Lords of Division. Then, say, 3s. 6d. to the Lords Ordinary, on or off place. Then, 2s. 6d. to the Master of the Court, should he happen to be there, and 1s. to the

Macers, who would certainly be there. Then, 6d. a-piece to the Albany and other Heralds, if present, and, say, 4d. to the trumpeters, who are bound to be there, and probably would be there in full blast. Then, with respect to the laity of the city, to the Lord Provost, the Bailies, Councillors, and others, through various grades, you would proceed to distribute in diminishing sums, and so through all classes, down to pence for workmen. If the astounded presentees should ask, "What is the meaning of all this?" the answer would be, "It is the recognition by a satisfied and benevolent Government of the good you have done in paying your own rates, and securing your furniture against being impounded and sold at the Cross." It may or may not be an edifying spectacle, but that is what is going to be done, and that is how the thing would be expressed in a straightforward way by those persons addicted to giving the right name to a spade. Now, what is the use of so wasting our money? What good do you expect to come out of it when it is done? The sums are far too insignificant to be worth banking or buying consols with. They will be regarded simply as found money, and we know how people are apt to deal with found money, both in Princes Street clubs and in High Street public-houses. . . . The Lord Advocate says that the money does not come from general taxation, but from the Probate Duty and money which is the product of taxation paid by other than the working classes. It seems to me an extraordinary argument to say that the money does not come from general taxation because it is derived from the Probate and other duties. Are not the two organically connected? I wonder, if the Lord Advocate in the course of his professional career had to defend a man against a charge of assault with an effusion of blood, he would expect much success in Court if he argued that his client did not bleed the plaintiff, but only the plaintiff's nose? But that is the argument here. Whoever bleeds the Probate Duty bleeds the general fund of the nation. . . . So far as I have any mandate from my constituents, it is that I should

give expression to their opinion that, if money from Imperial taxation is to be flung about in this fashion, then the first use to which it should be devoted is the perfecting of free primary education and continuation evening schools, and, *secundus*, to higher and technical education. The very last thing that ought to be done with the money is to waste it over the contemptible object of presenting eleemosynary half-crowns to the well-to-do and flinging insulting threepenny-pieces to the humble.

EXTRA-MURAL TEACHING

Universities (Scotland) Ordinances

May 9, 1892

Mr. WALLACE said—In my opinion, the Commissioners have erred in rejecting extra-mural teaching, and in that they have not carried out the spirit of the statute, which mentions extra-teaching as, I think, to encourage it. I think in closing the door against extra-mural teaching the Commissioners are introducing the principle of protection into our scholastic institutions in Scotland. All the Scottish Universities are not equally provided with professors and teachers. They may, and some have, a larger number of teachers, suitable to the different options given in Arts. The consequence will be that students will flock to the better-equipped Universities, still further impoverishing the poor and weakening the weak. It is important to have a choice of teachers, and I do not allow that the extra-mural teachers would be susceptible to those temptations the hon. member (Mr. Jebb) has indicated. It is also foreign to the traditional character of the youth of Scotland that, ambitious of distinction, they should resort to the mere “grinder” or “crammer.” I do not fear honourable competition in these matters; I refuse to believe that the competition will be degrading. Much may be said in favour of training your future supply of professors. To get the best men you must have the means of wide selection. It is unwise

and foreign to our ideas of a University to shut the teacher up in cloistered seclusion in the University, and I may suggest the importance of the diffusion of learning among the community. I know there are a great many people who owe a deal to the old curriculum. I think most of us think that the old curriculum has had a good effect on, and has done a great deal of good for, many of the present holders of it, and I think many may be under the impression that some of these new-fangled options perhaps promise more than they are able to perform. . . . And then the position in which these Ordinances leave the Greek language is a matter which fills me with melancholy. I am not one of those who insist upon compulsory Greek for all people and for all purposes. There are certain persons whom nature has made incapable of appreciating Greek, whether compulsory or voluntary, and to insist upon forcing it upon such unfortunates is a cruelty, and is unworthy of the end of the nineteenth century. But there are other people whose highest possible usefulness in this world is bound up with a thorough knowledge and possession of the Greek language, and of all that is implied in the possession of that key to an immense repository of knowledge. I say people who insist upon compulsory Greek for all are not more foolish than those who refuse to have compulsory Greek for anybody. I hope there never will come a time in the history of this country when there shall not be under the ægis of our educational legislation a class of scholars suited to Greek and to whom Greek is suited, in order to keep alive—and here I am sure I shall carry with me the consent of every intellectual and thoroughly educated person in this assembly, which of course means the whole assembly which I am allowed to address—this great language. I hope there never will be such an evil day when one of the most important chapters in the history of man and in the history of human thought shall be a sealed book to any of the intelligent persons in such a country as this, that they will, either through first hand or through the secondary evidence of friends whom

they can approach—though they cannot obtain it as clearly and directly from this source as can be done from the original fountain of thought and beauty—obtain a knowledge of what the Greek community were enabled to bestow upon mankind for their everlasting instruction and delight.

THE TEACHING OF GREEK
Universities (Scotland) Act, 1889

February 28, 1895

In a short speech on this measure,

Mr. WALLACE said that, having been connected all his life with Scotch Universities and Scotch education, he deplored, and would continue to deplore if necessary, the idea of diminishing the power of Greek literature in Scotch education. They had far too little Greek in their academical curriculum and their University studies. He would not go back to the days of Dr. Johnson, and quote what he said about the relative connection between Scotland and England. He thought it was too just. Since that time they had been endeavouring to make up their leeway, and knew by experience the power and usefulness of Greek studies, though they recognised those of Latin studies. He thought that every effort to excite an interest and enthusiasm, if possible, in the study of Greek originals was an effort to elevate the thoughts of humanity and to inspire the populations with not merely what was useful in the modern conceptions, but inspiring in regard to every idea that helped towards the higher ideal of humanity.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION
Local Taxation (Scotland) Consolidated Fund

July 26, 1898

Mr. WALLACE said—I beg to move the omission of paragraph 3, namely—"To providing and maintaining vessels for the

enforcement of the Scottish Sea Fishery Laws." In moving this proposition, sir, my desire is to get as much of this grant as possible devoted to technical rather than secondary education. . . . I object to the allocation of this part of the grant, upon the general ground that I do not think that, since the Government have given us a dole, they have any moral right to prescribe to us the way in which we are going to spend it. I think that, seeing that the reason why we are having this grant is because the Irish Local Government Bill came into existence, and was passed with a certain amount of pecuniary assistance, we, at all events, having had what is called a "windfall," ought to be allowed to make the most of it in our own way. I do not understand dictation to the donee of the mode in which he is to spend his gift. It reminds me of the action of a generous father who said to his son, "My boy, I am going to give you a present of £50." I can understand how the youthful eyes would gleam, with visions of Paris and the Rhine peering out before him; but I think a change would come over his face when the generous father went on to say, "I am going to give you £50, but I am going to tell you how to spend it. First of all, you will spend £25 of it in paying for your board; then you will spend £15 of it in paying for your university and other educational fees; and then you will spend the remainder in paying your tailors' bills." This is very much what the Government are doing with us. They are saying to us, "You are going to get—if I may use the expression—£95,000 out of the swag in connection with the Irish Local Government Bill." Well, I should have a feeling of gratitude to them if it were not for the accompanying document which states the manner in which we must spend this present that they are making. But, sir, even if it were right that we should not be allowed freedom of action as to the way in which we think our dole would be best spent for our benefit and happiness, I do not think it is fair that the fisheries should be policed out of entirely Scotch money. I think the policing of the fisheries is an Imperial

duty, not merely a local matter. Now, my object in making this motion is not only to see that things are rightly done—that doles are distributed, as doles ought to be, by the people who receive them, and not by those who profess to give them as an act of generosity, and also that Imperial dues and local dues should have boundaries that are strictly and properly marked—but I may also say that my desire, my chief motive, in this matter is to do the utmost that can possibly be done for technical education. I desire to give the Government all credit for the recognition of technical and secondary education, but I think that technical education at the present moment is even of more importance than what is usually called secondary education. I sometimes think that we are a little over-scholared in Scotland, I do not say we are over-schooled—that is a very different matter—but I think the supply of what is called educated men, according to the Scotch standard, certainly does not err on the side of being too small. They compete with one another, and to a large extent half starve one another on account of the excessive proportion of their numbers to the employment that is open to them. The effect of strengthening too much what is popularly called the secondary side of education would be to a large extent to strengthen the present supply of clergymen in Scotland. I do not think there is any necessity to strengthen that class of the population. . . . The increase of what is called secondary education will multiply the class who come from a very humble social sphere, and consider that a clerkship is great promotion, making each other very uncomfortable by their competition. I believe that the provision for having a university-taught class of schoolmasters would be the chief blessing to the country which would result from this proposal. But I think the technical education of the artisan is a form of secondary education that should be most prominently before the British, and especially the Scotch, public at the present time. What I think we should desire to see is an educational revolution in this direction. I want to see every artisan in the country possessing a scientific

acquaintance with his craft, as well as what he gathers by rule of thumb and mere manual practice. I believe that that would be a matter of the highest commercial utility to this country, and would enable us to secure our position in trade and manufactures in a way which does not exist at the present moment. We are busy all over the world getting open doors for our commerce. We are busy all over the world seizing what are called new markets for our goods. In such a case as Uganda we commence by the very business-like way of killing a large proportion of our customers, and in other ways we are endeavouring to open up facilities for the disposal of what we have got. But who are the people who profit by it? It is the Germans, and the people who have been highly educated in technical knowledge, who wait until we, at great expense, have opened the doors, and then they rush in and take advantage of the opportunities we have made. But I do not want that state of things to go on. I desire, as I said before, to have a highly technically-trained artisan population, not only on account of its commercial advantages, but because it will raise immeasurably the standard of the people themselves. If you give a man a scientific conception of what he is doing you make him a new man altogether, and you give him an aptness in the performance of his work which the rule of thumb practitioner can never enjoy. And, moreover, it will have economic and social results of great advantage to the community, because, if you give an economic population a scientific training, and accustom them to scientific methods, they will not stop merely at the particular thing that they are doing. It will extend through the whole domain of their intellectual research and speculation, and will have most advantageous effects, economical as well as otherwise, because it will enable them to be upon their guard, and to defend themselves against the arts of the demagogues who are to be found in cruel proportions, as far as my own experience goes, in both parties of the State.

GENERAL POLITICS

THE HEREDITARY PRINCIPLE

Representative Government

May 17, 1889

Motion by Mr. Labouchere condemning the hereditary principle.

Mr. WALLACE supported the motion, and explained that he had himself had on the notice paper a motion attacking the hereditary principle from a different point of the compass, and was successful in obtaining a first place for it, which he lost by the alteration made in the Easter recess. He continued—We are offered what is called a “representative peerage,” which, as I understand it, means that, instead of being lorded over by 500 hereditary legislators, we are to be subjected to, say, 250 elected by the others. Now, I say that is worse than ever. Five hundred is two times nearer to Democracy than 250. The complaint we make is that we are lorded over by a small, narrow, privileged body, and we are told that the matter is to be mended by handing us over to a still smaller body of the same privileged description. We complain that there is a certain poison in the political body, and we are told that the best antidote is a quintessence of the poison itself; but I do not understand, and I do not believe in such a system of political therapeutics. Then we are further told we shall have the system of hereditary peerages diluted by a large infusion of life peerages. But are you going to dilute it? To my mind you are going to thicken it, because the appointment of new life peers is not to be by the representatives of the people as I understand it, but by the representatives and friends of the ascendant and privileged class. On what principle would they be appointed? On the principle that they will be thought the most fit persons to be in the company of the very hereditary class of which we complain. It is not only retaining the original evil, but adding an imitation

of the original evil. I would rather, for my part, have the original evil than an imitation. Selected as I believe these new life peers would be, I think these new life peers would simply be the old hereditary peers "writ large." If my rights and independence are to be sold over my head, I would rather they were sold for the old gold coins than for the new gilt brass counters. . . . I think we are bound to look somewhat carefully into the question what amount of soundness and validity there is in this so-called hereditary principle which is stoutly stickled for by the party whom I may safely call hereditarians. . . . If one man happens to be born in the purple and another in the hodden grey, why should the law step in to give the purple man its assistance, with the accompanying result of further handicapping the hodden-grey man? If there is to be any interference of the law with the course of nature, is it not a reasonable thing that the advantage should be given to the hodden-grey man to redress the unfortunate turn of the balance which nature has made against him? . . . The version of the law of heredity which our hereditarian friends are bound to defend on this occasion is that it is a law of nature as well as a principle of the British Constitution that, given legislative capacity in an ancestor, that legislative capacity infallibly descends in tail male general. That is the proposition which they require to make good. Now, I have paid some little attention to this matter. I have endeavoured to understand the works of Darwin and others, but I have found nothing in the experiments and conclusions of these distinguished men of science to justify the assertion that the law of heredity guarantees the transmission of any specialised acquirements, faculties, or functions. Bees, possibly, may have hexagons in the blood, though certain apiologists give a simpler explanation, and the hon. baronet the member for the University of London (Sir John Lubbock) may perhaps be able to tell us whether, among the ant tribes, the faculty of grain gathering and munching is infallibly bequeathed from

feeding sire to son ; but, however that may be, in the higher creatures, given ordinary favourable conditions, you may fairly enough reckon upon the transmission of general energy and general characteristics, but you cannot reckon upon the regular transmission of specialised aptitudes, fitnesses, and faculties. I am perfectly prepared to admit that this law thus stated is well illustrated in the existing conditions of the membership of the hereditary peerage. I suppose that no man ever made his way originally as a legislator into the House of Lords who had not some force and strength of character—a force and strength ranging between the leonine and vulpine type. I admit that you will still find the general energy of the ancestors to be exemplified in the descendants. Let hon. members go to Ascot or Henley, to the hunting field or to the autumnal moor, to local business or agriculture, to charitable meetings or even sometimes to literature or science, go to the battlefield, and to their scenes of pleasure, whether of the conventional or Corinthian order, and they will find abundance of energy displayed by the descendants of peers ; but it is not the special kind of energy which is required in Select Committee and on the floor of the House. It is the transmission of that special kind of special energy and of that kind alone which you are required to make good if you are to maintain the proposition which the necessity of your logical position imposes on you. Why, it would be possible, I presume, and it might not be very improper to secure and ennoble and endow the greatest fiddler of the century, but the process would not entail a succession of greatest fiddlers. If Queen Elizabeth had created a Baron Shakespeare of Stratford, I suppose we should have had a succession of lively and versatile gentlemen, but I do not think we should have secured even a second repetition of “Hamlet” or “Macbeth.” If the principle contended for is sound, why should it be limited to the feudal magnates of the hereditary chamber? Why are the Bishops to be deserted by the principle of heredity? Is this, too, part of the revenge which

science is taking upon theology? Why should not the son of a Bishop be born, say, an archdeacon, and perform archdiaconal functions in his cradle? I am prepared to go further. Here are we, the members of the House of Commons, in this advanced year of grace, stamped by the nation with the seal of the highest attainable legislative competency, whatever foolish outside criticism may say, and I suggest to Her Majesty's Government that they should seize the occasion in the name of the great law of heredity to secure once and for ever for the advantage of the nation an infallible succession of the best possible legislators by settling our seats upon us, not merely until the end of the septennate, but in fee simple, thus, among other gains, providing for their children's children such amusements as playing political blind man's buff among sugar barrels, or blowing soap bubble navies to be exploded by the first breath of new invention, or trying to conciliate unhappy and unsatisfied nationalities by perennial courses of bayonets and battering rams. Sir, I should not appear for a moment to trifle with this subject were I not convinced that the idea we are discussing is itself trifling and absurd. . . . But this is not merely a question of academic interest. It is fraught with and followed by disastrous practical consequences and concomitants. The false relations which have been produced by a misapplication of this natural law in our social connections are of a very grave significance. The relations between plebeian and patrician throughout the English-speaking communities are directly traceable to this institution of the hereditary power of legislation. The calm assumption of lordly superiority on the one hand, and the cringing servility and fawning obsequiousness expected, and too often conceded, on the other, are, to my mind, a class of most distressing phenomena. That a cypher should be able to stand up in this country and say to his fellow-beings, "Oh, ye multitudes, I am my father's son, therefore revere me, oh ye multitudes," and that the multitudes, instead of treating the proposition with indignant derision, should go down on their

knees and lift up their hands and say, "Oh, cypher, thou art thy father's son, and therefore we revere thee, oh, cypher," is a saddening spectacle to a serious mind; and yet this is the direct consequence of your having instituted an order of men who are supposed by the mere fact of birth to be possessed of what is probably the highest faculty, human or divine, the faculty of making wise and righteous laws for the regulation of human life. Then, sir, another argument that is advanced for retaining the institution of hereditary legislators is that in that way the ascendancy of birth can be used for the purpose of correcting what is supposed to be the degrading and vulgarising ascendancy of wealth. In other words, the lords are supposed to be our salvation from the millionaires. But in practice, so far from birth acting as a corrective to wealth, there is nothing that birth is so active about as seeking to ally itself with wealth, so as to give us the two evils combined. Worse still is the temptation which hereditary power and birth, with their privileges, are continually offering to wealth to withdraw it from its true duty to labour, and to fix a vain and selfish ambition on the attainment of hereditary honours and powers. Ever since the days when Mr. Pitt declared that wealth was in itself a proper passport to nobility, and, if I recollect aright, that every man with £10,000 a year had a right to be made a peer in due time, the ambition of the average-minded plutocrat has been fixed upon a coronet. I do not say that there have not been among men of this class men of a true nobility of nature that placed them above such ambition. I believe, indeed, that there have been capitalists, who are worthily represented in this House now, who have refused peerages, and were content to remain as beneficent captains of industry, and all honour to them for their wisdom and self-abnegation. But such men are the exception and not the rule. For usually no sooner has your colossal stock manipulator, or Titanic ironmaster, or mammoth manufacturer of soap, or of mustard, or of blacking, or of pills, or of any other eatable or

drinkable, or usable abomination succeeded in gathering together the necessary number of hundreds of thousands of pounds than he casts about for the ways and means of becoming a Baron. Not infrequently he pays his way, or paves it to his object. Straightway, as my hon. friend the member for Northampton (Mr. Labouchere) has so picturesquely described, the Herald's College discovers for him an illustrious pedigree going back to Henry VIII., or the Conqueror, according to the fee; and in an incredibly short space of time the new and noble lord is prancing about, surrounded by a cockaded and plush-clad legion, and ordering humbler mortals about, with an awe-inspiring mien that Nebuchadnezzar or Louis XIV. would have emulated in vain. Birth as a corrective of wealth is a very doubtful matter. I have less respect for birth than for wealth, if respect is due to either, where at least it can be said of it that it is the legitimate outcome of a man's own energy. . . . If there is any danger of falling into a demoralising worship of wealth, the only corrective is to be found in poor men having the bravery to worship virtue, truth, and manliness instead. A poet whom I am not ashamed to quote in this House said—

"Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
And dare be free, for a' that."

That is the spirit in which to meet any demoralising tendency there may be in the threatened worship of wealth, but not by trying to keep alive the exploded folly of hereditary honour and hereditary legislative power. And now, as one concluding word, it is urged we ought to keep up hereditary legislative institutions to be a counterpoise to Democracy; but I take upon myself to say in the name of Democracy that it is exceedingly obliged to its friends, but it does not need any counterpoise of that kind. If Democracy discovers that it requires any counterpoise in the legislative machinery by

which it works out its aims and secures its progress, it will construct a counterpoise for itself, but it will not be one that is made against itself and in the interest of a specially privileged class, but one that will be under its own control, and fashioned in its own interests, which I need not say are the interests of all.

Prince of Wales' Children Bill—Order for second reading

July 31, 1899

Mr. WALLACE moved that the Bill be read a second time that day three months. We are brought face to face, he said, with a critical stage of the great historico-political problem of whether and how a hereditary monarchy can be reconciled with democratic government. It is a mistake to suppose that the monarchical system is necessarily bound up with the aristocratical system, and that the one stands and falls with the other. I am not of opinion that the reconciliation of the monarchical principle with the democratic principle is impossible; but whether that be so or not, I am certain that the problem is not an easy one, and that we are justified in keeping it before the public for a continuance of time greater than what has already been done. But I have a personal reason for continuing the discussion. I have not yet engaged the attention of the House upon this matter; but I desire, as a Scotch member, and as one representing the ancient historical metropolis of Scotland, where royalist traditions still linger, to give my opinion upon this matter. During the past and the present week, both in the House and in Committee, I endeavoured to catch the eye of the Chair. Probably there is no more difficult process known to the ophthalmic art. I have hitherto been unsuccessful in my efforts. The other evening I thought I had my opportunity in the prandial period which the custom of the House assigns as the chance of the undistinguished member. But the butterflies that bask on the front benches never seem to bestow a thought on the caterpillars behind them; and the

right hon. member for the Bridgeton Division (Sir George Trevelyan) relegated me to that sickness of heart which is the proverbial result of "hope deferred." Further, sir, I feel myself in a position which compels me to strike out for my own hand, seeing that I am standing here in the somewhat tragic and certainly un-Arcadian situation of a sheep without a shepherd. I generally listen to the right hon. gentleman the member for Midlothian (Mr. Gladstone), not only with that reverence which is due to his unique personality, but with the satisfaction which arises from hearing truth which commends itself to my own mind, stated with matchless eloquence and force. But on the present occasion I found myself bereft of that happiness, and I heard the right hon. gentleman cheered, not from this side of the House, but by hon. and right hon. gentlemen opposite. I confess that the incident pained and bewildered me in a manner that I am not able adequately to describe. And when it came to the right hon. gentleman's speech being described by the Under Secretary for India and the Chancellor of the Exchequer as magnificent, a horrible suspicion began to haunt me that our illustrious leader must have made a mistake. Turning myself to his lieutenants I found myself involved in a "confusion worse confounded." I heard them wriggling over distinctions in comparison with whose subtlety the distinction between "Tweedledum" and "Tweedledee" swelled into Atlantic breadth. I found them declaring that, while it was the height of insult to say "nay" to the Queen in the House on Friday, it was the pink of politeness to say "no" to her in Committee on Monday—a question of deportment more suitable to the intellect of a dancing master or a member of the school of the late Mr. Turveydrop than that of a sagacious statesman of the House of Commons. I have further taken upon myself to prolong this discussion because I desire, if possible, to draw from the members from Ireland some expression of opinion that will be satisfactory to our Scotch people. One of the most remarkable features in this debate has been the virtually

absolute unanimity with which the members from Ireland have supported the Government of Her Majesty and the coercionist party. How is this? I see it stated freely in the press that hon. members from Ireland, although they agree in conviction with us, have supported the coercionist party and the Government in order that they may gratify the hon. member for Midlothian, and may promote the cause of Home Rule by clinging closely to that right hon. gentleman. Now, sir, I for one feel myself unable to believe that story. In the first place, it can be no gratification to the right hon. member for Midlothian to have the homage of insincerity; in the second place, it can do no good to the cause of Home Rule to become estranged from the Liberal party; and in the third place, knowing as I do the character of the hon. members from Ireland, I am unable to believe that they have been acting contrary to their own convictions. I cannot help thinking that in this matter they are moved by the belief that what the Government is doing is right, and that what the Liberal party is doing is wrong. If I were to believe otherwise, in what position should we of the Liberal party find ourselves? On many platforms, both in Scotland and England, I have maintained that some of the representatives of the Irish party in this House are actuated by a true spirit of heroism, and even of martyrdom. But while I believe that my hon. friends are actuated by true conviction and the best of motives in this matter I also think there is something due to us of the Liberal party who have stood by them cordially through thick and thin—who have been boycotted and punished even to the extent that some of our party are in prison at this moment for their sakes. Surely it is right, if they think we are wrong, that they should point out the error into which we have fallen, so that we may be guided into better ways. . . . These considerations seem to me sufficient to justify my personal action in prolonging the discussion a little further, and I wish now to state briefly the position from which I feel myself constrained to disapprove of this Bill.

I look upon the measure from the point of view of a constitutional but not a yellow-plush loyalty. I think it is calculated to do great harm to the position of the Crown, and to create something in the nature of estrangement between the throne and the people. In view of the constitution the Sovereign is the lawful and Christian protectress of her subjects. We have only to look to the coronation oath to see that that is a fair description of the constitutional aspect of the question. I do not wish to press the Christian aspect too far, but taking it generally, I maintain that the Sovereign holds her position on the condition of devoting herself self-sacrificingly and incessantly, and among other things, to the good of her people—like other parents, undertaking the duty of providing for the members of her family. If the Sovereign is in the possession of means to provide for her family, we are bound to assume that it belongs to her queenly position and desire to make adequate provision for them. The real practical question with the people is simply this: is the Queen able to support her own family? We are told that we must not pry into the savings or the resources of the Sovereign. I believe that at the present moment it is impossible to do otherwise. Ministers have so managed matters in the course of the discussion of this question as to create an impression in the public mind that the Sovereign is amply able to discharge the duty of supporting her family. I have no intention of entering into details in regard to the past discussion, but I will give an inference which I think I am entitled to draw. I noticed that when the hon. member for Sunderland (Mr. Story) asserted that the savings of the Sovereign were a quarter of a million, the right hon. member for Midlothian corrected him, and remarked that if he said that it was one half of that sum he would be nearer the mark. When the senior member for Northampton (Mr. Labouchere) referred to information in respect to the resources of the Sovereign which had been given to the Committee but withheld from the House, he merely said that the estimate of £3,000,000 which the hon.

member for Sunderland gave as the total savings of the Sovereign was too large, but the hon. member did not say that in such a tone as to imply that there was anything to prevent Her Majesty from making ample provision for her family. I am sure that the people of this country are ready to give all that is necessary to enable the Sovereign to perform fully and substantially the duties that are imposed upon her. The people of this country do not grudge the splendour which surrounds the throne, but only those additions which are ridiculous and absurd. But when we ask for information on this vital point of the Sovereign's actual means, how is it that we are met? We are either met with a mysterious silence or with vague and evasive statements. We are told that we have no right to know these particulars—that all we have to consider are the contractual obligations under which we stand towards the Sovereign. But even so I do not think we ought to be bound by precedents, the youngest of which is fifty years old and created when the common people in the large sense was not represented. Even in 1837, when Her Majesty ascended the throne, the country was still being run practically in the interest of the aristocratic classes. The people have now come to their estate, and it rests with them to say whether they will ratify the acts of those who then professed to be their agents and trustees. If the Crown has profited by the action of unfaithful trustees, it ought not to take it ill that when the true beneficiary comes in, a strict account should be demanded. In acting as they have done, I believe that the Government and their supporters have been debasing the true relations between the Sovereign and her subjects. They have been degrading the Sovereign to the position of a mere paid official who is more solicitous about her rights than her duties. They have been guilty, so to speak, of a double political blasphemy, namely, of placing the Sovereign before the people as an unnatural parent who does not understand the happiness and duty of providing for her own offsprings, and is content to throw them, as it were,

upon the parish ; a greedy Shylock, standing on the letter of her bond, insisting on her pound of flesh, but prepared to take an ounce less for prompt payment, though without prejudice. I believe that to be the real attitude of Her Majesty's Government on this Bill, and I have therefore no hesitation in taking upon myself the responsibility of moving its rejection.

[No division was challenged, and the Bill was read a second time.]

Prince of Wales' Children Bill

August 2, 1889

Mr. Goschen assured Mr. Wallace that "if the Queen devoted the whole of her fortune to the children of the Prince of Wales and to her other grandchildren, it would not suffice to make that provision for them which I believe the House thinks necessary for their proper support."

Mr. WALLACE—Then I must say that in the face of that declaration, any opposition on my part to this grant is entirely disarmed.

DISESTABLISHMENT

Established Church (Wales) Bill. Second Reading

March 26, 1895

Mr. WALLACE said he desired for a special reason, as a Scotch member, looking forward to the assistance of his Welsh friends in days to come, to make little more than a formal interposition in this debate, and he would confine himself to one reason among several which induced him to support the second reading of this Bill, a reason which, as far as he had been able to gather from the debate, had not been brought prominently before the consideration of the House. To his mind the strongest reason that had been urged against the Bill was what he would venture to call the utilitarian argument in this matter. It was said that it was

a universal blessing to the country at large that there should be secured in every parish an independent and thoroughly competent religious and moral teacher whose function it would be to bring home to the feelings and thoughts of the people the great questions, destiny and duty of their own relations to the deep mysteries of life and death, along with the obligations and consolations that spring from the possession of truth upon these momentous matters. It was contended that great national advantage was secured by establishment and endowment, and that it was annihilated by disestablishment and disendowment. He admitted that there was great force in the contention, and if the argument had been true in the details he should not have been influenced by those considerations of social circumstances and relations as he really was, and might then have been disposed to persuade the people to an opposite course, even to tell them that in this matter he shrunk from being the instrument of their will. He granted, for the sake of argument, that endowment did secure the independence of a religious and moral teacher in a way that voluntarism did not and could not do, but what was the good of that independence if the teacher was not free? The independent teacher with a gag in his mouth would never make much progress, and this, he contended, was the necessary tendency of establishment. Establishment took away what endowment promised to secure, because it tended to convert the expected, fearless, and spontaneous moral counsellor into a mere mechanical mouthpiece of dictated and traditional propositions. As a fact of political history, there could be no doubt that three hundred and more years ago, the House, participating in an act of Church establishment, declared that the Thirty-nine Articles were the true, the absolute, and immutable truth; their exclusive advocacy by the Church was directed, and the executive Government were instructed at the same time to deal with gainsayers by the civil sword, as the phrase ran, and with clerical gainsayers by the additional penalty of deprivation. He was not going to criticise the

Church Articles on their merits, though he should be in perfect harmony with the ancient usage of Parliament if he did so. He would only say, what every one of them knew, that those formularies embodied a philosophy of the universe and of human nature as remarkable as it was venerable ; that they presented a not less remarkable reading of the most striking chapter of human history upon the basis of the credibility of the supernatural ; and that, if he might be allowed the expression, they cast the horoscope of the human race in other spheres—in short, they presented a series of topics on which he conceded and, more than that, on which he maintained that it was of the utmost importance that competent men, both in power of mind and in instructed intelligence, should communicate heart to heart, and mind to mind, with their fellow-men. But what had the House done in the matter? By establishing those creeds under the penalty of deprivation and temporal ruin against the teachers who might differ from them, it made it, to a large extent, impossible that there should be this heart-to-heart and mind-to-mind communication between those religious and moral teachers and their fellow-men. Had the same course been adopted with the instructors in other branches of human thought, what would have been the state of things to-day? He ventured to say they would have had a hypocritical science, a canting philosophy, a false history, an insincere art, and a cynical literature—in short, they would have had a serious retardation of moral and intellectual advance all along the line. That House, by establishing the Church and its creeds, made the assumption that, while all other departments of human thought were subject to change and to progress, the very highest of all departments of human thought was to be regarded as incapable of change and progress, and the creed which was the appropriate expression of the religious thought of one generation could also be conveniently used as the equally appropriate expression of the religious thought of any and every other generation. But

how had that assumption been justified by experience and by history? It had been utterly condemned as a disastrous mistake. It had silenced and sterilised the clergy, who, if they believed that creed to be wrong, had everything to lose by teaching what they believed to be right. But with the laity the case was very different; they were not required to be orthodox in order to live. Unnumbered critics of unquestioned intelligence had assailed the philosophic system and the historical statement of the Church Articles. This very Bill contained clauses—no doubt practically copied from the Irish Act, but still clauses of which he would say that the skill with which they were drawn was only equal to the courage and long-sightedness that distinguished them—which provided that the future Church in Wales should be completely free, if it chose, to alter its very central doctrines without at the same time endangering or forfeiting an acre or a sixpence of its property. With respect to the attitude of the laity in this matter, did hon. members think that the great mass of the working-classes was profoundly in love with their creed or their Church doctrines and formularies? He ventured to ask hon. and right hon. gentlemen opposite, whose affection for the Church he did not for one moment doubt, whether they considered themselves the most fiery champions of the Thirty-nine Articles? If they liked he would put them to the test. The distinguished leader of the Opposition had recently put forth what was already a famous book upon the foundations of belief, a book in respect of which he could only speak in terms of the profoundest admiration for its power, its originality, its learning, its brilliancy, and its varied and multifarious resources. He was not going to criticise the contents of that book; it would be entirely out of order; but he thought he might be allowed to make a passing allusion to it in connection with his argument as a relevant consideration and a striking sign of the times. He was perfectly well aware that the Established Church had, and could have, no more intrepid and skilful supporter in Parliament; but he should be

really curious, having read his book, to hear how the right hon. gentleman was going to maintain that that House was right when it declared the Thirty-nine Articles to be the absolute and immutable truth. No doubt it was only fair to the right hon. gentleman to have regard to the limits within which he restricted the scope and intention of his very remarkable essay ; but when reading it he, for one, could not help feeling that if the author's intellectual attitude to the Church Articles had been that of the receptivity and faith which characterised the Nicene or Elizabethan periods, he would have gone a little out of his way to say something more on behalf of the one or two articles of the creed which he had taken notice of than simply to say that they might be provisionally accepted apparently on the ground that they furnished a comfortable and convenient refuge for certain alleged intellectual perplexities, and that he would have given less countenance than he had given to the comment that might be made, and had been made, that his main achievement had been to prove nothing but that science was as baseless as theology. He adduced these examples as an indication of the contrast between the attitude of the modern laity and clergy upon the subject of the Church Articles that Parliament had enacted as the truth. If he was right in believing that there had been a very large falling away from the ancient force of allegiance to the Church Articles on the part of the British modern public, he was entitled to infer that it was only an act of common honesty that they should take the earliest moment to disestablish, and by an easy corollary disendow, the Church. How was it that the clergy in these matters should be in a state of universal silent acquiescence, broken only by the occasional and fitful explosion of some non-natural interpretationist, while all around them there was more or less solemn discontent or high and heated controversy ? He did not wish to impute degrading motives to a large body of men who set an invaluable example to the public on many most important points, but, in his opinion, they unavoidably fell short in respect to what

ought to be their crowning virtue, a fearless and veracious outspokenness on matters pertaining to the very highest human interests. It seemed to him that the effect of the establishment by Parliament of certain forms of belief had been to repel from the service of the Church at the very beginning the boldest class of intellects by the prospect of creed slavery that had been deliberately placed before them, and to influence those who were naturally of a more acquiescent temperament in their youth, when their minds probably could not have been sufficiently made up to enter a profession which they liked, and which had, of course, its honourable prizes. When they had got the latter class of men in they had done everything in their power to stifle inquiry on their part, and if riper reflection brought different thoughts it might involve their professional and domestic ruin. He thought he was entitled to say that their tortuous system of Church establishment had, during the course of generations, produced a sort of etiquette or habit, like the wearing of a garb, whereby the normal cleric instinctively recoiled from anything like thoroughgoing inquiry, not so much, perhaps, because he thought it would be dangerous, but because he had got accustomed to look upon it as unprofessional, and perhaps unnecessary. If that be so, or approximately so, he wished to ask what became of their boasted parochial centre of high moral vitality? Where were the materials for it? How could the intellect of a bondsman impart a free inspiration; how could stagnation ever create life? The people were asking for the bread of living truth, and they had constructed a machine for the purpose of supplying them with a stone of dead tradition and antiquated form. Not only were they doing no good, in the highest sense of good he meant—and he did not deny the usefulness of the parochial clergy in many minor ways—not only were they not doing good in the highest sense, and a kind of good for which the clergy ought to be called into existence and perpetuated, but they were doing positive mischief. They were paying ten to fifteen thousand

men to handicap all other competing forms of religious and moral propaganda, and opposing the growth of possible enlightenment and progress. They were lowering the tone—and this to him was a serious statement to make—of spiritual veracity all over society. They were turning what was to be an elevating institution into a degrading one, and when they had turned the light that was in the nation into darkness, how great was that darkness. Of course he would be told that the proper cure for all this mischief was not the disestablishment of the Church, but the emancipation of the clergy. He welcomed that idea as an idea, but as a practical man it seemed to him to be entirely Utopian and impracticable. The right hon. baronet the member for Bristol suggested the idea of concurrent endowments, but concurrent endowments did not mean an emancipated clergy but a subsidised congregation. Besides, they could not endow every little sect, and if they did not there was an end to concurrent endowment. Another alternative suggested by many Church reformers was that there should be what they called a comprehensive Church, in which every Church of every opinion, from agnosticism to fetishism, should have a place. Why, common sense would not stand it. People would say, "This is not a Church at all," and none would be more zealous in saying so than churchmen themselves, and they would be quite right. It would not be a Church at all, but a colony of philosophers, and they could get enough of them at any time for nothing. So, on the whole, he was not able to see his way out of the difficulty otherwise than by supporting the second reading of this Bill. The evil that was in any Established Church—which must necessarily be connected with the establishment of opinions that could not exist without it—was, to his mind, immense, and it was incurable in the Church. Accordingly, all he could do was to wash his hands entirely of all responsibility for the perpetuation of the evil, and to trust that the social organisation would, as it had heretofore done, evolve those self-preserving functions and ordinances

which would conduct it with sufficient speed along the path of ethical progress ; that nature would, as it had always done, from time to time, raise up men of genuine inspiration and heroic character, whose free and fearless teaching, both by pen and tongue, would be diffused throughout the community by the press and other communicative agencies. These, in his opinion, would do far more for the moral elevation of the race than all the exertions of rival sects or a creed-bound clergy.

THE REFERENDUM

February 23, 1896

Mr. WALLACE had given notice of the following resolution, which he was precluded from moving by the result of the division on the first motion :—

“That, in the opinion of this House, it is desirable to introduce the principle of the institution known as the Initiative and Referendum, with the view of more fully securing the direct and continuous control of the Legislature by the people.”

He said he was rather taken by surprise that the resolution had been reached so soon, and that he had expected to have a longer time for researches necessary for the support of the motion. Yet, if he did not avail himself of this opportunity, perhaps he would have none at all. There might appear to be something Quixotic in putting down such a resolution ; but he was satisfied that those who believed in democratic principles ought to lose no time in pushing them as far as they could. We were face to face with a formidable recrudescence of aristocratic ideas as to government ; more and more power was passing away from the bulk of the members of the House into the hands of the alternating oligarchs of the Treasury bench. The hereditary chamber had distinctly strengthened its position ; therefore the democratising of our constitution must be pursued more aggressively than ever,

and at the same time security should be taken against the evils incident to Democracy itself. He would deal with the principle underlying the two institutions mentioned in the resolution without contending for every detail in the method of working out those institutions and of applying them to political life which might have been adopted by those countries in which they were in operation. In all cases error of method must be corrected by experience, and such details were not of the essence of the institutions. To his mind what they substantially embodied was the right of the people to interpose at any time in order to control law-makers in their law-making work. Practically there could be only one species of what was called Initiative, and that was the demand of the electors or of a part of them that a law should be passed, and then it became the duty of the law-making body to put the demand into statutory shape, and then, under the Referendum, the electors might say whether they were satisfied with the law as they found it to have been shaped into legal form by their representatives. It had often been said by opponents of those institutions that this was a dangerous power to be lodged in the hands of the people, and might in moments of excitement lead to the gravest disasters. But it had not hitherto done so, and surely it was not beyond the constitution-maker's ingenuity to suggest to the people safeguards by which they might protect themselves from that impatience and haste by which human nature in its limitations was always liable, anywhere and everywhere, to make the means of bringing danger upon itself. There was only one species of Referendum. In saying this he was not forgetting that in Switzerland, in a certain class of federal laws, and in some cantons in the case of all laws, there was a compulsory Referendum; that was to say, the laws made by the law-making body, whether on their own initiative or that of the electorate, must be submitted to popular approval or disapproval, while in other instances there was an optional Referendum. The electorate might interpose and veto a law or not according as their own inclination

took them. But whether it be a compulsory or an optional Referendum, the people had it in their power, with certain unimportant exceptions, to forbid any bill, though completely carried by the Legislature, passing into law. Accordingly, taking the two together—the Initiative and the Referendum—the Swiss people had virtually the power of directing or forbidding their legislative body to legislate as they thought fit. The optional and compulsory Referendum, although different in form, were practically equivalent. If he were to make a comparison between them, he should say the optional Referendum was more just to the idea of complete sovereignty in the people. It gave more freedom to express opinion or withhold it as they judged suitable to themselves and their circumstances. What fault, from a democratic point of view, could be found with the complete power of the people to control positively or negatively the action of the Legislature? Yet it was from a certain class of professed democrats that the professional opponents of all Democracy got their best help to oppose this extension of democratic principles. But how could they consistently object to the sovereign people having the last word? There had been various instances in the history of Swiss Referendum in which the people had rejected certain measures and subsequently accepted them. Then it was said this proposal would destroy the Parliamentary system and reduce Parliament to a mere body of subordinate officials whose principal business was to put into shape the directions that had been given from outside. This was very much what was going on, in his mind, in Parliaments already—in a Parliament not a hundred miles from that House. All legislation was going—as all administration had long gone—into the hands of the co-optative oligarchies that sat on the front benches. (Hear, hear.) There they were holding the positions they had acquired to command the law-making machinery which stood behind them, and even if the Initiative and Referendum had that effect on Parliaments, it should not

seem so terrible and lamentable a rule because it was nothing new and had been tested, and its results were not so terribly mischievous. As a matter of fact, what was the general election but a rough and ready Referendum? In Switzerland it was reduced to a system and each measure was judged by itself alone and on its own merits, and they should not have had a man elected for free trade and opposed on account of disestablishment. Each question was taken separately and on its merits, and the consequence was that the party system, with all its gigantic and gross evils, was mitigated in comparison with what it was among ourselves. Then they were told that people were not fit judges of laws. That was one of the old arguments used in the days of aristocratic domination against admitting people to the franchise. "The people are not fit to exercise the franchise," said the opponents of our great-grandfathers. But history had tolerably corrected and brought up to date that unfortunate opinion. The people might not be fit judges of all the legal technicalities and necessary phraseology used in embodying the purposes they desired to put into legislative shape, but they were as good judges as anyone of the main objects of the law; and in that way they were competent, when a law had been passed, and they had obtained information as to its working from sources open to them, to say whether the law suited their judgment and interests, present or prospective. If that was not sound argument, where was the representative system to go to? because if the representatives of the people had passed laws on which the people were not competent to form a proper opinion, to say that was to take the representative system away from its true basis. Many a man was fit to make choice of an expert, and it did not require special knowledge to choose an expert to clothe ideas in legal language and to judge of the amount of trust that could be placed in him by the ordinary action of common sense. He could not, at such short notice, go into all the objections that had been raised to this proposal, but he thought he had given a fair sample of them. (Hear, hear,

and laughter.) He would, however, refer to one or two of the advantages it would confer upon the country. In the first place, the ruling body would know, if a project of legislation were not initiated by the people, that there was no tornado of public opinion in favour of such project. In the second place, it would bring about an attenuation of party feeling which all must admit would be a great advantage, because it would take away in a large degree the incentive to get the "ins" out and the "outs" in, which at present was so harmful to public morality and the most important public interests. The members of the legislative body would know that their constituents would have the power of rectifying any legislative error that they might make, and therefore there would be greater freedom in their legislation. The proposal, if adopted, would also tend to educate the people, who would be led to make research into history and to study political principles more carefully than they did at present. Since the system had been adopted Switzerland had been more peaceful and had flourished in every way, while they had striven to make their laws the best they could. Experience derived from Switzerland fully answered the objection that, if the system were adopted in this country, we should be subjected to the turmoil of an election every three months. As regarded the question of expense, one-third of the cost of an ironclad would more than defray the cost of a Referendum. The feeling in favour of this form of direct representation of the people was growing rapidly in America and in this country. On these grounds he had no hesitation in laying this proposal before the House. (Hear, hear.)

CLERICAL INFLUENCE IN EDUCATION

Education Bill

May 12, 1896

Mr. WALLACE, in opposing the Bill, said he would simply ask attention to what he considered the one central principle

in the Bill. He regarded the Bill as a blow, and intended as a blow, at what seemed to him to be the true principle as to the function of the State in national education. He did not say that the Bill was one for lowering education, but he did say it was one for clericalising education as completely as possible; and as he was one of those who had come to the conclusion that the true function of the State in national education was to make good citizens as distinguished from competent ecclesiastics, he felt he could heartily agree with his hon. friends in opposing the Bill. At the same time he must say he felt astonished at the vehemence with which a good many of them had assailed the measure, which he contended was only the legitimate and logical carrying out of the principle of the party to which they belonged, in a fatal hour of weakness, and in spite of the remonstrances of some of their best supporters, established with the assistance of hon. and right hon. gentlemen opposite. The Bill was, in his opinion, not so much a revolution as a development. The true key to the whole chaos of present complications in the matter was to be found in what was usually, but, he believed, erroneously, called the compromise of 1870, which, in his opinion, so far from being a compromise on detail, was in reality a positive surrender of principle. The Act of 1870 was agreed to deliberately by men who had anathematised the establishment of religion in churches, but who blessed the same abomination when it was proposed to be set up in schools, and who, while denouncing denominationalism at large, eagerly welcomed a permissive denominationalism in the new Board schools. He knew very well that the gentlemen who gave themselves and their principles away in 1870, and their successors, fell back upon the Cowper-Temple clause, which, to express honestly his opinion, seemed to him to have been simply a device, and not a very ingenious one, for throwing dust in the eyes of the simple, and those willing or anxious to be blinded. In connection with this point there seemed to be a sort of hierarchy of weakness, which might be

conveniently arranged into three ascending stages of inconsequence. In the first class there were those energetic disestablishers and strong religious-equality men who thought that by the action of the Cowper-Temple clause, although there might be a certain inconsistency in an attempt simultaneously to disestablish religion in churches and re-establish it in schools, yet still the offence might be regarded as only a little one, because only the Bible was to be used, and therefore no great harm would be done. As this practically meant that there was less religion in the Bible than in denominational formularies, he would leave the heresy to the proper authorities. There was a second class who thought that, under the Cowper-Temple clause, there could be no dogmatic or sectarian teaching in our Board schools. That appeared to him to be a simple and sheer absurdity. Taking the case of the Jews, and of agnostics or secularists, the latter of whom had largely increased in numbers since 1870, the mere reading of the Christian Scriptures in Board schools was a sectarian act that compelled them to pay for teaching in which they did not believe. (Hear, hear.) Religious teaching of any kind must necessarily be dogmatic and sectarian—(hear, hear)—because, after all, what was a dogma? It was not a mystery. It was simply a proposition. It was a religious idea expressed in language more or less grammatical. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Of course it was impossible to express a religious idea except through a proposition. If, for example, in the Board schools, the Bible was explained to the children by the teacher, that was a performance that could only take place by the use of sentences which carried with them a religious affirmation, and what were such sentences but dogmas? They might go still further and say that, even if the Bible were merely read by the teacher, without making any comments or addition whatever, the result would nevertheless be a dogmatic one. (Hear, hear.) If they read the Bible to the children, he supposed they expected the

children to think something about what they heard, otherwise they might just as well be employed in beating the big drum during the time devoted to Bible reading. But if they thought at all, they could not possibly think except in propositions. Every psychologist, and there were many such there, knew that the most elementary principle was that you must think in propositions, and therefore the minds of the children must evolve dogmas which had been indirectly, at all events, communicated to them. Every reflective man who looked back to his childhood knew that very curious little dogmas were formed by children, and consequently the Churches, Catholic as well as Protestant, had drawn up dogmatic catechisms and formularies with the view of guiding the children towards the dogmas which they themselves thought most of, according to the way of theological egotism and self-assertion. (Laughter.) Directly or indirectly, the Board schools were, and must be, dogmatic and sectarian in the essential meaning of these terms, and he would go further and say that, wherever religion was taught at the public expense, there must be somebody who was paying for somebody else's religion. (Hear, hear.) When he observed the number of Boanergetic Nonconformist divines going about the country, and even the towns, vehemently protesting—he believed erroneously—in the name of general Nonconformity, that there was no necessity for further discouragement of the denominational schools because there was nothing sectarian or dogmatic in the present condition of things, it was strongly borne in upon his mind that the violence of their protestations showed that they were not protesting too much, and that they were not very dimly conscious that that was so. (Hear, hear.) And then the third class in connection with this matter was composed of protestors against the Bill, who said, "Well, supposing the settlement of 1870 was as bad as you say, still it was a compromise, and all compromises should be faithfully kept." That was one of the strongest doctrines that could be held by men who were presumably students of

history, and especially by members of a Reform party. In politics no compromise was safe after a generation had passed away and a race had arisen not responsible for the transactions of their predecessors, but bound to look at the possibilities and claims of the existing situation, and deal with them accordingly. (Hear, hear.) He totally disclaimed this doctrine of absolute continuity in public affairs. He was sorry indeed for his unfortunate friends who had sown the wind and were now reaping the whirlwind. It was a melancholy sort of harvest. (Laughter.) He regretted to hear their outcries. He recognised their pain, but then they should not have sown the wind. A generation ago they planted the seed, the full fruition of which they now beheld and bewailed. Instead of giving secular education to the State and assigning religion to the Church and the home, they had forced an unnatural combination of the two, and by establishing religious teaching in the national schools they had necessarily made them dogmatic, sectarian, and denominational. How could they complain when the clerical and priestly party came forward and, through the Government, said, "We are as good dogmatists, sectarians, and denominationalists as you, and claim to be put on an equal footing with you"? (Ministerial cheers.) Any answer to that was beyond his imagination. The position of the Government, he was sorry to say, was argumentatively unanswerable, at all events as *ad hominem* argument. But, however it might be with hon. gentlemen opposite, he felt his own position to be one of shame and sorrow. He was alarmed at the prospect of priestly domination in the schools, and when he spoke of priestly ascendancy in the schools, he did not confine himself to the sacerdotalist alone, but desired to include every professional dogmatist of every description. He did not derive his alarm from any Scotch experience, because, although the educational condition of Scotland was plainly and frankly denominational, yet the denominationalism of Scotland was now only a denominationalism of indifference, and at the best it was merely local.

But the denominationalism of England, whose influence for good or evil was world-wide, was an aggressive and desperate force, and therefore the appearance of the Bill filled him with fear that those of them who were the true friends of religious freedom were in for a severe and protracted struggle. Well did the priest know the time of day, and how the struggle he was embarked in now was a life and death struggle, and well, also, did he understand the value of the Jesuit maxim, that the future belonged to those who could win the young. Hence this Bill. What, under the circumstances, was best for the Opposition to do? It was to work back to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in this matter, by leaving denominationalism no excuse for making the demand it now made, and which, in the present circumstances, he did not deny was legitimate. He was not going to be appalled by the cry of secularism which he had no doubt would be raised by the clerical party. He was confident that, if the people of England once came to understand, as they would soon do, that the question had come to be between priestly ascendancy over her educational system on the one hand and the relegating of religious teaching to its proper sphere on the other, they would not have very much hesitation in making their choice, for England, as he had read history, was not a country to stand the unrighteous domination of the priest. He did not think they would be much frightened by the amazing exhibition of international Pharisaism which was made last night by the member for Tunbridge—whose speeches he admitted he always listened to with great interest, mingled occasionally with a certain amount of irritation—in which he alluded to the inferiority of secular-school bred American morals to the morals of denominational England, upon the authority of an unfavourable deposition which he said he had taken down from the lips of a casual but pious American whom he had encountered in the train. It appeared to him that the hon. member forgot that, if the tree was known by its fruit, the very existence of this

moral Yankee proved that the scheme which turned him out must be much better than the hon. member chose to describe it. For his part he did not think the American people were any worse than ourselves. He felt sure that the people of England had as much respect for the people of America as they had for themselves, and he should not like from an ethical point of view to draw fine distinctions between Wall Street and Capel Court, between Oil Trusts and Chartered Companies, or even between the ways of Tammany and the ways of English general elections, as revealed before our own election judges. If this was the true way of getting out of the difficulty in which his party found itself, why did they not take it up vigorously and resolutely? If no one else would do it, he would, in committee, put down an amendment for the purpose of having it declared that the nation should revert to the true conception of working out the State's actual and only legitimate function in regard to national education by keeping it to its own natural work, and leaving religion to make such arrangements as it was well able to make for itself. He knew he would be defeated, but he would comfort himself with the noble and reiterated sentiment of the late Home Secretary, that even although he was defeated, he had at all events performed his duty. But why should not some man of influence on that side of the House take up this idea, if it was the right one? Why should they devote themselves ceaselessly to mere vote-catching in order to get as quickly across the floor of the House as possible? (Laughter.) They had had political progenitors who sat twenty years in Opposition rather than sacrifice a principle, and he asked why should they not repeat that example—(loud Ministerial laughter and cheers)—and, having taken up some great principle which they believed to be true, stick to it through thick and thin? He had always been taught that they were the party of all the political virtues—(laughter)—and that the party opposite was the party of the opposite. (Laughter.)

He had also been taught that they were the sheep and that gentlemen opposite were the goats, although he felt it inconvenient that for the present—and he hoped only for a time—there was a certain inartistic transposition of the proper topographical attitudes in which they should stand to one another. Why should they not act up to their high pretensions? (Laughter.) With regard to the rest of the Bill, he did not for the present feel very much troubled. He thought it required a great deal of understanding, and that he might come to a proper understanding of it in committee. What he had endeavoured to put humbly before the House as what seemed to him the essential character of the Bill did trouble and alarm him very greatly. He thought that this was a Bill that was fraught with the most formidable dangers to the highest interests of the country, and through them to the best interests of humanity, and it was because he believed that to be too closely connected with the essence of the Bill that he had no hesitation in voting against its second reading as a whole, and supporting the amendment. (Cheers.)

PRISON-MADE GOODS

Foreign Prison-made Goods Bills

July 30, 1897

On the motion for the third reading,

Mr. WALLACE moved to leave out the word "now," and at the end of the question to add the words "upon this day three months." He said that the Bill had been treated as though it were wholly ridiculous. To a large extent it was ridiculous. The evil with which it professed to grapple was infinitesimal, almost non-existent, and the method for dealing with it was quite ineffectual. But while that was so, in another aspect it was a very dangerous Bill. It did not deal with a real and palpable evil. It was simply a sort of

declaratory Bill for the purpose of placing upon the statute book an abstract statement of a general principle from which practical measures of a most vicious nature would in future be evolved by the open and disguised protectionists on the other side. He was much interested in observing that the Secretary for the Colonies had been manifesting a peculiar interest in the fortunes of this Bill. It was a circumstance of evil omen, and the probability was that the Colonial Secretary had mischief in view in connection with it. If so, they might surely know that the mischief would in due time come about. The abstract principle underlying it was simply the old and for ever buried principle of protection to native industry, the negation of absolute free trade. However useful the cry of "Down with convict goods for the British consumer" might be as an expedient of unscrupulous electioneering, in all other respects it seemed downright nonsense. They might just as well say that goods produced from horse labour were equine goods—(a laugh)—or goods manufactured by the assistance of coal were carbonaceous goods, or that goods imported by sea were salt goods, as to maintain that goods made by convicts must necessarily be convict goods in the sense that they had been criminally produced and placed on the market by a crime. He admitted that there was a certain offensive suggestiveness connected with prison labour. He knew shirts were made in prison and more or less extensively sold outside them. Suppose he went into the market and saw a remarkably good shirt at a remarkably moderate price—say, 5s. or 4s. and 11½d.—(laughter)—and he purposed acquiring that shirt, but some officious person gave him the information that it was made by a celebrated German murderer, who put the finishing touch to it the night before he was hanged. (Laughter.) On learning this he naturally shrank from his purchase, and preferred investing his money and himself in a garment with a less homicidal history. (Laughter.) But why should

his neighbour who knew nothing about this be prevented by law from buying and enjoying that shirt simply because it was a shirt "with a past"? (Laughter.) Or why should his other neighbour who was somewhat of a philosopher, to whom pleasure and pain were much the same thing, and who had learned to know that there was no such thing as the disagreeable if he only looked at the thing so-called in the right way—why should he be prevented from saving his 2s. 6d. by a stoical control of his feelings. The whole thing was simply a question of taste, but surely they were not going to base serious legislation merely upon considerations of taste. (Hear, hear.) If they were going to shut out such goods because of their cheapness, where were they going to stop? He was sure the hon. member for Sheffield, who in this matter was the non-official tail that was wagging the Government dog, would go on unto perfection if he could. The hon. member would cordially approve of the language used in this House by Mr. Keir Hardie, who said, "The trade unionists were not going to allow the sweater or underpaid labour of Continental nations to come into competition with them," and that the present question "was the thin end of the wedge to secure that object." In that debate sweated labour and prison labour were treated practically by several speakers as standing on the same footing. Accordingly, when once they had established this avowal of protection on the statute book they had changed the attitude of the law in this matter, and made it regard these things not from the consumer's but from the producer's point of view. The cry of "Down with convict goods for the British consumer" would be succeeded by a large number of similar cries. It was notorious that on the continent of Europe wages were lower and hours were longer than here; and in the far East, in Africa, and India the labourers were producing a great amount of goods for our markets, and were made to live on almost next to nothing and to lead the lives of beasts of burden. So the labouring popu-

lation of this country, taking note of this, would not be slow to raise the cry, "Down with sweated foreign coal and iron"; "Down with sweated German matches"; "Down with sweated diamonds and up with the British pebble jewellery"—(laughter)—"Down with sweated tea and coffee and up with English bovril and beer;" "Down with slave-caught ivory and up with British ornaments in bone"—(laughter)—"Down with Turkish tobacco and up with the brown paper cigars of Whitechapel." (Laughter.) The right hon. member for the Isle of Thanet would be justified in taking note of these unequal conditions, and in joining in the cry of "Five shillings a quarter on wheat, and God bless the British landlord." (Laughter.) Hon. gentlemen from Ireland, who were sound protectionists at heart, would cry, "Down with bounty-fed foreign butter and up with the native article of Cork and Kilkenny"—(laughter)—while the sugar magnates would cry, "Down with bounty-fed sugar and up with the refineries of Greenock." This was by no means an exaggerated description and forecast of the Bill and its natural developments. (Hear, hear.) He did not forget the description of the late President of the Board of Trade, the right hon. member for Montrose, and the Colonial Secretary, wherein they all affirmed that this matter had nothing to do with free trade. He preferred, however, to go back to the fathers of free trade, and they had no hesitation in applying the principles of free trade to far uglier cases than prison-made goods. They defended not only the admission of slave-grown coffee and tobacco, but the far crueller case of slave-grown sugar; they insisted on it being put on the same fiscal footing as sugar produced by our fellow subjects in the colonies by means of free and paid labour. Yet the founders of free trade were Lord John Russell and Lord Howick. ("No," and some laughter from the Ministerial benches.) Hon. members might laugh at these memories, but he had learned more from these old free-traders in an hour than he expected to learn from the

hon. member who laughed in a lifetime. (Laughter and cheers.) Those founders of free trade included also Milner Gibson, Villiers, and Bright; and they all maintained the principle of admitting on equal terms slave-produced sugar with the sugar produced by the free labour of the colonies. Those fathers of free trade had no hesitation in the matter because they were not feeble sentimentalists or timid and hesitating reasoners who could not carry out their principles to their legitimate conclusions. (Hear, hear.) If he were to be dictated to by authorities in this matter he preferred the classics of the old school to the doctors of the modern school of economics. There was the ex-President of the Board of Trade whom he might call the "universal doctor," because he knew so much. (Laughter.) The right hon. gentleman said that protection was not in this Bill; but his *ipse dixit* was not enough. Then the right hon. member for the Montrose Burghs, whom he might without offence call the "subtle doctor," because he split hairs so deftly and so diligently—(laughter)—appealed to history and to logic; but unfortunately his history was false and his logic wrong. (Laughter.) He did not understand how his right hon. friend had fallen into the error as to the attitude of Mr. Bright in the matter of free trade and slave-produced sugar. It was all the more unintelligible because in the right hon. gentleman's "Life of Cobden" there occurred a large note in small print occupying two-thirds of a page, in which that original and great publicist delivered a scathing attack on the silliness of those who opposed cheap sugar merely on the ground that it was slave-grown; and whatever Cobden had thought out and stated, Bright would reproduce with eloquence and iteration. He could only suppose the right hon. gentleman had not read his own "Life of Cobden"; he must have thought when he wrote it that he had done all that could be expected of him, and he wisely left the reading of it to other people. The Colonial Secretary had also a doctrine in this matter, and

if he were to assign the right hon. gentleman his doctorial position he would describe him as the "angelic doctor"—(laughter)—from qualities which were too obvious to require special mention. (Laughter.) The right hon. gentleman said that this question had nothing to do with free trade; it had only to do with the principles of common sense and common justice. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) He was aware that the right hon. gentleman had lately advanced strange opinions on common justice. He hoped he had not extended those principles to the domain of common sense, and he should be pleased to hear that he did not think the principles of free trade and the principles of common sense and common justice were essentially diverse from one another. For his own part, he had always thought they were simply different names for the same thing. (Hear, hear.) Surely it was common sense to prefer to buy a cheap brush when you could get it, rather than buy a dear brush because you had not arrived at a correct and complete history of the genesis of the cheap brush. That was common sense, and, put in the scientific language of the old free-traders, it was just the old maxim about buying in the cheapest market. (Hear, hear.) As to common justice, surely it was no more than common justice that the interests of the whole consuming community should not be subordinated to those of the small class of producers. (Hear, hear.) Let them note that this was to a certain extent a resuscitation of the old problem and difficulty about machinery. He sympathised with the condition of the workmen who smashed machines when introduced; but machinery was an unspeakable blessing to the community at large, and they must hold that the breaking of machinery was a scientific blunder as well as a crime. He held that a prison with cheap labour available was simply a goods-producing machine, and a Bill of this kind was from that point of view a piece of reactionary barbarism—a going back to the machine-breaking days. As for the hypothetical

distressed brushmaker, he would comfort such an individual—if he existed—by showing him that, if all trades were protected, his position as a consumer would be much worse. (Hear, hear.) For these reasons and others he grudged to mention considering the pressure of business, he moved the rejection of what he must describe as an uncalled-for, absurd, and contemptible electioneering device. (Cheers.)

RITUALISM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Benefices (No. 2) Bill

June 21, 1898

Mr. WALLACE said—I rise, prompted by a feeling of unhappiness. I think it is unfortunate that an attempt should be made to float the Liberal party into power and popularity by means of the old device of the old cry of “No Popery.” I think that is a way which was tried to achieve success in former times.

An hon. Member—By Lord George Gordon.

Mr. WALLACE—And I have always considered it a contemptible device. So far as I have studied political history, I have always found that it was a device which was unsuccessful in the end. The hot fit is naturally succeeded by a cold fit, which corrects the mistakes of those who thought that the hot fit was going to last for ever—that it would be permanent. My desire in speaking on the present occasion is simply to defend myself in the singular position into which I have unhappily been driven, because I know this amendment will be supported by the whole of the members upon this side of the House, with the exception only of the solitary and unfortunate speaker who now addresses the House. I trust the House will bear with me while I endeavour to address myself to the amendment. I think it would be useful to call

the attention of the House after all the rhetoric we have heard—irrelevant most of it—to the amendment. It reads thus—“Has within the five years next preceding his presentation taught doctrines contrary to, or inconsistent with, the Articles of Religion, commonly called the Thirty-nine Articles, or participated in ecclesiastical practices not authorised by the Book of Common Prayer.” In the first instance, that is a most dangerous proposition in itself. I think that the full and important effect of it cannot have been apprehended by the right hon. gentleman; to my mind it partakes of the nature of doctrine and teaching that is anti-Reformation in form and tendency, anti-historical in point of fact, and anti-Liberal in point of policy. I have taken upon myself to say it is anti-Reformation in form and tendency. What is the root principle of the English Reformation? It is not merely that certain practices and certain doctrines such as certain classes of men preach and believe, or certain views of the confessional, and mere matters of that sort, are wrong. I maintain that it is a question of a primary doctrine of the Scripture. The root principle of the English Reformation was the replacement of the claim of spiritual independence as personified in the Pope by the opposite principle of spiritual obedience to royal supremacy. Where is that obedience to royal supremacy in this amendment? I say that the tendency of this amendment is to extend the principle of spiritual independence and to weaken the principle of royal supremacy. What does this amendment do? In the first place, it gives to the bishop of the diocese the power to judge in matters of doctrine and ritual; to condemn a man as heretical or hold him orthodox according to his own view of the circumstances of the case. I first thought my hon. friend meant to give the bishop of the diocese an absolute power of deciding whether the presentee was orthodox or heterodox; I have ascertained from what I have since heard that he sustains an amendment on clause 3 of this Bill by which

he will allow an appeal, and appeals may be said to be dead in comparison with the decisions which have been given—he is prepared to give an appeal to a new tribunal. What is that new tribunal in comparison with the Privy Council, which reports to the Crown on questions of doctrine and ritual as now practised? It is a tribunal to be composed of an archbishop and a judge of the High Court. In such matters as doctrine and ritual can any one have any doubt as to what the result will be? The judge will sit as a sort of legal assessor, and the legal assessor would have very little to say in connection with his colleague the archbishop. Although the archbishop would nominally have to submit his opinion to the judge of the High Court, it would be a very weak lay tribunal as compared with the Privy Council, and it would be a clerical and episcopal tribunal in which, by section 3, the archbishop is to have the last word upon the matter. Therefore, I say my hon. friend proposes by this amendment a form of spiritual independence, and he does so with a vengeance. The real tendency of his proposal is to undermine the royal supremacy, and that is a proposal which might have the effect of what I once heard a very zealous if somewhat incoherent Protestant orator say of something—that it is “enough to make the ghost of Henry VIII. turn in its grave.” It points in the direction of a hostile attitude, completely revolutionising the only safe attitude of the Church of England at the present moment. What is the Church of England from this point of view? It is simply a sacred service department of the Queen’s Government, like the naval, military, and civil service departments, differing from them only in the superior dignity and solemnity of its subject matter. What I desire to maintain is that if you proceed to alter the condition of things which has existed with great good to this country for three or four centuries—if you proceed to alter that state of things, you do not know where you may go or what may arise out

of it. Your only safety consists in keeping that state of things as it is at the present moment. So long as you preserve the existing position of the Church, the Church of England cannot become a Popish Church. You cannot have Popery without a Pope, and so long as the Sovereign—the Queen or her successors—is the head of the Church, the cry of “No Popery” is simply the cry of ignorance and trickery. Then, I ventured to say that this amendment, to my mind, was anti-historical in point of fact. It assumes, and assumes erroneously, that the Articles, combined with the Prayer Book of the Church of England, speak with one voice—that there is unity of doctrine in that symbolical expression of doctrine. In point of fact, the doctrine of the Church of England speaks with two voices, otherwise there could never have been preserved the two parties or tendencies of High and Low Church. It is assumed by this amendment that the Articles combined with the Prayer Book are in no respect ambiguous, but, as a matter of fact, these Articles combined with the Prayer Book are purposely ambiguous in order to secure a comprehension of the different parts. They are not exclusively of a puritanical interpretation, and they were not intended to be so. They are Articles of peace: I believe historical references agree that these Articles are Articles of peace. King Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, whatever their policy might be, were not puritanical at heart. Their sympathies were more with the catholicising tendencies and traditions and, *pari passu*, with the fact that constituted documents of the Church of England are in many respects as susceptible of a Catholic interpretation as of a puritanical one. That may be somewhat paradoxical, but it is not anything new in history, especially the history of those times. The very essence of the Eirenicon lies in ambiguity, and the Eirenicon that is embodied in the Church of England fulfils its natural purpose. It was a well-intentioned and wise device—I do not speak in any ambiguous sense—that there

should be an amount of ambiguity in these Articles and these theological doctrines for the purpose of embracing at the time as many as possible of the people then inhabiting these realms. It was what was employed in the area of reformation. We find it, sir, even in the system of the sister establishment, the puritanical Church of Scotland, with which I have some acquaintance. I do not say that the ambiguity there is in connection with Catholic tendencies. In the Confession of Faith adopted by the Established Church of Scotland and by the other Presbyterian Churches of that country—a document, by the way, which was concocted by a body of very uncompromising gentlemen not 300 yards from the section of space which I now occupy—there are intentional ambiguities, though not in connection with the Catholic aspect of theological doctrine. In that matter the Church of Scotland is pretty precise. The Church of Rome they cynically describe as the synagogue of Satan, and they work out the definition in a very thoroughgoing and—I have no doubt from my right hon. friend's point of view—in a most satisfactory manner. But, sir, on the Calvinistic side of the Church of Scotland there are clear and advisable ambiguities. I will give an instance if the House will bear with me for one instant. The creed of the Church of Scotland was intentionally and clearly ambiguous, and resulted in the tremendous controversy between supralapsarianism and sublapsarianism. In my country I am glad to say that a man may be either a supralapsarian or a sublapsarian with perfect security to his reputation, his person, and his property. Now, I do not know whether my hon. friend, who is a countryman of my own, is a supralapsarian or a sublapsarian. I have taken the liberty of looking at him most carefully, and I find that he has all the aspect of a sublapsarian, and if, in some of his occasional but most welcome visits to us and the land of his nativity, he happened to stray into one of the parish churches for the purposes of worship, he might

have to listen to a most vehement attack upon sublapsarianism, and however much it might wound his deeper convictions and his more sacred emotions, he would still have to grin and bear it, because, however misguided in his opinion the divine might be, he would still have the protection of the law. Now, I contend, that is practically the same with the catholicising and ritualistic tendencies that exist in the Church of England. Until the Privy Council has pronounced a doctrine, however Catholic or Ritualistic in its aspect it may be, to be illegal, no one has any right to say it may not be followed, and it would be presumptuous to say it could not be in strict accord with the right interpretation of the ambiguous parts of the Thirty-nine Articles and the Prayer Book. The Puritan Church in past times distinctly looked upon the Church of England as having a Catholic aspect of the character I have described. The Church of Scotland repeatedly reproaches the Church of England, as it now exists, with being somewhat Popish, and I am not prepared to say they are wrong. I do not think they are wrong. I think they are approximately right, although I do not think any the less of the Church of England for their interpretation of the Scriptures. You will find the germ or, as the right hon. gentleman would say, the bacillus of Rome, at least in its best aspect, in that Prayer Book—the surplice and the cope, which are not only permitted, but in some cases commanded. There you have the whole matter in embryo, and it only wants a work of up-evolution to bring those garments into a state of very high ritualistic development. If you may employ two vestments, why not 22, if the Privy Council permit? It seems to me obvious, in the name of common sense, that, if a man may wear a surplice and a cope, there can be no hindrance to his deglutition of any amount of linen drapery. Therefore, to say of any priest of the Church of England, with the authority of the Privy Council, that, in explaining the rudimentary conceptions that

are contained in his Articles, he is disloyal to his ordination vows, and that he is a perjured priest, is not only monstrous, but it is worse; it is bad history, it is bad law. If there is anything in the nature of perjury that can be ascribed to any of the parties in the Church of England, I should say it is most obviously ascribable to the Broad Church party that explains away the supernatural, because it requires no Privy Council to tell us that the supernatural bristles not only in every line but in every syllable of the Articles and the Prayer Book; and it is to me a very strange and inexplicable thing that, while the catholicising and ritualising party is singled out for anathema on the slightest ground of apparent unfaithfulness, the Broad Church party is never touched at all, and to me it is one of the most astounding phenomena of these *fin de siècle* times that the very man who was the leader of the famous or infamous Essayists and Reviewers, who was politely described by the puritanical party as Satan against Christ, is at this moment the Archbishop of Canterbury. It shows us only too well that where one man may steal a horse, another man may not look over the hedge. I have said that my hon. friend's amendment is anti-Liberal in policy, and I think, after all, that that is the most serious accusation that I have got to bring against him and his amendment, and against those who are going to support him. What should be the true attitude of Liberalism towards this religious and ecclesiastical question? Surely it should be this, that it should seek as its ultimate object completely to extract civil life from all the turmoil of theological and ecclesiastical entanglements, that it should seek to separate the Church from the State, and that in the schools it should boldly proclaim the righteous and the right policy of secular education. Never until the Liberal party will uphold and faithfully maintain those two ideas will it be true to itself and to its principles, or be able to deal with a free hand with the problems and the questions that are involved

in matters of this sort. It is because of its cowardice in connection with these matters that to a large extent it is suffering from a deserved paralysis of power. But if, as a matter of prudence, Liberalism is to deal with the State Church, then its duty is to do what it can to approximate equality of treatment by adopting the principle of comprehension and comprehensiveness in a State Church. I do not propose to speak for hon. gentlemen opposite. Indeed, as things stand, I do not propose to speak for gentlemen on this side, but I can speak for myself, and I can tell gentlemen here what they ought to do, and whenever they have to deal with the State Church they must do what they can to approximate equality in the treatment of theological and ecclesiastical parties by doing all they can to make the State Church comprehensive—in fact, to adopt the principles of the English Reformation by seeking to include all parties rather than by the exclusion of a variety of parties in favour of a select few. From that point of view I am as glad to see people of the catholicising and ritualising tendency in the Church of England as I am to see the puritanical party. The one, as far as I can see, has as good a right to be recognised by the State Church as the other; not that I for one have any affection for the catholicising and ritualising party, and I will not say exactly what my attitude is towards the puritanical party. I only say that I am as glad to see the one as I am to see the other, and I will be bound that from that point of view I am, in my humble capacity, tolerably popular with all the various sects with whom I occasionally come in contact, because they all know that, for what I am worth, I am as determined an opponent to each of them as each of them is to all its adversaries. But that is very far from being the attitude of my hon. friend in his amendment. What he is driving at is to make the Church of England an exclusively puritanical preserve. If he succeeds in carrying his amendment, I do not think he will succeed in his object,

because what would happen would be that practically in each diocese you would have clergy of a particular complexion. They would be all Broad Churchmen—not to my hon. friend's delight—or they would be evangelical, puritanical, or catholicising, and surely that would be a kaleidoscopic state of matters that would not be satisfactory to my hon. friend. But whatever the effect of his amendment might be, the intention of it is to convert the Church of England into a narrow puritanical preserve. Now, I maintain that that is utterly inconsistent with the principles of Liberalism, and that no man who votes for the amendment of my hon. friend, if he examines his vote when the excitement of this division is passed, will have a very high testimonial from his own conscience, whether its dimensions be large or small. That being so, I intend to vote against the amendment of my hon. friend as powerfully as the possession of a single vote will enable me to do.

THE OPEN DOOR

Appropriation Bill

August 10, 1898

Mr. WALLACE said—I am sorry that I must ask the indulgence of the House while I recall to its attention the Chinese aspect of the debate. . . . It seems to me that Conservatives and Radicals alike are doing all they can to goad Lord Salisbury into a policy of Jingoism and of territorial annexation in China, into a war against Powers more formidable than ourselves, from a military point of view, in order to enforce the policy of what is called the "open door." I think that is a disastrous mistake, and is the effect of the Jingoism and military discussions which have prevailed in connection with this matter. I think that Lord Salisbury in many respects is, at the

present moment, one of the safeguards against the prevalence of this disastrous view of things, because, in the first place—and in that respect he should be encouraged, supported, and thanked by all those who view matters from the point of view in which I believe he regards them himself—I think, from all I can see, that Lord Salisbury, and those of his party who adhere to him, is distinctly anti-Jingo at heart. He does not look upon military success as the greatest glory of this or any other country, but he regards industry as in every respect the highest British interest. The “Rule Britannia” people are anxious to pick a quarrel in order to show that we are able to thrash creation. Lord Salisbury is no doubt prepared for any emergency, but is not going to expend his energy in trifles, but to wait until, in unavoidable self-defence, he can do something with success where the game is worth the candle. Some say we did not do so in Port Arthur. The great question is, do the Government mean to fight for Port Arthur, or to risk a fight? If you do not, you should not bluff, and give foreign countries the opportunity of speculating upon the question of why does a donkey eat thistles, with reference to ourselves. I think there is a great deal of the wise Little Englander in Lord Salisbury—the sort of Little Englander who does not regard England as fat and bloated England, seeking to throw on more superfluous flesh, and ready to burst with superfluous blood, but rather as a spare, lithe, and agile England, with all its faculties braced up, ready to aim at the true greatness of nations—wealth, civilisation, and justice. I am glad, therefore, to have broken out from the position of seeming to encourage what I consider to be the bad influence which prevails in this country. The tendency of the typical John Bull is to regard the world generally as made for his occupation, and he takes it as a duty to himself to put down, by means of armies and navies, all those greedy and impudent nationalities who wish to get a share for themselves. I prefer what I understand to be

Lord Salisbury's attitude to what I understand to be the attitude of the right hon. gentleman the Secretary for the Colonies, who appears to me to be filled with the desire to take and annex wherever and whatever he can, all over the world, whatever may be the cost, whether it be a white elephant like Uganda—although I do not say he had the determining voice in the policy—where we know there can never be any trade, and where we send British soldiers to shoot down our prospective customers, and where our trade at best can only be a few hundreds of saucepans from Birmingham, or whether they be other places all over the world, with the result that the Germans rush in and trade in places where they have never had to pay the cost of the stall or anything else. The right hon. gentleman reminds me of the man who is continually haunting auction rooms and remnant sales in order to pick up whatever he can lay his hands on, at whatever cost, under the idea that it will be in the end a splendid investment. Nothing discourages him; we know he will buy paralytic eight-day clocks with neither springs nor pendulums, old guns and pistols which are a kind of life insurance to the enemy 50 yards in front of them, bales of cotton and wool too old for use, old horses which are only fit to go to the knacker's yard, hovels that will by and by come under the operation of the sanitary authorities and be speedily demolished, and who answers all advice by saying, "Who knows what great bargains they may turn out to be to either myself or my children?" But we know what the result is; he never gets any offer for what he has acquired, and when he has passed away the whole absurd museum is bundled out neck and crop, by the people to whom it has been left, to the marine store dealer or to the pawnbroker, and is disposed of at a very small song indeed. That seems to me to be a parallel of the extravagant territorial acquisition in all its aspects, and I am glad, therefore, that there should be a man with Lord Salisbury's convictions in these matters who may

prove a check to some extent to the policy of the right hon. gentleman the Secretary for the Colonies. I believe Lord Salisbury is at heart a very great free trader. If he was not, I am perfectly sure he would have jumped at the suggestion of British State railways to be set up in China, as against foreign State railways, constructed by foreign powers at very great expense to themselves, and which will be of as great advantage to all those connected with trade as those who constructed them, because they must get back their capital, and they cannot shut out the class that brings it back. . . . I should not be surprised to find that Lord Salisbury is not desirous of making a war to the death in favour of the "open door." At all events I have not seen that he has extended the suggestion *re* Melbourne. I am content to wait before I pass any condemnation, or do anything to weaken the hand of Lord Salisbury at the present juncture. Up to now I have not seen any substantial ground of complaint made against him, . . . and I will do all I can, all in my power, in my humble way to encourage him to make the stand he has hitherto made, greatly to his credit, against those of his own party who are seeking to lead him into what I believe to be disastrous courses. If he has shown a want of firmness in one respect, he has not shown it in resisting those who endeavour to influence him to the peril of this country.

FINAL SPEECH—DEATH

Supply—Grant to Lord Kitchener

June 5, 1899

Mr. WALLACE said—The case against the argument of my right hon. friend has been a re-statement of the tyrant's plea of necessity. But, however calculated to be useful as a matter

of order Lord Kitchener's expedition might have been, it was an expedition which ought never to have been put in force. There are times when you must draw a line and say that, whatever may be gained or whatever may be lost, across that line we must not go. I should like to ask whether the country can afford to give this grant of money. I do not think we can. I listened most carefully to the discussions on the Finance Bill, and it seems to me that we are not able to pay our way as we go along, and that we are compelled to have recourse to the proverbial old stocking in which we have been making provision for a rainy day. If we pass this vote we shall have to make another excursion to the garret in search of the old stocking, and take out of it a much larger sum than appears on the face of this vote. If you are going to pay Lord Kitchener for Omdurman, you will have to give the army something as well, because the army, even from Lord Kitchener's own testimony, did half the work. If it had not been for the bravery of the officers and soldiers there would not have been nearly so many Dervishes killed. Dervishes, fighting in defence of their faith and their fatherland, are, I understand, tolerably formidable enemies, but our brave soldiers did not mind that. They knew that, if they once got behind their killing machinery, they could mow down these ridiculous enthusiasts like ninepins, at 900 and even 1000 yards distance, and they did it bravely and splendidly. As has been rightly said, they killed more men per minute than have been killed in any previous war. In short, "it was a glorious victory," and are these men to get nothing? When the working classes, out of whose pockets a very large portion of this grant must come, consider this vote, they will not like the differential treatment of the general and the men. "This is just the old story over again," they will say, "the aristocratic head official gets everything, while the poor man who risks his life and does the work gets nothing."

[At this point (says "Hansard") the hon. member was apparently seized with momentary faintness. His voice faltered, he could not read his notes or find his eyeglass, nor could he drink, or even hold in his hands the glass of water that passed to him from the front Opposition bench. He sat down abruptly, and, after a painful pause, Mr. Arnold-Forster continued the debate. Mr. Wallace was removed to Westminster Hospital, where he expired at two o'clock on the morning of the 6th June, within three hours of his rising to address the House. The cause of death is stated to have been cerebral congestion.]

The death of my brother in the precincts of the House of Commons naturally recalled to many minds the collapse of Chatham in the House of Lords in 1778, after delivering a great speech against the proposed peace with the American colonies. But my erudite friend, Dr. George Neilson, has pointed out to me a still closer parallel in the death in 1608 of Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, while addressing the Privy Council in Whitehall. The story is told at length by Robert Johnston in his prolix (Latin) *Historia Rerum Britannicarum*, published at Amsterdam in 1665—

Mention may now be made of the Earl of Dorset, Lord Treasurer, who, now very old and almost seventy, was taken off by an uncommon sort of death. Pre-eminent in authority and judgment he, nevertheless, burned with hatred against Sir John Lewson, and strove to ruin him by a serious accusation, and there was a great eagerness in the Council and a keen desire of hearing what he and Lewson should say. There ensued a memorable occurrence. When the Treasurer,

on the point of proceeding, was eagerly reading over the things he had composed in a written memorandum, and was about to speak, a darkness came upon him, he was seized with a sudden illness, and, immediately falling down, died gasping in the Council. He lay motionless and extended, unconscious and senseless (as I conjecture his spirit being extinguished), much to the joy of Lewson, as could be noted from his face. Such was the manner of his exit. There fell a great silence on the Council, and fear upon those who stood by. Lifeless in the hands of his servants he was borne into a chamber where physicians were brought to see if he might be treated for apoplexy, but no human aid could restore him.

IV

CLOSING YEARS

My brother took his duties as a member of the House of Commons so seriously and gave himself up to them so completely that he had time for little else. It was impossible for him, as I have said, to actively prosecute a career at the Bar. He did little of the nature of journalism, although for a short period, in the years 1893-4, he edited a weekly newspaper, the *London Scotsman*, and wrote leading articles, which indicated that his old vigour and energy in this line of literary activity had not deserted him. In one, entitled "The Samoan Scotsman," he dealt with a speech delivered by the late R. L. Stevenson to the Thistle Club in Honolulu. In that speech Stevenson said that "Scotland's history contains little that is not disgusting to people of humane feelings," that it is "a long brawl," that Scotch national heroes like Wallace and Knox are not notable for "amiability," and that with Jacobitism "Scottish history ceases." This deliverance was thus commented on—

It may be doubted whether Mr. Stevenson's avocations as a stylist and writer of tales have not somewhat unfitted him for being a critic of history. A jeweller's opinion on the Forth Bridge might clash with an engineer's, but we should

prefer the engineer's, and there is a good deal of the jeweller in Mr. Stevenson's productions—they may be gems, but they are not big. It is heart-breaking to hear him pronounce the spurt of Jacobitism the best thing in Scottish history. Devotion to a person rather than to a principle has its merits—friendship is always more or less beautiful—but the Jacobitism of last century, so far as it was sincere and non-political, was more a canine than a human loyalty, collie-doggish rather than Scottish, scarcely more respectable than the attitude of mind towards Mr. Gladstone rightly or wrongly ascribed by many people, and not all of them Tories, to Mr. Gladstone's "items." The great movements of our history were movements of principle that lifted the national thought and feeling above the plane of the commonplace, and whose traditions have been for good, although the good may not have been unmixed. The poor Jacobites, born too late, did not see that the days of Divine Right were over and that a new conception of social order was taking shape. In this class of ideas it would be a mistake to trust the guidance of a mere literary artist like Mr. Stevenson, whatever his excellences may be where he refrains from supra-crepidarian criticism. The very test which he applies to our history is a fallacious one, and betrays the wanderer in an unfamiliar region. His complaint against our Scotch historic figures is that they are not "amiable" enough for his taste. But, granting his premiss, there are virtues prior in claim to amiability. If it is imperative to be just before being generous, it is not less so to be thorough before being amiable. Scotland was so placed that it had to fight for its life, and the spirit of its people came to be such that it had to fight, and chose to fight, for principles of the highest and most important kind. But people have not time for amiability in battle. It is only when it is all over and a success, that the warrior can relax and smile. Our ancestors did the fighting ; it is Mr. Stevenson's and our turn to do the "amiable," for which let us be thankful, and

remember that perhaps we should not have had a chance of being amiable at all, and certainly not of playing amiability on so favourable a stage, if our predecessors in history had not elected to be unamiable at the proper time.

We are glad to note that Mr. Stevenson is not ashamed of being a Scotsman, but expressly declares that he is "proud" of it, although "he cannot say why." Surely it would not have involved him in any very violent exercise of ratiocination to infer that an endowment or status to be "proud" of could hardly have been evolved from a discreditable origin. "Proud" of his Scotsmanship, he might easily and venially have taken a favourably prejudiced view of all things Scotch, including history, and he contradicts nature and natural expectation in doing otherwise. He has missed the most splendid opportunity ever presented to Scotsman or man of displaying that "amiability" which he so much desiderates in his ancestral compatriots, and instead he has been as "thrown" and cantankerous as the Wallace or Knox or Covenanter of his own unhistorical imagination. How is all this contrariness and topsy-turvydom to be explained? for Mr. Stevenson, in practice, showed the most amiable readiness to explain to the Honolulu Scots their own hereditary unamiability for which they heartily, but rather unaccountably, thanked him, orator and audience then joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne" as a concluding and conclusive demonstration of their common "cussedness." Mr. Stevenson says that "the gift of public speaking frustrates truth and obfuscates the public mind." If that be a fact, it explains the undoubted aberrations with which Mr. Stevenson is chargeable, but then if he knew what it would lead to, why did he speak publicly, and will he kindly stick to his pen henceforth? Or is it conceivable that Mr. Stevenson has been indulging in a Gargantuan joke, one of the jests for which he admires those new humorists, Wallace and Bruce? It may be so, but we cannot see it; and if there is fun in it, it will require several cases of

the most modern surgical instruments to make it visible. Pending that arrangement, can temperature have had anything to do with it? It is hotter in the Tropic of Cancer than here, and with the thermometer at 100° in the shade, even a Scotsman might catch a calenture, and say wonderful things. It is all very mysterious, and not a little distressing; but as Mr. Stevenson has very amiably stated that he is proud to be a Scotsman, most Scotsmen will be equally proud to hear him say so, and will be disposed to overlook this questionable botanizing on his own and their father's graves, only he must not do it again.

My brother was not an uncritical admirer of Stevenson. When, after the romancist's death, a movement for erecting a memorial was set on foot by Lord Rosebery, he wrote to the *Daily News*:—

I admit all that can be said in favour of Stevenson. He was not an original or stupendous genius, but he was undoubtedly a perfect stylist. But he did one thing which no Scotsman, and for that matter, no true critic can ever forgive. He published and re-published a mean, Pharisaical, and utterly inaccurate attack on the memory and character of Burns, a man worth a hundred of him. When I read it, I said to myself this man may have, and does have, ability, but he is essentially a middle-class prig, in my opinion the most contemptible section of existing humanity, but to which some of the loudest admirers of Stevenson belong. Besides, Stevenson sneered at most things Scotch. I object to the proposed memorial, without some qualification.

The literary activity of my brother in these later years of his life was devoted largely, though not exclusively, to emphasising and elucidating the views which he expressed in Parliament on Home Rule, the House of Lords, and the other questions in which he took a

special interest. In pursuance of this work he contributed articles to many of the leading magazines, such as the *Nineteenth Century*, and the *Fortnightly*, *National*, and *Progressive Reviews*. Two of these may be quoted from as having a prophetic, as well as a polemical interest. In "Single Chamber Democrats," after repeating his arguments in favour of the Referendum, and while admitting that it does not come within the range of practical politics, he said—

One of the first things the revolutionary tendency will do will be to capture the Executive Government, and convert it into what, of course on democratic principles, it ought to be, a Committee of the House of Commons, eligible and dismissible at its pleasure. This, in spite of pretences to the contrary, it is not at present. The House has no voice in the selection of the Government, only the invidious and practically useless option of objecting. Once in, the party heads, not elected, but co-opted by predecessors similarly co-opted, are masters of the situation. On any signs of independent action in their party, they can put the pistol of Dissolution to their heads and say, "Your vote or your life; if you do not come to heel, we will blow your Parliamentary brains out," and so bring mutineers to their senses. Looking at facts rather than phrases, the actual Government of this country is properly neither a Monarchy nor a Democracy, but mainly an alternation of two traditional Oligarchies, each composed of an aristocratic nucleus, continually drawing recruits that suit it into its "ring," getting into power and place through the efficacious manipulation of party resources, and then sticking to them as long as it can, by managing the members of its Parliamentary following through a dexterous blending of menace, cajolery, and reward. Naturally the members of this "ring" seek to perfect their power. They would be more than

human if they did not. And apparently the instinctive expectation of becoming uncontrolled masters in an uncontrolled House has led most of the members of the existing Oligarchy to side with the Absolute Single Chamber plan, not explicitly of course, but tacitly deciding in its favour by starting it in practice, while professedly postponing the consideration of its merits until who knows when. So capable a man as the War Secretary goes even further, and argues positively in its favour, on the ground that administration, peace and war, treaty making, foreign policy, colonisation, have always been unchecked "in the hands of the Executive Government, under the eye and control of the House of Commons." As if it were not notorious, to the intense dissatisfaction of Democrats, that the House of Commons has little to do with those matters; that Governments do as they like, and then defy the House to "stop the supplies," well knowing that prerogative to be as dead as the Royal Veto; and that many of the "unchecked" proceedings relied upon by the War Secretary rank among the most shameful and disastrous episodes in our history. There would have been fewer of such performances under the check of a Referendum or popularly elected Senate.

If Cabinets imagine that the Absolute Single Chamber is going to be their Paradise, I believe they are reckoning without their host. It is more likely to be their Gehenna. Revolutionary Socialism and Democratic Individualism alike will not permanently tolerate being ruled by a co-optative secret society. They will seize the Executive, and then will come the tug of war. For reaction will not have been idle in the meantime. In the search for a check, it may probably turn to the long-disused machinery of the Royal Veto and the Privy Council, and seek to make them a reality. Then the fight will turn to one between the House and the Crown, between the Executive inside and the Executive outside. Any day there may occur one of those accidents, so familiar in history, that precipitate a terrible crisis. How that will

end cannot be doubted. The forces of order in this country, political and military, are too strong for violence to have a chance. The pillars of the throne may be shaken or collapse, but order will be maintained somehow, although at the price, it may be, of a great sacrifice of public liberty, and strengthening of reaction and repression.

The other paper, "The Future of Parties," is of especial interest as giving his views of Socialism and of the attitude that ought to be assumed towards it—

There are many signs that a great conflict is approaching on the central social question, and existing parties, with Governments actual or possible, will have to make up their minds what to do in the matter. There is not only the consideration that, with power in the hands of the masses of the people, an attempt to revise and remodel their condition was bound to come; there are also the actual facts of the situation. Socialism is undoubtedly a growing creed, attracting the attention and belief not only of less well-informed people, but of persons of the highest intelligence and culture. Probably in a few years it will come, not into a universal, but a very widespread acceptance.

"Socialism" or "Collectivism" is often used in a vague sense for any interference of the State in the way of controlling or serving the individual. Of course, by defining your terms beforehand, you may use any word whatever for any purpose whatever. But "Socialism" in the sense in which it is going, and as set forth by its responsible propagandists, to be politically formidable is a very clear and well-defined scheme indeed. It means the annihilation of private capital, the management of all industrial production and distribution by the State, when Government shall be the sole farmer, manufacturer, carrier, and storekeeper, and we shall all be turned into civil servants, under the control and in the pay of the Ministry of the day. On the face of it this scheme promises to do away with one ground of complaint

against the existing social order. Under it, whether everybody can be made well-to-do or not, nobody is likely to be much better off than his neighbour, except through jobbery or dishonesty.

This latter consideration will probably prove one of the most powerful in procuring a favourable reception for the Socialistic gospel. There is a look of universal justice about it. Where the mass of people are poor, while a few have more than they know how to employ, the one class is very easily persuaded that it is engaged in a sacred mission when it seeks to place the other class on its own level. That, at all events, it is thought, is one way of making a fair distribution all round, which is always something gained. When to this is added the facility with which the establishment of Utopias and the setting up of new heavens and new earths are believed in by people who have not had time to read, or, having read, have not understood history with its endless record of such benevolent but abortive efforts, it will be seen that the field is prepared for the scattering of his seed by the evangelist of Socialism. The preacher of millenniums has never been at a loss for disciples.

The popular religious instinct seems also not unlikely to favour a Socialistic propaganda. This instinct is at present very considerably out of employment. Not much of it occupies itself with the Thirty-nine Articles of Confession of Faith, of Church and Chapel, which are more the resort of society people and the bourgeoisie than of the masses of the population. It may be wrong of him, but is it altogether easy for a man supporting a family on a few shillings a week to believe that the love of money is the root of all evil on the word of a dignitary who has taken care to secure £15,000 a year to enable him to say so, or to take it that wealth is a very secondary matter compared with contentment, from a tabernacle pulpiteer surrounded by deacons whose eyes stand out with fatness and who have more than heart can wish?

The church and chapel view of the world as a training

school to prepare the elect for heaven is losing its hold on the working-man. He wonders why he cannot have some heaven at once, with certain of those elements in it which preachers of heaven are at pains to procure for themselves, while their practice, apart from their professions, inclines him to infer that even salvation from the wrath to come is not in their view more imperative than salvation from the misery that has arrived. To him in this state of disengaged faith comes the Socialist prophet announcing the dawn of a brighter day, when there shall be moderate work and plenty of pay and pleasure for all; when the man who has more than he deserves shall be stripped of his unjust possessions, and the man who has too little shall have his rights; when the poor shall be set on high and the mighty shall be overthrown. Such a vision is fitted to lift the needy toiler out of himself and to become a veritable religion to him in the absence of anything else fitted to appeal to that side of his nature.

I see some of the critics, Liberal as well as Tory, are disposed to make light of the Socialist evangel. They speak of the "Socialistic craze," and deride it as mostly a matter of noise, raised by a few featherheads, which will not "catch on." I humbly differ from that view. I think that, given a little time, Socialism will take hold and become a power to be reckoned with. It may not spread like wildfire, but it may like the rising tide. It has done so on the Continent, and although the misery of the necessitous is greater there than here, there is enough similarity and solidarity throughout European industrialism to make the same thing probable here. I infer this prospect from the nature of the case itself and the character of the people who have it in hand. There is a certain magnificence, both moral and material, in the Socialistic conception which is apt of itself to impart conviction to those whose interest is to be convinced.

As regards its promoters, I cannot regard them as featherheads. I say nothing of Marx, Lassalle, Leopardi, and other Continental Socialists living or dead. I take our own

people, such as Mr. William Morris, Dr. Russell Wallace, Professor Watson, Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. John Burns, Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Tom Mann, Mr. Ben Tillett, Mr. Cunningham Graham, Mr. H. Hyndman, Mr. B. Shaw, and the Fabians, with the majority of the trades-union leaders and others less known to fame. Not many mighty, not many noble, you say. Yes; but not a collection of entire fools and incapables. Have any of the rulers or Pharisees believed? Perhaps not; but those people never do at first. The men I have mentioned, however, look uncommonly like the advanced guard one generally reads of in connection with successful movements. They have pertinacity, capacity for popular speech, and that dash of fanaticism which gives courage and attracts faith. Such men always make a way for their cause.

I admit all this more reluctantly than readily, inasmuch as I am not myself, as at present advised, a believer in Socialism. For one thing I do not believe the scheme can ever be set up. As a preliminary, it requires the destruction of the private Capitalist as such. I do not think the Capitalist will allow himself to be destroyed. Mr. Kidd would have us believe that Altruism has grown a degree or two in human nature since the dawn of history, but it has not gone so far as that. Socialistic sentimentalism is not able to overthrow practical Capitalism, which, if once thoroughly aroused, will fight for its life with all the weapons of political and social organisation, to the extent of calling in a military autocracy if needful. And Capitalism in this struggle will beat Labour in the end, as it has always done hitherto, because, as I have tried to show here before now, it has a species of overmastering capacity which Labour does not possess.

Then, if the Socialistic scheme were allowed to be set up, I do not see how those of us who have not organising and capitalistic instincts and abilities, and must live by our labour if we are to live at all, are going to be much better off. For my own part, I do not take kindly at all to the idea of being a civil servant, to be drilled and dragooned, bullied and fined

by a departmental head ; I want the chance of cutting out a career for myself, and would rather have a crust of bread and liberty than two crusts and restraint or slavery. To my observation, civil servants are not a particularly happy class. They are prone to complaint, always wanting more pay and promotion, and indignant over alleged injustice and favouritism in their departments. Under a Socialist régime this state of things would become universal and chronic.

Besides, where is the money to come from to pay us our increased salaries or wages? for, although the Socialist lecturer rails against "wage-slavery," it will only be State wages after all that we shall have to live upon. Under Socialism there may be more virtue in this country, but there will be less taxable income. You may call it greed, cupidity, rapacity—and I do not myself put it very high, either in morals or taste—but it is the boundless desire to possess, inspiring so many specially constituted men, and spurring them on, under competition, to the utmost exertions in their power in the way of organisation and invention, both by themselves and through others, that has filled this country with its immense, if imperfectly distributed, wealth. But you are going to destroy this motive power. Nobody is to have a career, only a function and a modest salary. This may do for thinkers, poets, and artistic or artisanic people, whose delight is in their work, but it will not do for money-makers, whose delight is in acquisition and possession. And without money-makers you will have no money. A peculiarity of money is that it does not grow wild. It is the antithesis of the poet ; it is made, not born. I do not see how you are to correct the mal-distribution of money except by taxing the money-maker down to the point beyond which, if you went, you would break his heart.

The courageous, the straightforward, and therefore, in the end, the wisest thing for the Liberal party to do would be to announce that it is not, and does not mean to be, Socialist in the special sense, that while it is willing, on the immemorial

lines, to develop State service of the individual to the verge of endangering individual liberty and national strength of character, it draws the line at an attempt to make Government the national breadwinner. If this be a true position, why fear to defend it *à outrance*? If the Liberal Capitalists believe in themselves and in their professed doctrine of "trust in the people," why do they not start an anti-Socialist mission of their own, argue the matter out before the people, and leave them to judge after full information on both sides? If they are afraid of this—and their hesitation about payment of members looks like it—they are in a false position, and perhaps the Independent Labour party are rendering the highest service in their power to the Liberal party if they compel them to define their standing to themselves and make up their minds what point of the compass they mean to keep heading for in social legislation.

As I have said, while my brother's literary activity was largely appropriated by politics, it found other outlets. He planned and partially wrote a study of George Buchanan for the "Famous Scots" series, issued by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier of Edinburgh. After his death, it was completed by Sheriff Campbell Smith and published three years ago. He was an ardent student, admirer, and defender of Burns; of all men I have come across, he was the fullest of the Burns spirit.* When I was engaged in editing the latest edition of Robert Chambers's "Life and Works of Robert Burns," the publication of which was completed in 1896, he aided me by his advice, by researches in the British Museum, and in a hundred other ways. Above all things, as the result of many letters and several conversations, he wrote

* Two of his addresses on Burns appear in the second part of this volume.

the essay on Burns which appears in the final volume of that work ; I edited it.

During the later years of his life my brother delivered lectures on a variety of subjects, both in Scotland and in England. In spite of the long journeys, often in winter and early spring, which this work involved, he greatly enjoyed it, because it gave him an opportunity of expressing certain of his opinions which otherwise would have been denied him. The most popular of these lectures—at all events those which were most in demand—are given in the second portion of the present volume. I am greatly mistaken if they be not found eminently readable. At the same time it should be borne in mind that they are given precisely as they were prepared for delivery. So far as I am aware he never contemplated their publication.

Towards the end of his life my brother sustained two serious domestic losses. His eldest son, Robert Lamb Wallace, who had been called to the bar of the Middle Temple a year before his father, died, after a short and sharp illness, in February, 1894, just as his unquestionable capacity was beginning to be known. He had latterly been closely associated with his father in both political and literary work, and his death was an irreparable calamity which my brother felt intensely to the end of his life. About this time also the health of his devoted wife, who had sustained him all through the vicissitudes of his career with her sympathy and approval, began to fail. Her illness, which at first seemed to be merely weakness, ultimately resolved itself into an internal complaint to which, after an operation that at first promised to

be successful, she succumbed in the end of January, 1897. It was after this blow that I noticed—or imagined I noticed—a decline in his robust health, which had stood the tear and wear of a life of exceptional vicissitude and of many anxieties. He had a severe attack of influenza during the epidemic of the disease which prevailed in Parliament three years before his death, and after it he confessed to me in a letter to “a fading interest in life.” But when he rallied from illness and grief, he turned to his work in Parliament and on the lecture-platform with all his old zest, if not all his old physical vigour. He paid his usual visit to his constituents early in 1899. I happened to be in Edinburgh at the time and found him as full of intellectual life as ever, as eagerly interested in that moral side of party politics which, agreeing though we did to differ on many questions, we felt ourselves free to discuss. Still later, he visited me in Glasgow on his way to lecture in Bothwell. Then, indeed, he struck me as looking weak and ill. When I expressed concern, he said he feared for a return of influenza. His final conversation will ever remain in my memory. He spoke much of our old home in Culross, and reproached himself for not having “done more” for parents that had lived exclusively for their children. Coming from me, the reproach would have had a meaning; from him, it had none. I regarded it, and still regard it, as one of those failures of memory which indicate bodily exhaustion. After his return to London he sent me a reassuring letter as to his health. The news of his fatal illness, received late at night while I was engaged

in journalistic work, came therefore as a thunderbolt. I had scarcely got home in the early hours of the next morning (June 6) when a telegram announcing his death came from my daughter, who was on a visit to him. I reached London the following day and had interviews with his warm, generous, and loyal friend Mr. William M'Ewan (then representative of the Central Division of Edinburgh) and other members who had been with him before his death. What they said differed in no material respect from the account of his final appearance in Parliament which, as condensed from the sympathetic records of the newspapers, I have given in the preceding chapter. He seemed to be very anxious to take part in the debate on the Kitchener grant—so anxious that, instead of taking dinner as usual in the House, he contented himself with a cup of tea. He complained of pains in the head, and talked—as he had done to me some months before—of the probability of a return of influenza. Possibly “heredity” may partly account for his death. Our father died of paralysis at the same age as he attained; our grandfather on the father's side, a Fifeshire weaver, died of apoplexy while he sat at his loom. His two sons, who were in England, his good and helpful friend Mr. John Burns, and I laid him, three days later, by the side of his wife and eldest son in Kensal Green cemetery in the presence of a large and sympathetic assemblage, including many members of Parliament belonging to both political parties.

At my request my brother's only daughter—now Mrs. Alfred Gray—who kept house for him after her mother's death, has written a few simple lines dealing

with her father's last years with an intimacy of knowledge which of course was denied me.

Very little is known of my father's private life, and it was given to few to know the finest and most beautiful qualities of his character. His disposition was to be reserved with strangers, and he was slow to make friends. Those who knew him best loved him best ; and though he had enemies, it is difficult to understand why, for his criticism was generous, and he was as absolutely incapable of a malicious thought as he was of a mean action. His love of truth and hatred of any kind of misrepresentation or subterfuge were shown in even the smallest affairs of life ; while his sympathy was always sure, and most readily given. The intensity of his unselfishness, his gentleness, sweetness, and kindliness, and the infinite depth and tenderness of his affection—these are the memories of him who, to me, was the embodiment of all that was best in human life—the memories of a nature that was unspoiled by disappointments, by heavy sorrows, and a long and weary fight against adversity.

Such an inheritance as he has left falls to few, and that it is prized as a great and precious possession by us, his children, to whom it was left, for whom no sacrifice would have been too great, and whom he loved so devotedly, would have given the keenest happiness to that most tender and generous heart.

After my mother died in 1898, my father let the house we were then occupying, and we took rooms in Chelsea, where we remained till his death, two years later. Chelsea had always attracted my father, partly on account of its association with Carlyle, and partly on account of its own particular charm ; and the Embankment, especially at sunset and at night, fascinated him greatly. At this time he was busy, both with lecturing and literary work, being engaged on George Buchanan, and also his *Reminiscences*. With regard to the

latter, his heart was very much in his work, and he found in it a great amount of pleasure, occasionally saying that this time he would either make a spoon or spoil a horn. The writing of this seemed to cost him no effort, and of course there was no labour attached to it—unlike the other, where there was a great deal of research.

My father scarcely ever took a holiday, which, I think, was a pity; but now and then he would allow himself to be persuaded, and we would make an excursion out to Wimbledon and walk across the Common or through Richmond Park. This was always a favourite walk of his. He was a great lover of nature, and nature had a great effect upon his frame of mind. All his tastes were inclined towards simplicity, and he always dressed simply, never wearing any kind of ornament. His gold watch and chain, the only valuables of the kind he had, were stolen from him at a political meeting—a Radical one, I believe.

I always fancied there was a slight strain of something akin to superstition in my father's nature, though it could hardly even be called by so definite a name; but one of many instances was his anxiety to get safely over the age of sixty-eight. He used to say that if he lived past that age he might live many years, but it would be a critical time. He would have been sixty-nine on the 22nd of June, and he died on the 6th. He never had any doubt as to the manner of his death, this being no doubt because my grandfather's death was due to paralysis, and he believed he inherited it. All his life my father had been unable to sleep for more than a few hours at a time—six being about the longest consecutive period—and as he could not lie awake doing nothing, being powerless to control a tendency to give way to melancholy, he used to rise at most unseasonable hours until he found it was more comfortable to sit up in bed, where he had light, and all his temporarily necessary books and writing materials close at hand, and work at whatever he was engaged on at the time. A great deal of his work was done in this way.

Of course the desire for sleep overcame him occasionally, and then it was his habit to lie down, if it were possible, wherever he could get quietness—that is, if he were not at home, where, naturally, quietness could at any time be obtained—and if he only slept for a few minutes he always woke up much refreshed. I believe the cause of his difficulty to sleep for any length of time was owing to the peculiar sensitiveness of his nerves, and the extreme alertness of his brain. He did not show his nervousness, but he felt it all the more acutely for this reason, especially when he had to make any public appearance.

My father was perfectly methodical in all he did, and apportioned so much time each day to the different tasks he set himself. He always knew exactly where to put his hand on whatever he wanted, and everything had its right place.

The only form of exercise my father indulged in was walking, and he did not do a great deal of this; no form of athletics had ever been practised by him, and he was inclined to think that, generally speaking, too much time was given to so-called physical culture. I believe he once tried riding, but from his own account it was not a success. He encouraged all his children in any desire to learn anything, for the desire to learn appealed to him very strongly. He taught me after we came to London, and up till the last we kept up our reading together, and were at that time translating Dante. He knew nothing of Italian till we began to read it together, but, of course his knowledge of Latin was a great assistance, and the ease and rapidity with which he picked it up, so to speak, was marvellous. I had a magnificent opportunity, of which I did not take the tenth part of the advantage. My father could not devote a great deal of time to my education, but, had I been more studious, I could have learned a great deal, for his power of imparting to others what he knew himself was quite extraordinary.

As a recreation my father enjoyed seeing a play, but he was a very difficult critic to please with regard to acting. I some-

times used to tell him in fun, though I wasn't so very far from the truth, that, had he gone on the stage instead of into the Church, he would have more nearly reached his *metier*. However, there is no doubt it was from him that we all, with the exception of my eldest brother, inherited our inclination to things theatrical. He once thought of writing a lecture on London theatres, and I believe he would have done so.

My father was fond of music, and used long ago to play the flute, and I have also dim recollections of a violin, but could not say I had ever heard it played by him.

I often wondered how my father kept as well as he did, considering that he had so few holidays and so little change of air. About three years before his death he had a very sharp attack of influenza, which, I fear, left its mark, but, with the exception of a slight recurrence of it while we were living in Chelsea, he had no other illness. Usually my father left home soon after breakfast for the Temple. In the afternoon and evening he attended the House, when, very often, I would not see him again till next morning, he usually waiting till the House rose. Sometimes, however, he left early, and always on Wednesdays and Saturdays he was at home. He generally dined at the House, as the distance was a consideration. On that summer morning when I saw him last as I had always known him, full of life and energy, he did not leave after breakfast as usual, as he wanted time to prepare his speech for that afternoon, and there did not seem anything wrong with him except that I noticed some small red spots on the upper part of his forehead, and he complained of a slight pain in his ear. He was feeling the heat a good deal, and I thought it would refresh him to bathe his head with cold water, which I accordingly did. This seemed to have the desired effect, and after lunch he said he felt much better, and about three o'clock he left. He waved his hand to me as I watched him pass the window. It was his farewell.

That night I was summoned in haste to the Westminster Hospital, where I arrived with my brother just in time to see

him in life, though in unconsciousness. I saw him again the next day for the last time.

To this I have nothing of value to add, nothing that is not implied in the preceding chapters, in which I have done my best—though that is but inadequate—to let my brother speak for himself. His was incomparably the most vigorous mind I ever came across, the most courageous, critical, and veracious, the least fettered or fetterable by conventionality. If goodness consists in force of character, in moral resourcefulness, in simplicity of heart, in submission to reason and conscience in preference to any objective authority, in that generosity which performs the secret deed of kindness and shrinks from performing any other, he was also the best man I ever came across, except our father. Judged by such standards as those of the Death Duties, his career may not have been a success; to those who measure prosperity by “position” and literature by bulk, his “achievement” may seem small. But he lived an enviably varied life, and it was closed by an enviably swift death. If he did not escape disappointment, anxiety, and grief, he did not sell his intellectual birthright for a mess of pottage; and although Destiny had many experiences for him—experiences, the richness of which we can never know since he did not live to tell their tale—it spared him the tragedy of senility and creeping intellectual paralysis. It is not for me, it is not perhaps for this generation, to pass a final judgment on his life. But his friends may at least, without fear of contradiction, claim for him the distinction which the dying

Heine claimed for himself: he was a brave soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity from the domination of superstition, unreality, privilege, the materialistic conception of happiness, and the "Devil-take-the-hindmost" realisation of love for one's neighbour. *Sat est vixisse* is the epitaph for a man like him. I know no better.

LECTURES



I

HISTORY AND HABITS OF MRS. GRUNDY

THE famous female who is to be the subject of our present studies first saw the light—at least, under her present name—about the beginning of the century, and preparations ought to be making, by such friends as she has, for celebrating the centenary of her birth. Mrs. Grundy holds a prominent position in the English literature and public opinion of to-day as the impersonation of a severe, self-sufficient, and domineering censoriousness in all departments of life, not only religious but social, political, artistic, academic, commercial, and all the rest of it. Some people think she is played out. I differ. The question, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" is, to my mind, still a power for evil in many quarters.

It is a question with a curious history. It is the coinage of one Thomas Morton, author of a play called "Speed the Plough," which had a certain vogue in London in the beginning of the century. But the question had a different meaning then from what it has now. Mrs. Grundy, in the play, was a farmer's wife, whose butter and wheat went better in the market than those of Farmer Ashfield their neighbour, and thereupon Mrs. Ashfield became envious, as small and jealous natures do, and watched her chance of spiting her rival. It came. Very wonderful things happen in plays, and so Mrs. Ashfield's servant Nelly married Sir Abel Handy, Bart., and her daughter Susan became the *fiancée* of Handy, Junior, his son and heir, two of the most ordinary events, I need hardly say, in English aristocratic life.

Here was Dame Ashfield's opportunity to give Dame Grundy what is vulgarly called "one in the eye." "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" she chortled, over and over again. "Butter and wheat indeed! What will butter and wheat be to a baronet and his heir? What will Mrs. Grundy say?" The question got to be a cant phrase about town, and has lived on into a totally different and indeed opposite significance. For, whereas, the original Mrs. Grundy was the party attacked, the modern Mrs. Grundy is the attacking party; and whereas the original Mrs. Grundy was really an object of sympathy the modern Mrs. Grundy is a source of terror, involving a complete reversal of meaning in the question, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" from aggressive spite to passive alarm, a change not more inexplicable than that of the signboard motto, "God encompasses us," into the "Goat and Compasses," or the "Satyr and the Bacchanals" into "Satan and the Bag o' Nails." Yet this somewhat extraordinary development of Mrs. Grundy will not occasion any surprise when we know her a little better. It is quite characteristic. She has existed in many phases and places before now.

Indeed, there are few things that dispose me more to believe in the doctrine of the metempsychosis, or to be less pedantic, the transmigration of souls, than does the history of Mrs. Grundy. I am sure I see her in the stirring and varied annals of Greece and Rome. I have my suspicions that, under a deft disguise, she once went up to the Jewish Temple and thanked the Almighty that she was not as this publican. It would, therefore, not in the slightest degree surprise me that the spirit thus traceable in ancient and, of course, in mediæval times (when it tried to stamp out the Renaissance and the Reformation) should have reappeared in our own Mrs. Grundy, although, from being in her youth a comparatively injured innocent, and occupying a humble social sphere, she has, in general opinion, grown into an odious aggressor, who is anything but innocent, and is often to be found sitting

in the high places of the earth. It may be worth our while to analyse and make a little more definite the general impression which Mrs. Grundy, come from where or when she likes, has made upon the modern English mind.

First of all, then, Mrs. Grundy is not to be confounded with the genuine satirist who is merely a small fault-finder. The satirist has a great and legitimate function to discharge in life. It is useful that the sins and vices of society should be publicly scourged, and its weaknesses shown up. Accordingly, we are grateful for such men as Horace and Juvenal, Aristophanes and Rabelais, Cervantes and Molière, Swift and Pope, Burns and Byron, Dickens and Thackeray, who so successfully held the mirror up to Nature on its weak or its wicked side. But then, much depends on who does it, and how it is done. We can stand a good deal of poking under the ribs, or even slapping on the cheek, from the great men I have just enumerated. That, however, is greatly because they are careful to do two things. The one is that, along with their sharp criticism, they give us a high intellectual delight by the splendour of their poetry, the play of their humour, the power of their utterance generally. Then the next thing is that, as the preachers say, they are aiming rather at the sin than at the sinner, so that each of us is able to say "That was a well-directed and richly-merited blow for Brown or Jones or Robinson, and I wonder how the wretch will like it." All this, however, is a very different thing from being lectured by every brainless busybody who gets up on his rostrum and declaims, but who can neither make us laugh nor cry. And that is where Mrs. Grundy fails, although not there alone. She has no intellectual elevation. She has no fun in her, no largeness or universality of thought about her, Hopeless Philistine! And then, it is the sinner that she wants venomously to get at, *through the sin*, which is usually a very small one, if it is one at all. On that ground, because she is small in idea, and personal in aim, we distinguish between Mrs. Grundy and the true satirist.

Another property of Mrs. Grundy is ubiquity. She is everywhere. At all events, I never go anywhere without seeing her either busy at work or collecting materials for work. I see her everywhere in London—in the Law Courts, in the Houses of Parliament, in church (when there), in the theatre, in the park, on the river. I meet her at breakfast, at luncheon, at afternoon-tea (especially afternoon-tea), at dinner, at supper. I admit she does justice to all those meals, and, if she did equal justice to her fellow-consumers, there would be less to say. But I could wish to be at times delivered from her awe-inspiring presence. The thing, however, is not to be done. She came along with me yesterday in the train, and, when she found out where I was going, and what I was going to do, I saw that she thought I was no better than I should be. She is here to-night. I see her away up yonder somewhere. She has come in on the sly to take stock of you and me, and my firm conviction is that, in certain circles of this city and neighbourhood, your reputation and mine will not be the better of her visit.

I do not mean to say that she always presents the same appearance. Like the old Pagan god Proteus, she has the power of changing her form so rapidly that it is only the best judges who can recognise her in her endless phases. Wizards and witches long ago, as we know from the testimony of the most learned men of the time, had the same power, and frequently selected the form of a black cat. I do not say that Mrs. Grundy chooses that form much, although there is no doubt that she can scratch. But, as a rule, she selects shapes and appearances that are better fitted to let her watch the victims of her criticism, and enjoy the luxury of expressing and diffusing her opinion of them. For these purposes it is generally best that she should present herself before the world, in her own name and sex, as a member of the middle, especially the upper middle, and the highest classes and, if possible, although not absolutely necessary, a leading figure in some pronounced religious clique or coterie.

But, if you leave these loftier social regions and go to some of the backest and blackest slums of our great towns—presto! change!—Mrs. Grundy may be there before you—less well-dressed, and with a louder and a longer tongue, perhaps, but equally bent on “making and taking her neighbours faults and folly,” and making herself a terror to evil-doers generally, or those whom she considers such.

But Mrs. Grundy can do better than this. Somebody has said that the only thing that Parliament cannot do is to make a man a woman, or a woman a man. But Mrs. Grundy is greater than Parliament—she can shift at will into the opposite sex, and often does it. You may sometimes have noticed a bearded or bewhiskered person with prim lips and prolonged countenance in a pulpit, or a pew, or a Parliamentary lobby, or at a scientific or other conversazione, or on a counting-house stool, or even in the Stock Exchange. Note him well. It is said that if you scratch a Russian you will find a Tartar. Watch your opportunity and give this impressive personage a scratch and you will be astonished at the result. You will find that he is merely a detective’s disguise, a male, or rather male-oid envelope for Mrs. Grundy, who is safe and sound inside. And even this does not exhaust her resources in the way of protean change. She can pluralise herself and appear in the shape of a company or multitude. Take a Scotch Synod anathematising the sale of soda-water on the Sabbath, or an English High Church Congress protesting against attendance at Nonconformist Chapels as fatal to salvation, or a Nonconformist Congress returning the compliment, or a meeting of the Incorporated Society for the Supply of Cigarettes passing a solemn and anti-nicotine resolution. That is really our own Mrs. Grundy, cut up into small pieces, each of them alive and all Grundying away famously like a bisected or trisected or polysected worm, where all the bits can crawl. The best lightning-change actor cannot hold a candle to her at transformation.

This power of changeful self-adaptability is extremely

useful to Mrs. Grundy in the exercise of her avocation, as it enables her when beaten out of one sphere at once to enter another. I observe that a critic in one of our leading journals says of the novelist whom he is criticising that "he does not march with these emancipated times, girds at poor Mrs. Grundy in somewhat belated fashion. Irrational though she may be," he continues, "we doubt very much if Mrs. Grundy would have been greatly shocked because Captain Norris, of Magnolia Lodge, St. John's Wood, did not go to church, and preferred to smoke a cigar at his window at 12.45 on a Sunday morning." There are, at all events, *parts* of the country, especially in the North, where Mrs. Grundy, in whatever shape she might appear, would protest against the conduct of the Sunday loafing captain. And no wonder. For, altogether apart from dogmatic consideration, with which, of course, I do not meddle, if I sacrifice my time and enjoyment, and put myself to the trouble of making ready for church, going there and sitting it out, and on returning find you smoking at your open window, I naturally resent this as taking a mean and unfair advantage. I say you are having more than your share, and I object to and will have as little to do as possible with a person who in this flagrant way shirks his just liabilities.

But suppose we grant that Mrs. Grundy has lost the terrorising tendency she once possessed against Sunday loafing and smoking, that does not deprive her of a sphere for her inclinations or abilities. She has merely turned in another direction, and I hear that, now, both in her own proper costume and in the form of the Rev. Mr. (internally Mrs.) Grundy she is getting very vehement on the subject of Sunday cycling, especially Sunday female cycling, and that over Sunday rationalised female cycling she has positively gone mad. It diminishes the attendance at her (externally his) church or chapel she (externally he) says. Pious youth of both sexes, and not only pious youth, but still more pious age, ride off in shoals on Sunday and they cycle into the

country, and the pews that once knew them know them no more, while the offertory bag or the collection plate they once helped to swell is leaner through their absence. Of course, it is perfectly clear that when the dearly-beloved Tom, Dick, or Harry along with the not less dearly-beloved Tomasina, Ricardula, and Harriet are 25 miles away at Beertown-in-the-Marsh they cannot at the same time be present at service in St. Surplice's or Little Bethel. It is true these cycling saints aver that they can attend service at Beertown-in-the-Marsh. No doubt they can, but do they? is the question that arises at once to the lips of the Rev. Mrs. Grundy, and so she denounces the cycle as the enemy of the Church, and, therefore, of all good.

Mrs. Grundy, in her skirts and *propria persona*, denounces it on a ground additional to that which offends her in her male disguise. It is the cycling woman (and especially the cycling woman in rationals) that rouses her indignation. Here her displeasure knows no bounds. It is unwomanly; it is immodest. "Set a woman on cycle-back," she says, "and she will ride to the Father of Lies," and much more to the like effect. Now, I am not going to enter at large into the Sunday cycling controversy or the question of rationals or irrationals. I know better than that. I shall only say that I cannot see any difference in principle between cycling and walking. The machine is simply a device for enabling you to walk faster, and wheel walking and plain walking and slow walking and fast walking are surely nothing but different species of the same thing. I believe that cycling church-goers, who really like church-going, do go to church when they reach Beertown-in-the-Marsh. I also believe that cycling church-goers who do not like church-going do not go to church at Beertown-in-the-Marsh, being no longer in terror of the domestic Mrs. Grundy. But I think that this is an improvement. If a man goes to church not from liking and conviction but from fear of the local Mrs. Grundy (and there is a great deal of this going), I say that the exercise which he

performs is an exercise in cowardly hypocrisy, and that can only make him a worse instead of a better man. The people who manage the church should make him like it, and then going to it will do him good, but not till then.

Another characteristic of Mrs. Grundy is her utter fearlessness. There is no department in human life in which she hesitates to lay down the law. We have just been having a glimpse of her in her Sunday relations, and we have found her very displeased and dogmatic. But it is not only in religion and morals that she desires to dominate, but everywhere. Take the sphere of Art, pictorial, dramatic, song, dance, imaginative reproductions of nature generally. Why do we value artistic beauty? Because it shows us what we think we might be and do and enjoy if we had the chance. The struggle for existence, for the most of us, is so terrible, and drives us to so many strange devices, that we are made more or less ugly both in body and soul as we carry it on. The thought of this is depressing to all of us who have not become entirely brutalised. In the beautiful creations of Art at its best, however, we can live for a passing moment in the ideal world and feel as if we were what we would like to be. Heredity and life may have made us shambling and ill-favoured creatures, and necessity and custom may have caused us still further to unbeautify ourselves by donning garments which, even though fashioned by the deftest of sartorial artists, are, if you think of it, utterly ridiculous and unnatural, and hence it is a relief to look upon a Greek Apollo, or a Greek Hercules, or a Venus de' Medici, or Milo, and say, "That is what Nature is always aiming at in the greatest of her visible works—the human form; that innocent I might have been if the human race had not been so satanically unlucky."

What is song? It is idealised speech; poetry interfused with music. In our fight for animal existence we have not time or power to sing. But we must get out our ideas or feelings somehow. Raucously, lispingly, stutteringly, bluntly,

sharply, wheezingly, groaningly, splutteringly, drawlingly, hastily, not to say pantomimically, one way or another we must convey our meaning or our emotion. Our speech is a notion *plus* a noise. These are really the essentials of song, only the notion is turned into poetry and the noise we call speaking is elevated into music. Probably our resources of utterance are so meagre, that in one important case we can only say, "By jingo, haven't we got a tip-top Navy?" or in another not less important emergency to ejaculate "I say, I'm awfully mashed on you, Nancy Dawson!" and hence we are extremely indebted to the singer who teaches us to say melodiously, "Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep," or "Oh, Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me, nor sigh to leave the flaunting toun?" That is how the thing ought to be expressed, and how we should like to express it if we could live the ideal life. Were it not that we have been made almost dumb and prosaic beyond belief by a commonplace existence we should call for our morning coffee in strains that might lure an archangel to our breakfast table.

Then the dance. What a spectacle are the most of us when we rise and begin to move along, crawling, sprawling, heaving, jerking, swinging, bolting, lunging, shuffling, tottering, staggering, with uneven shoulders, or bent backs, or not knowing what to do with our hands. But go to a well-appointed ballet-dance, where graceful motion keeps time to inspiring music. That shows us how we might all have been getting on had we not lost Paradise and been condemned to bear fardels, and groan and sweat under a weary load of crushing care and a thousand sordid details.

It may be said that the Drama, and such an Art School as the old Dutch School of Painting which dealt with what is called low life, do not reveal to us our ideal selves. That is true. Tragedy shows us villains, and comedy shows us fools, neither of whom are ideals, while the Dutch School often introduces us to peasants carousing over beer, not wisely but too well, which is certainly not the highest conception of human

activity. But here two remarks come in. Ideals are revealed in their opposites as well as in themselves. To show us what we should *not* be is indirectly to show us what we should be, as the Spartans taught their children the beauty of sobriety, by showing them the ugliness of drunkenness in the persons of their purposely inebriated Helots. Then next it must be remembered that while the reality may be displeasing, the artistic image of it, merely because it is a good image, may be a pleasure. Caliban was not a beauty, but Shakespeare's account of him has a charm. Falstaff was not over respectable, but he makes an inimitable stage figure. Pandemonium, I understand (I hope I may never know), is not a sweet scene, but Milton's account of it entrances the imagination. A real corpse is a revolting object, but on the canvas of Rembrandt it gathers an irresistible fascination.

Such are the uses and the delight of art in all its varied forms, revealing to us our ideal selves, and coining beauty out of the unbeautiful and, at some interval, stolen from the depressing and deforming influences of the perpetual strain of keeping our heads above water, we are abandoning ourselves to its spell thinking no evil, but rather feeling that, on its mount of transfiguration, it is good for us to be there. But lo! and behold, what stern countenance and menacing form is this which enters on the scene. As I live, it is Mrs. Grundy. I know what will happen. She comes along. She plants her eyes upon the Greek Apollo and the Venus de' Medici. In a moment she grows pale with holy rage. She turns her back upon the detested sculptural triumphs. She calls out indignantly, "For shame, for shame! Go instantly and order a macintosh and umbrella for that marble gentleman, and some suitable millinery for the person beside him. What is the world coming to, I wonder?"

Now, you and I know that this is all nonsense. But Mrs. Grundy does not know it. Although she is wrong, she thinks she is right, and it is her ignorance that makes her fearless, and her fearlessness that makes her formidable. Possibly,

without knowing it, she is what is called a prude, a type more abundant in America than here, and definable as a person, male or female, who overdoes the virtue of modesty, and scents moral mischief where there actually is none, exposing him or herself, of course, to the criticism, just or unjust, that, if his or her own morality were itself so utterly adamant, he or she would not, in the given circumstances, think there was danger, since to the pure all things are pure. Perhaps, it may be useful at this point to make a slight digression and try to clear up a little further the relation of art and morals. It is a disputed question, and you will understand that I only partly put forward my own present opinion. Well then, what I contend for is that pure art, *i.e.*, art which is nothing but art (and, by art, I mean not merely that art whose vehicle is some form of matter, such as pigment, marble, or the human frame, but the poetic art as well, which works through the immaterial form of ideas and images), pure art is neither moral nor immoral *per se*, it simply creates beauty, either by presenting the perfect ideal, or by beautifying the real with the halo of its own image. As far as morality is concerned, there is a profound vital difference between the real and the artistic image of the real. Take the case, already mentioned, of an old Dutch picture of peasants in a public-house over their beer. According to the Grundy view, that is an immoral picture; its tendency is to teach people to drink, and, in any public exhibition, it ought to have a curtain drawn over it.

Everybody sees there must be some fallacy here and that fallacy consists in confounding the real with the image of the real. If you and I were to sit down among those Bacchanalian peasants in the flesh in the public-house, the possibility is that we should fall to drinking with them, and the certainty that we should be standing drinks to them, and that would be a lesson in drinking which might be demoralising. But where is the same danger or temptation in looking at a picture of the transaction? The man who would be tempted

to drink by the proximity and the contemplation of pictorial beer, you may rely upon it, has already learned to love beer in the normal and customary fashion. And what is true of painted *beer*, is, I contend, equally true of all art whatever that is mere art and therefore pure art, whether it be painted or sculptured Venuses or Apollos, or "low life" so called, or amorous and even Bacchanalian song, or beautiful dancing, or the dramatic reproduction even of rascality. There is nothing moral or immoral in them, because you are brought in contact, not with the real, but only with the image, which has no contagion and cannot preach. You might as well say that if unvaccinated you could catch smallpox from a surgical plate of the disease.

But, of course, I am not going to be so absurd as maintain that all actual art so called is pure art, mere art, art without a purpose. There is such a thing as art with a purpose, and a bad purpose. In this respect the sphere of art by no means stands alone. Religion is abused by hypocrites, science mischievously applied by ruffians, commerce disgraced by rogues, and Government wrecked by tyrants and ambitious self-seekers. There is also scoundrelism in art, and that not merely in the dramatic, singing, and saltatory arts, but in all the arts, where, under the pretext of presenting the beautiful, the traitor artist purposely and unmistakably endeavours to stimulate and gratify the baser passions of human nature to fill his own pocket; where, in short, the surgical plate has been deliberately loaded with the actual microbe. And here it is that Mrs. Grundy is sometimes accidentally of some use. Rome was saved by the cackling of geese that put the sentinels on the *qui vive*, and Mrs. Grundy's cackle may come right for once. As she generally keeps hitting at art all round, she may chance to hit upon a case of really bad and mischievous art. Do you ask me where and how are we to draw the line between true and false art? Common sense and ordinary experience are, of course, not sufficient to draw a line between true and false art. It requires a grasp of

the principles that govern the relations of art and morals, a certain amount of cultivated taste, and a degree of experience in applying those principles and that taste to actual artistic work. Hence it is that Mrs. Grundy, poor woman, is entirely out of place here. She has none of the qualifications for judging. But given a person with those qualifications, and he will seldom have much difficulty in determining when art is acting within its legitimate limit, and when it is being debased by an unscrupulous and selfish transgressor. Some time ago the London County Council heard that some of the places of entertainment under their control were abusing the artistic monopolies granted to them, and they, very properly, determined to look into the matter.

But then, unfortunately, they determined to look into it themselves. Now I have the utmost respect for county councils and town councils, and I know they can do a good deal. But they cannot do everything, and I would as soon think of asking the average county councillor or town councillor to cut off my leg for me as regulate my art. If they had taken Sir Henry Irving, or Mr. Toole, or the late Sir Augustus Harris, or some acknowledged, trusted, and responsible leader of the dramatic world along with them I should have had more confidence in their action, because it is possible that in checking grosser abuses uninstructed zeal may unduly abridge the freedom of fine and legitimate art. And this, I hold, would be a distinct public calamity. For the freedom of true art, especially of the dramatic art, is second in public importance only to the freedom of the press, the freedom of thought and speech. Accordingly, as in law, every one should be assumed to be innocent until he is proved guilty, so art should be assumed to be pure and true until it is proved to be false and base, although Mrs. Grundy insists on putting it the other way about. But for the checking of really base practices I have not much faith in official censorship. A healthy and enlightened public opinion and honest press criticism, where

it can be had, are the surest and safest censors, and when I observe, as I sometimes do, that distinguished statesmen or ex-statesmen, or highly placed judges and other legal officials, or eminent artists in other departments, or brilliant men of letters, or grave men of science, or municipal or other dignitaries have been attending some dramatic performance, I am glad, . . . I am satisfied that they have the knowledge of good and evil in this matter, and that their presence will be an encouragement to the true and a rebuke to the wicked artist. Why might not a bishop or two or a small gang of deacons be occasionally seen at a play, with advantage to themselves and society? As for Mrs. Grundy, in whatever shape and however bold—No; I will not have her as a judge of art at any price.

We have sampled Mrs. Grundy's ignorant fearlessness pretty extensively in the region of art. It is therefore the less necessary to examine how that attribute of hers operates in other quarters. But she is always the same. Whatever she pokes her nose into (and she does insinuate that organ into pretty much the whole circle of human interests) the rest of her system speedily follows, and, having got her *locus standi*, she proceeds to lay about her and pronounce whatever and whoever differs from her to be, as a matter of course, wrong, absurdly wrong, wickedly wrong. In the religious sphere we have seen how disagreeable she makes herself on the Sunday question, especially in certain quarters of the North where she would absolutely forbid shaving and tramcars on the first day of the week. That, however, is a trifle. Everybody who knows anything about the matter knows that we are living through a crisis which history will come to regard as the mightiest upheaval in religious thought which the world has ever known. Rightly or wrongly (I do not say which), the progress of science and the results of speculative and historical criticism have so acted on the minds of a vast number of intelligent and respectable persons that they are seriously challenging all the traditions of all the Churches. Whereupon

Mrs. Grundy has gone almost frantic, and in the semblance, perhaps, of a bishop, or a deacon, or a congress of bishops, or syndicate of deacons, or the sectarian press, she calls out, "What is the meaning of all this? How dare you think for yourselves? What is wrong with the traditions? If they are good enough for me, why can't they be good enough for you? Just you stop reading these new abominable books, go to church or chapel, and hold your tongues." And then, having said this in her Episcopal or diaconal or journalistic shape, Mrs. Grundy rapidly resumes her own normal form, and gives herself a powerful backing-up by singing out "All that the bishop says or all that the deacon or all that the journalist says is true." Now, I am not going to decide whether Mrs. Grundy is right in declaring that the traditions are all true, or whether those whom she assails are right in questioning their validity. That is no business of mine on this platform. But I will say that it is intolerable she should seek to burke free inquiry and free speech. Freedom of thought and expression is not a question as to a mere religious tenet. It is one of the ordinary yet most precious and important rights of human nature that must be maintained at all hazards, and those who attack it are the enemies of the species.

It is the same in the world of politics. I can give personal testimony that Mrs. Grundy is active and powerful in the House of Commons, sometimes appearing on the right and sometimes on the left hand of the Speaker. There is plenty of her Philistinism on both sides. The man who wanders ever so little from the beaten track, especially who ventures to question the sacredness of the traditional party system, by who you vote that black is white in order to keep Cæsar or Pompey in power, or who dares to criticise Cæsar or Pompey, or who goes what the Parliamentary Mrs. Grundy calls "too far," is at once pounced upon by her, assured that he is no gentleman, but a downright cad, and that he shall be invited to no more of her dinners or evening parties. Of course, to

the snob Parliamentary, as Thackeray would have called him, this excommunication is a sentence of death, though probably the man who has been bold enough to incur the penalty will also be strong enough to endure it, possibly with a smile.

But, it is in relation to her own sex and its social position that Mrs. Grundy rises to probably the loftiest height of fearlessness attainable by the human spirit. Woe to the woman, young or old, who dares to assert a freedom of action departing one hair's breadth from the code of feminine conduct handed down to Mrs. Grundy from her great-grandmother. "Most improper! Utterly brazen! Light-headed in the extreme! Exceedingly suspicious! Shall never come within a hundred miles of my girls! Ought not to be admitted into decent society! Certain to come to no good end!" are some of the mildest expressions she employs and acts upon about what is, after all, merely an explosion or two of innocent and girlish gaiety. And yet Mrs. Grundy does all this without the faintest apprehension that she may possibly be wrong.

In the present day there are unmistakable signs of a movement that may end, not perhaps in revolutionising, but certainly in greatly modifying the social position of woman. I am not concerned to be the champion of the "new woman." Most people, I suppose, have found and find the old woman a sufficiently engrossing problem, and have little interest or energy left to contemplate her successor. But, I can well understand that an emancipatory evolution in favour of woman may be desirable and destined to arrive, and I am not disposed to intercept the free play of those social forces that tend to bring about such a result, but am content to watch their development until I see some reason to interfere. I see woman in an unmistakably false position manywheres else. In Turkey they conceal her features in a veil and lock her up. In China they make her a cripple by artificially impeding her pedal development. In India, not so

long ago, they burnt her in honour of her deceased lord and master. Is it not conceivable that in our own, of course, otherwise ineffably perfect western civilisation there may be a whiff of Turkey, or a spice of China, or a fragment of recent India in our woman-ward institution calling for reform? I am afraid to say "No."

Mrs. Grundy has no such timidity. There is nothing wanting improvement. To her the new woman is anathema, maranatha, and the abomination of desolation rolled into one. The deceased wife's sister, she thinks, is bad enough. In that connection, she wonders men have not more respect for Leviticus, and women more respect for themselves. But the deceased wife's sister is child's play compared to the new woman. That awful person, it seems, actually plays golf and cricket like a man. She has heard that she sometimes rides to the hounds, but Mrs. Grundy will not believe that of any fellow female till she sees it. At all events she knows that she goes to places like St. Andrews, Girton, and Newnham, where she positively lives in colleges like a regular undergraduate, and learns Latin and Greek, and mathematics, and the sciences, and philosophy, and what not, and passes examinations, often beating the young men in the degree standards; moreover, that she occasionally becomes a doctor and cures diseases—fancy a woman curing diseases; she even hears that in America she becomes a lawyer, and wins cases in the law courts—but that is so like those Americans; nay, more, she understands that this new woman actually goes on platforms, and speaks politics, or temperance, or general philanthropy, or some of these frightful things, and that she has even been known to take a text and preach, or do something as like that mystic operation as the spurious can be made like the genuine. If this sort of thing spreads, she is sure it will bring down the judgment of Heaven upon the earth some day. But her conscience will be clean. None of her girls shall ever learn to do any of these things, and this new woman who unsexes herself as completely as ever Lady

Macbeth wished to do, shall never darken her door, nor any door she can influence, and she thinks she can influence a few.

The next characteristic of Mrs. Grundy I wish to mention is that she is essentially a cruel terror and oppression to better and wiser people. I take the case of Mr. Grundy. From the bottom of my heart I pity that unfortunate man. Not a bad fellow, Grundy, in reality nor unintelligent, but with the very soul frightened out of him by the incessant nagging of that dragon of propriety to whom in early and thoughtless years he linked his fate. What a sight to see the Grundy family on their way to Saint Surplice's or Little Bethel of a Sunday morning, all spick and span, combed and brushed to a nicety, Grundy, and Mrs. Grundy in front, the Grundy girls and Grundy boys behind, each armed with Bible or prayer-book or both, marching with military regularity. And to hear the conversation! "Grundy, I saw you look at Miss Brighteyes just now. How can you? Do try to conduct yourself like a churchwarden and a husband, (or a deacon and a father, as the case may be). Tabitha Jane, don't sniff. Jeremiah Peter, I heard you laugh, remember it's Sunday. Grundy, here is that wretch the Rev. Charitable Hope, who believes in salvation for the heathen. You must cut him dead, Grundy, dead." And then later in the day, at dinner, Grundy, who has been allowed nothing since breakfast but a Saturday's bun and a bottle of soda-water (small), hungrily and heartily attacks the beef. "Grundy, stop. Are you aware you haven't said grace? Do you know where you will go to? Most improper example to set before your children. Tabitha Jane, you are not holding your knife and fork properly, as I have showed you before. You must have two table spoonfuls less pudding to-day, Tabitha Jane. Jeremiah Peter, you have one of your elbows on the table. Most improper, as I have told you before. You must have no preserved ginger to-day, Jeremiah Peter." And so on and on.

Now this family scene is simply an elementary specimen

of what on a enlarged scale and in her multiple capacity Mrs. Grundy is permitted to do throughout the length and breadth of society. There is a vast, if tacit, Grundy conspiracy all over the community, and, indeed, all over the world, whose object is to sit upon the rest of the community, and prevent it from doing, not only things which there is no harm in its doing if it likes, but things which it is bound to do as a duty to truth and right. There is the literary writer who wants to draw a realistic picture of some ugly spot on the face of society, so that society, seeing it in the mirror he holds up to nature, may take steps to wash it off, when up comes a young man from Mudie's Library or Smith's Bookstall and says, "Sir, we have got to sell (or circulate) your book, what about your circulation? What will Mrs. Grundy say?" The enterprising newspaper editor wants to insert certain kinds of social or other intelligence which will not only be sensational or interesting but of public usefulness, and, above all, which may give him a topic for a striking leader, but he meets old Grundy one day in the street who says to him, "Sir, I read your article the other day with great satisfaction, but if you go on that way I shall have to stop taking in your paper, for I am the father of a family, and what will Mrs. Grundy say?" The young minister of Saint Surplice's or the new pastor of Little Bethel, full of the new criticism and the modern theological movement, has written a sermon in which with rare eloquence and copious learning he shows up some traditional dogma which he would like swept away, and in the pride of his heart he reads it over to the highly intelligent wife of his bosom and asks her triumphantly how that will do? "O Chrysostom," "O Ebenezer" (as the case may be), answers the fond but prudent partner of Chrysostom's or Ebenezer's joys and sorrows, "it's beautiful, it's powerful, it's true, it's lovely, but, Chrysostom (or Ebenezer) darling, you must not preach it. What will Mrs. Grundy say?" A rising politician in Parliament, full of the sublimest social enthusiasms, and disgusted with the poltrooneries and the trickeries of the

party systems, determines to rise in his place and make and argue for a motion involving a most portentous and revolutionary scheme of reform. But he needs a seconder and so he applies to a man, who, he knows, sympathises entirely with his line of thought, and to him he explains the whole plan; but his friend shakes his head and says, "It's all very fine, old man, and I quite agree with you. But I am afraid I can't help you, you see I have got my constituency to consider, and there's a woman in it, of the name of Grundy, who exercises an immense influence over my people, through her husband, who does not count for much himself, poor henpecked soul, and through some other people as well as her own. I know she is dead against your views, as, for that matter, she is dead against everything rational, but, if I want to be returned again next election, I must consider the question, what will Mrs. Grundy say?" A young beauty, invited to a brilliant ball, invents for herself an entirely novel and striking costume, with genius as well as muslin in it, and in every way fitted to set off her charms to absolute perfection. She shows herself in it, at a private view, to her *fiancé* who adores it—on her. She goes to her mother who says, "My dear, it is charming and the very thing for you. But it's peculiar. If I were you I should go in your last white satin, with the plain brooch. If you went as you are now, what would Mrs. Grundy say?"

Now, how is it that this ridiculous quack—for that is Mrs. Grundy's true description under whatever form she appears—manages to terrorise so many penetrating people, who perfectly see through her, yet knock under at her demand? This painful phenomenon is due to two causes, hard-mouthed self-assertion on the part of Mrs. Grundy herself, and shrinking timidity on the part of her victims.

In this, average human nature is unfortunately too liable to be successfully influenced by mere blatant and pertinacious assertion, and especially self-assertion acting upon average indolence. I have called Mrs. Grundy a quack. She has all the success of a quack, because she practises the methods of

a quack. And don't all understand how successful quackery can be? Who has not heard of the immense fortunes that have been built up on no firmer foundation than a pill which consisted chiefly of flour, or a syrup whose main ingredients were sugar colouring matter, and scent water, or a liniment which was merely a learned name for glorified sticking-plaster? How was all this done? Simply by boundless and endless self-assertion, by continually crowding the willing newspapers and plastering the apathetic walls with confident declarations and melting pictures of the panaceic virtues of the pill, the syrup, or the liniment. That millions of people left outside lunatic asylums must have been led to believe in these clamorous and multiplied averments simply through their clamour and multiplication is plain from the huge pecuniary victories of the nostrums themselves. Now there lies one explanation of Mrs. Grundy's triumphs. Crowds of people believe in her simply because her audacious and tyrannical, uninquiring and ignorant egotism impels her to a loud and incessant assertion of *her* infallibility and righteousness, and backed by a large popular following obtained in this way, she becomes an invincible terror to better and wiser people.

The other explanation is the deplorable weakness of these better and wiser people themselves. They will not, as a rule, make head against her. They are content with emancipating *themselves* from Grundyism.

But they decline to fight the Grundy terrorism. "It is all very bad," they say, "but they will put up with it for *their* brief day. Why should they get themselves into hot water for all the time they are to be here?" And so they retire into themselves, and leave society to be dominated by Mrs. Grundy and her Grundified followers, an uncontested control which gives those gentry a very good time indeed. Of course there are people who bestir themselves less or more, but I want to ask why the movement in favour of a just and reasonable freedom in all the concerns of life should not be

accelerated and extended? What I should desire to see would be a silent but well understood Anti-Grundy League, even though there should be no paid secretary, so as to secure efficiency among the people who know better, to speak out and strike out against the people who do not really know at all, except how to serve the bad cause of making ignorance and tyranny the masters of knowledge and fairplay.

It is not fair to the vast numbers of victims whom Mrs. Grundy, in her different capacities, bullies or persuades into acquiescence and submission through mere loud-mouthed and persevering self-assertion to leave them unaided in that unhappy predicament. It may be asked, but how is it to be prevented? My answer is, by not letting *her* have all the talking; by being as emphatic and pertinacious in asserting wisdom and justice as she is in asserting folly and wrong; in a word, by adopting Mrs. Grundy's quackish *methods* and machinery, only using them in the service not of the false, but of the true, and so overthrowing the old woman and her works with her own weapons. The self-assertion of sense would be as successful as the self-assertion of nonsense if it were as well done.

Besides, it is a pleasure worth having to be conscious that you have done something for truth and liberty as against nonsense and a contemptible bondage. You feel that you have lifted yourself into a higher sphere of being, and in your way become of kin with the immortals. Moreover, the consciousness of courage is by itself a special joy. After all it is rather a cowardly thing for the people who know better to sit silent and acquiescent under the ranting tongue or the insolent heel of their intellectual and moral inferiors. They would be far better pleased with themselves if they would get up and, I will not say take Mrs. Grundy by the throat, for that might be rude to a lady, but put their hands gently, as the lawyers say, upon her shoulders and press her down into her chair, and ask her to be quiet, like a dear old girl. An ancient Greek philosopher said that he had often regretted having

spoken but never having been silent, and a modern British one has assured us that speech is silvern but silence is golden. I venture to think that these maxims are not of unlimited application, and that a greater sage than either was more in the right who said that there was a time for everything under the sun, and that if there was a time to keep silence there was also a time to speak. Of course, if you have nothing to say, you had better say it. But we are assuming that you have thought out, or otherwise learnt, something that is worth saying or doing. Why then, say it or do it, and you will respect yourself all the more, even though it should inconvenience you otherwise. A mere bread and butter existence, even a mere roast beef and plum pudding existence, nay, even a mere palace or Piccadilly existence, without a dash of the heroic in it, is scarcely an existence that is worth possessing ; and in no way can you more certainly and easily add this element of the heroic to your life than by assisting other sensible and courageous people to keep Mrs. Grundy in her place, and so deliver many deserving persons from careers of ignorance and needless terror by boldly speaking and acting out that which you know to be right and true.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CANT

OF course you will expect me to begin with the famous quotation from Johnson to Boswell, "Clear your *mind*—of cant." Having made the citation, it may be well to recall the context. It was on the 15th May, 1783 that Boswell said jauntily to Johnson, then in his 74th year, "I wish much to be in Parliament, sir." "Why, sir," remarked the sage, bristling up, "unless you come resolved to support any administration, you would be the worse for being in Parliament, because you would be obliged to live more expensively."

"Perhaps, sir," said Bozzy, getting frightened, "I should be the less happy for being in Parliament, I never would sell my vote (virtuous untried Bozzy), and I should be vexed if things went wrong."

"That's cant, sir," growls Ursa Major. "It would not vex you more in the House than in the gallery; public affairs vex no man."

"Have they not vexed yourself a little, sir?" insinuates Bozzy, desperately. "Have you not been vexed by all the turbulence of this reign, and by that absurd vote of the House of Commons, 'That the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished'?"

"Sir," rejoins the downright one, "I have never slept an hour less, nor eaten an ounce less meat. I would have knocked the factious dogs on the head to be sure; but I was not *vexed*."

"I declare, sir," answers Bozzy, having swiftly and wisely found salvation, "upon my honour I did imagine I was

vexed, and took a pride in it ; but it was, perhaps, cant ; for I own I neither ate less nor slept less."

"My dear friend," says the mollified moralist, "clear your *mind* of cant. You may *talk* as other people do ; you may say to a man, 'Sir, I am your most humble servant' : you are *not* his most humble servant. You may say, 'These are bad times ; it is a melancholy thing to be reserved to such times' : you don't mind the times. You tell a man, 'I am sorry you had such bad weather the last days of your journey and were so much wet' : you don't care sixpence whether he is wet or dry. You may *talk* in this manner ; it is a mode of talking in society ; but don't *think* foolishly."

About the time when this dialogue occurred, a young man in Ayrshire, shrewd and not unkind, old Samuel's junior by half-a-century, with an eye which Walter Scott, who had met all the great men of his day, declared he had never seen the like of in any human head, and who was to attain a celebrity more brilliant and universal than the great lexicographer's comparatively homely fame, was making remarkable entries in a commonplace book, to which he was devoting some of his leisure time of an evening, after having risen with the lark, and toiled all day at plough or cart, on the stipend of half-a-crown a week and his "keep." While Johnson and Boswell were thus discussing in the Cheshire Cheese Tavern or elsewhere, this unknown youth, in his garret, was busy criticising poems of his own making, and doing it in no log-rolling spirit either, saying the first stanza is too flimsy, the second will do, the third is too serious, the fourth is good, and so on, a kind of occupation which he had been pursuing during the previous nine or ten years, with the result that, despite his scanty opportunities, he had assimilated, through reading, more of the highest literary spirit, and, by practice and self-criticism, had acquired greater poetic skill than all the prize poem makers of Oxford for a century put together, so that, three years afterwards, he suddenly shot like a meteor into the literary firmament, where, unmeteorlike, he has

would suggest something more than a mere verbal connection between the canter and the decanter, particularly if the latter contained a charge of the former's favourite Special Scotch, Old Kilbogie, or pine-apple rum.

We get on firmer ground when a moral or conventional element begins to enter the definition. We go naturally to Johnson as a special authority on the question, and in that really wonderful lexicon in which he administered so signal a rebuke to English wastefulness, and paid so high a compliment to Scotch economy, by the famous definition of oats as "a grain, which in England is generally given to horses but in Scotland supports the people," we find him defining cant as "a corrupt dialect used by beggars and vagabonds," as "a particular form of speaking peculiar to some certain class or body of men,"—what is colloquially called "shop"—and as "a whining pretention to goodness, in formal and affected terms." Then if we go to the not less wonderful Dictionary of Murray, slowly getting born in our own day, we find him defining cant, first generally as "phraseology taken up and used for fashion's sake, without being a genuine expression of sentiment," and then specially as "affected or unreal use of religious or pietistic phraseology; language implying the pretended assumption of goodness or piety."

Then the question arises, why should all this have been called cant? An essayist in the *Spectator*, Addison's *Spectator*, traces it back to the Puritan and Cromwellian times when certain of the Puritans adopted a sort of recitative or sing-song monologue in the expression of their professed feelings, often with the accompaniment of the "weel-spread looves and long wry faces," abominated of Burns, and more particularly to a certain Rev. Andrew Cant, who, the *Spectator* man says, was minister of some illiterate place in Scotland—the place being, I am sorry to say, Aberdeen—and who, through long practice, had acquired the power of using a dialect in the pulpit intelligible only to his own congregation, and not to too many of them. I fear, however,

this etymology of deriving "canting" from Cant, as "burking" from Burke, of the late firm of Burke and Hare, will not do. If, possessing the ability to put a congregation or other audience into the position of not knowing what he is driving at, were enough to qualify an orator, sacred or secular, for associating his name, famously and for ever, with the process of making himself unintelligible, I am afraid the Rev. Mr. Cant would have had, and had he been alive now, would still have quite a brigade of competitors, who would run him hard for a first place. On this showing, the thing had as good a chance of being called "Browning," or "Jonesing," or "Robinsoning," or any other directory name mounted with the participial affix, as "Canting"; my own humble judgment is there is not much mystery about the matter, and that cant is the same word and the same thing as chant, gutturally instead of sibilantly pronounced.

Now, it is of the essence of chant, sing-song, Scotch "rane," or Scandinavian "rema," to be artificial. It is got up, put on, not spontaneous. In real life people do not go on as they do in operas. If a man wants the mustard at breakfast he says, "I'll trouble you for the mustard." He does not start on B flat, with four crotchets to the bar, and end with a wailing cadence and a prolonged finale on the ultimate syllable of mustard. But that is how cant agrees with chant. It, too, is unreal, put on, affected, false, whether you take the religious or secular phases of it, suggested by Johnson's and Murray's definitions. One can see how it fits Johnson's account of it as the dialect of beggars and vagabonds. The begging professional whine is a chant and a cant. It was said that nobody could be so solemn as Lord Thurlow looked, and it is certain that nobody can be so miserable as the normal mendicant gives out. "Spare a copper to a poor boy" sings sadly the besom-brandishing urchin at the street crossing of some London suburb. You suspect the genuineness of his scavenging status and achievements, and emit no copper, and scarcely are you past before he is whistling the last

music-hall chorus and dancing the double shuffle. His chant was cant.

Next the chant or song aims at improving upon nature, and, when well done, succeeds. You enter the world of art and fancy. Poetry idealises the ordinary expression, and music transfigures the prosaic voice of common life. No harm is done, because everybody understands that there is to be a short interlude of fiction. Indeed, real good is done, because heavy hum-drum has been innocently diversified and ornamented. You take the case of two early friends meeting after a long separation. What happens in real life is that one says to the other, "Hulloa! old man, haven't seen you for ages. Why, I believe you and I used to paddle about together in the village duck-pool whole mornings, but I daresay we've been several times on opposite sides of the herring-pond since we had those little games. Let's shake hands, old chappie! and when I think of it I don't see why we shouldn't stand each other drinks on the head of the old days, just to show there's no ill feeling." Now that is all very well, but I think it is better to put it this way—

We twa ha'e paidl'd in the burn
 Frae morning sun till dine,
 But seas between us braid ha'e roared
 Sin' Auld Lang Syne.
 Sae here's a hand my trusty fere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine,
 And we'll tak' a right gude willie waucht
 For Auld Lang Syne.

I do consider that, when set forth to its appropriate melody by a great singer to a great gathering in a great hall, or even when rendered, perhaps, with more heart than art, at 1 a.m., by a judiciously convivial company, before adjourning for the sleep of the just, such a chant or song is a genuine elevation and glorifying of commonplace reality.

Now, cant attempts the same thing, but fails, because the ethical is different from the æsthetic sphere. In art you can

actually *be* better than reality. In morals, every attempt to be better than reality necessarily results in falsehood. I do not say that a man can never be better than he is. But then that must be in the future. If he is to *be* better he must become better, and becoming postulates futurity. But you cannot *be* better at the moment than you *are* at the moment. Anything else would mean that you may be what you are not, and I defy you to do that. What you can and may do is to *seem* better than you are, at the cost of being an impostor. And that is what cant does. It will not wait for actual betterment. As it cannot have reality it will seize appearance. *Videri quam esse*—seeming not being becomes its motto. For reasons of its own, to be investigated as we go on, it wants to look more pious, more wise, more affectionate, more excellent in various ways than it actually is, and so puts on the appropriate and necessary trick of expression and manner, lives more or less consciously in the false and the misleading, with the inevitable consequences of corruption of the moral nature and loss of soul.

Perhaps we should not omit one other resemblance between chant and cant. The chant or “rane” is necessarily a repetition of the old story. It is the same keynote, the same cadences, the same time, the same air altogether, and the same words. Of course, you may have an individually different chant, but it, too, will be a repeater, a “rane” in its own way and subject. Similarly, cant keeps playing the same *rôle*. It instinctively feels that variety might involve inconsistency and lead to its being found out, and so it sticks to what it has found will do. When you write to everybody, he is your dear sir all round, and you are his sincerely or faithfully or truly (mark you truly), although during the intervening MS. you may have suggested that he is no better than a pickpocket, and that if he does not forthwith pay that £5 you will have him up before the sheriff or the Small Debt Court. Last Sunday you went and stated publicly that you were a “miserable sinner with no health

in you," or that you were "born in sin and shapen in iniquity," and you did not seem greatly put out; and, I suppose, when you have made another week of it, you will go back and plead guilty again with the same candour and coolness. Why not? If it answers the purpose, why vary it? Monotony may be dull, but at least it is inexpensive, and has the merit of continuity and consistency.

On the whole, then, we may safely assume that the term we are dealing with had an ecclesiastical origin in these enthusiastic Puritan days, when sneering Cavaliers ridiculed fanatical Roundheads, for what seemed to them an affected, whining, and empty reiteration of would-be pious sentiment, which they called a chant or cant, from its alleged artificiality, unnaturalness, and monotonous repetition. Many of these enthusiastic Puritans were really great men, and did not and could not cant; but the sutlers and camp-followers of an army are not always as worthy of respect as the generals, and probably a good many of the Puritan rank and file gave only too great occasion for such creations as Chadband and Stiggins, even though they had an eye to better things than Mrs. Snagsby's buttered toast or Mrs. Weller's strong waters.

But enthusiasm is a tender annual, with more of the ground of Jonah than the cedar of Lebanon in its composition, and tends to collapse as rapidly as it rose. The fiercer the conflagration the sooner and the swifter its descent into cold and ashes, and the fuel of novelty once burnt up, there are no materials wherewith to renew the blaze. "Enthusiasm," says Lowell, "once cold, can never be warmed over again into anything better than cant." Is it not true? Where is the thrill with which you once hailed public causes or private ideas whose greatness and glory were for the first time revealed to you? You may hold them as firmly as before with your reason, but the rapture is gone for ever. Where are the intoxicating emotions with which you wooed Amaryllis in the shade, and not only in the shade, but in the sunshine, and possibly the moonshine too for that matter? What incon-

ceivable things you spoke, what unspeakable things you wrote, but now that Amaryllis has grown into the venerable sentinel of your virtues (if you have any) and your foibles (which you are sure to have) with a disposition, prematurely, as you think, to fit you into the part of the late Mr. John Anderson of hill-climbing and down-tottering memory, do you not feel that, although your affections are still all in *comme il faut* condition, if you tried to resuscitate the ancient language with the ancient emphasis it would stick in your throat, or, if you did get it up, it would be accompanied by a gay-deceiverish consciousness that would fill your whole system with self-upbraiding and shame? No, in every sphere the ecstasy of the new dies, and has no resurrection.

So it was with the first puritanic enthusiasm, and so it has been and will be with every similar high-strung emotional development, be it religious, patriotic, political, humanitarian, intellectual, æsthetic, or whatever else. "The men of originality, the men of the first generation, whom it inspires, are always admirable, because they are inevitably sincere and natural. But the mimetic men, the men of the second and subsequent generations, have a difficult task. What they have to do is not to give utterance to a real and spontaneous state of sentiment, but to galvanise into youthful life an expiring or expired tradition. What invariably and unavoidably happens is that, being unable to reproduce the original enthusiasm, they reproduce its form. What else can they do if they are to do anything? But the old form without the old life becomes a caricature of the original. The prolonged rapture becomes tedious prosing, the ecstatic face becomes a grimace, long and wry; the arms thrown out by force of feeling are replaced by organs that execute a lifeless gesticulation; the voice, animated and made half musical by exalted emotion, is succeeded by lips that rehearse a whining recitation. It is not necessary to maintain that later Puritanism was wholly a hypocrisy because it could not evade the law that governs all enthusiasms; but not the less must it become encumbered

with a disastrous falsetto element, which men of keen intellectual discernment and fastidious taste at once recognised and resented, and denounced as cant, although they, in turn, might not be free from the opposite cant of hypercriticism.

To come down to the world of to-day, it may be that the special puritanic falsetto has, under the action of reason and ridicule, been considerably abated, although it may linger on here and there, but has the thing itself vanished from the religious world? If cant has shed its form, has it also shed its substance? I know we are getting here on difficult ground and into delicate situations, where we must step warily. But we must also step boldly. And I am bound to say that I hear rumours of a disquieting character. Of course, none of them apply or can apply to anybody here, but there are people round the corner who, if everything that is said be true, are no better than they should be. If ever you want a candid opinion of any particular group of people, say group A, the right way is to ask all the other groups, from B to Z, what they think of group A, and you will soon know all that can be known about group A and a good deal more. If you want to know, *e.g.*, what the parson is like, consult the lawyer and the doctor, and listen to the tinker, the tailor, the soldier, the sailor, and all the rest of that goodly company. *You* may be ill-informed regarding the Rev. Peter Paul, D.D., but ask Perky, Esq., Advocate, and Doser, M.D., and you will soon have Peter Paul up to date and down to the ground. They understand Peter Paul by this time, they should think they did. They know what he thinks about the Confession of Faith or the Thirty-nine Articles. Perhaps he believes them—oh yes, perhaps. Possibly he has made himself believe that he believes—Well, possibly. But they know what they know, and how that man Paul can put on a white necktie and get up into a public pinnacle and say the things he says, and stretch out his arms and smile benignantly, as though he desired that all his flock had one embraceable form that he might strain it to his loving and orthodox

breast, passes the comprehension of them—Perky and Doser. Thank God, they are not clergy.

Now, there may be a spice of malice in this, but there may be a spice of truth too. For it is a remarkable fact that while the laity, who do not require to be orthodox that they may live, hold and utter all sorts of opinions about creeds and Church articles, the prosecution of a parson for heresy is a thing that happens barely once in fifty years, and when one of the cloth does become suspected of devious courses, it almost invariably turns out, after inquiry and explanation, that the cruelly incriminated divine is the soundest man alive. He signed his Confession or his Articles when he was twenty-three, and by the time he is seventy-three his mental attitude is exactly the same, unmodified by half a century of research and reflection—certainly a curious psychological phenomenon. One or two things that I have noticed in the newspapers lately have struck me in this connection. The president of a most important ecclesiastical congress in England, declaring of the late Professor Huxley, who certainly was reputed a hopeless heresiarch in many quarters, that he was really a very harmless person, who had spent his strength in superfluously attacking “abandoned positions.”

I do not myself know how far these things are true, but it is often wise to put things hypothetically at the worst so that you may not be taken by surprise in any event, and I should accordingly say on this head that if what has been referred to has any foundation in fact, there must be seats of doctrine round the corner, where more orthodoxy is assumed than actually exists, and, if so, it is a double pity, both for those who put it on and those on whom they put it off. Veracity is really of so profound and priceless importance in guiding people in the way they ought to go, that whatever impairs its quality or power must always be matter for regret.

One is tempted to ask—if there be such a thing as clerical cant—how far the laity may be to blame for it. Supply

seldom exists without demand, say the political economists. Does the church audience practically entreat their prolocutor to furnish them with the customary and the traditional, as it is so much easier than to be harrowed up with the new and the real? In that case, whatever cant is going should be divided between pulpit and pew; and I have heard that there is such a thing as pew cant. Satirists have hinted that a good many Sunday appearances would not be made were it not for the question, based on a venial literary mis-allusion, "What would Mrs. Grundy say?" That formidable and ubiquitous female, as now-a-days understood, is responsible for much that is affected and put on; and really, when one compares the man of the first day with the man of the other six days, one cannot help occasionally having one's own thoughts. I have been told that it is becoming increasingly difficult to get the best men to be church-wardens, deacons, or elders, because they do not want to put on any more, and, certainly, when the Sunday high water-mark, where all is smooth and shining, if not billowy, with emotion, sinks to the Saturday low water-mark and reveals the foreshore, one cannot escape the impression that, despite many a lovely show, there may be always an element of the slimy and unbeautiful below. No doubt paterfamilias pleads that materfamilias and the fair youths and maidens must be considered, and a well-meant policy has its claims, but it is never safe to forget that the homely maxim which assures us that honesty is the best policy has been amply verified by experimenters who have tried it both ways.

But if cant really has a place in this most respectable world, it is not likely to be confined to the church, although the term may have originated there, and the thing may there appear at its ugliest, and work at its deadliest. You have heard Perky, the lawyer, and Doser, the doctor, on Paul, the reverend. You should also hear Paul and Perky on Doser, and Doser and Paul on Perky. "What a quack that man Doser is!"

say Paul and Perky, "killing twice as many as he cures, pocketing guineas by the handful for looking wise when he knows nothing, and on the way to realise a baronetcy and an estate out of nothing more substantial than a pleasant bedside manner." Of course, it is conceivable that this might be only Paul and Perky's spite, but I have asked physicians of undoubted science, and who could no more cant than they could fly, and there are such persons, and they tell me that there is too much truth in it, and that sciolist pretenders, with omniscient airs, will often retard the advance of men of true knowledge and helpfulness. It is all very sad and disheartening. I say nothing of the men who invent miraculous mixtures, or concoct miraculous pills. This opens out an abyss of human credulity and possible deception, to which the deepest pit in Dante's *Inferno* is child's play, and I recoil in dismay over the difficulty of the problem how to distinguish the genuine from the fallacious among the million licensed claimants to cut off the limbs and cram poison down the œsophagi of a helpless public. Well may Paul and Perky cry, "Heaven save us from Doser."

Yes, but Paul and Perky on Doser are almost complimentary compared to Doser and Paul on Perky. In moments of mutual confidence they do not hesitate to use the word scoundrel in connection with Perky, sometimes prefixing "unmitigated" or, by Doser, and once, I believe, by Paul, some still less presentable adjective. "Why," they say, "he thinks nothing of making the worse appear the better reason. Though he knows his man is guilty, he will work up the most passionate protestations of his innocence. Though satisfied that the other side is in the right, he will try to give chapter and verse for its being in the wrong." Paul says he remembers that before Perky annexed wig and gown, and when he was only a writer to the signet, he once stopped to speak to him on the street and made some remarks on the weather, and that on next quarter-day he got a note from him—"To waiting

upon you when you said it was a fine morning and advising you that the glass was falling and it might be rain before night, and further attending on you when you said you hoped not and duly considering the same, 6s. 8d." Certainly there never was such a knave as Perky, and Paul and Doser say that after having known Perky they can quite understand the lawyer's three degrees of comparison that it is "hard to get on, harder to get honour, and hardest to get honest."

Of course, in all this, Doser and Paul are nothing loth, but I am not in a position to say that their averments are absolutely groundless. The practice of the law is a great cerebral training, of a kind, but it has its ethical dangers. You seldom hear of a great forensic practitioner or jurist being anything else, or showing himself capable of leading the race onwards and upwards. The habit of throwing one's self into any attitude of conviction one likes, *i.e.*, of juristically canting, with an eye on the side and size of your fee, as well as on your judge-and-jury-catching reputation, is difficult to maintain without moral scathe. I know there are archangelic advocates and supernatural writers to the signet who can carry it off, unharmed, but their name is not legion. Somebody said that one could believe a good deal to be Archbishop of Canterbury, and with a thousand guineas on his brief, and the prospect of corresponding refreshers, an average Bar moralist might find it comparatively easy to regard a great though shady stock exchange operator as a slandered saint, or to discover that, for the purpose of interviewing any truth in the particular case, it was not absolutely necessary to descend to the *very* bottom of the proverbial well. What it may be in other countries north of the Tweed you know best, but south of the Tweed I have heard great authorities describe certain solicitors' chambers as manufactories of bills of costs, and judges who had gone through everything themselves, ask eminent pleaders whether they expected all that to go down. Themis, I fear, does sometimes turn up the whites of her eyes, when looking straight would be better.

To cross from the scene in which laws are interpreted to that in which they are made is natural and easy, and I am afraid I should not find myself listened to if I said there was no such thing as Parliamentary cant. I leave out the House of Lords, of which I know nothing from the inside, and I take the House of Commons, which I entered years ago, a fairly honest man, having now reached the stage of a seasoned politician. There are 670 of us all told, and, if you would know what is thought of us by the remaining forty millions of our fellow-subjects in these islands, you have only to study what the Kimberley-Harcourt newspapers say of the Salisbury men, and what the Salisbury newspapers say of the Kimberley-Harcourt men, and, between the two, if you believe them, even after discounting the element of journalistic cant, you will come to the conclusion that a more worthless and generally despicable body of persons cannot exist on the face of the planet than the motley crew which gathers on the benches of the House of Commons. Of course, I speak here not as a political partisan, but as a moral censor, and, in that capacity, while I think that we are not so black as we are painted, I believe that, with one exception, whom I shall not more particularly specify, the rest of us might stand a good deal of whitewashing with very advantageous consequences. Many very eminent men have, unluckily, given anything but a good account of us.* Great last century thinkers, like Adam Smith or Hume, said very disrespectful things of such so-called animals as politicians and even statesmen. Burns assailed us both in prose and verse in his political catechism and the humorous idyl of the "Twa Dogs." Carlyle's opinion of us was extensively and variously expressed. It would fill a portly volume, and I am afraid it must be called decidedly unfavourable, especially when he would take to declaiming hour after hour uninterruptedly and furiously in praise of silence, and adduce us as a frightful example of endless and mischievous palaver.

* Shakespeare describes a politician as a man who would circumvent God.

But even so cool and detached a thinker as Mr. Herbert Spencer does not think so highly of us as he might do. In "The Man *versus* the State" he says—"Every candidate for Parliament is prompted to propose or support some new piece of *ad captandum* legislation. Nay, even the chiefs of parties—those anxious to retain office and those to wrest it from them—severally aim to get adherents by outbidding one another." Then, proceeding to another phase of Parliamentary crime, Mr. Spencer remarks—"As divisions in Parliament show us, the traditional loyalty to leaders overrides questions concerning the intrinsic propriety of proposed measures. Representatives are unconscientious enough to vote for bills which they believe to be wrong in principle because party needs and regard for the next election demand it." These are hard sayings. "Unconscientious" is an ugly word: "voting for what one believes to be wrong in principle" is not a pretty practice, especially if it is done with much protestation of patriotism, when the real and immediate object is to get the "ins" out or prevent the "outs" from getting in; or even to do nothing nobler than a little private axe-grinding. Here, say our critics, is where the party cant comes in.

How far is such language justified by the facts? (I am afraid I must admit something to Mr. Spencer.) I am not going to say anything about the private axe-grinder, who is merely the old needy knife-grinder writ large but not fine. Political cutlers of that stamp have simply no ethical standing at all, (and are not fairly within the purview of the present subject, which deals rather with the subtleties of cant than with the effronteries of swindling). But I have been assured by many who ought to know that various legislators, who have convictions and consciences which are not yet extinct volcanoes, have brought themselves to support what they dislike or disapprove for what they say is the greater good of the country. Let me give you a concrete case, of course of a non-party character, though it may be made so. The leader of the "ins," with the approval, of course, of his Cabinet,

moves, say, "that this House do resolve that two and two make five," and supports the resolution in a speech of commanding and persuasive eloquence, with copious citations from blue-books and authorities, ancient and modern, and after a splendid peroration, in which he appeals to the memories and interests of an empire on which the sun never sets, and declares with impressive solemnity that even if his resolution should be lost that night still its time will come, because "Truth is great and will prevail," sits down amidst the uproarious applause of his enthusiastic followers. Then the leader of the "outs" gets up, and, in a speech of irresistible cogency and a voice trembling with indignant emotion, demonstrates and denounces the absurdity, the baseness, ay, the almost criminality of the proposal emanating from the benches opposite, and, having adjured his audience by all that is sacred in the traditions of the past and the hopes of the future to reject a motion so fraught with disaster and disgrace, resumes his seat in a hurricane of frantic cheers from his angry supporters by submitting as an amendment "that this House do resolve that two and two make six," in short, going one better according to the most approved rule of the political game.

Of course, as a question of confidence has been raised, the debate goes on for a week, the hundreds of representatives of the hundreds of Buncombes all over the country, taking the opportunity of impressing their constituents with the extraordinary ability they can, when they like, display in defending the good old cause, or the still better new cause, as the case may be. The press, too, starts to thundering on the big drum, and makes the welkin ring with the folly and wickedness of fivism, and the wisdom and righteousness of sixism, or the other way about, according to the character of its circulation; for even the great and infallible "We,"—I am not committing paronomasia—although his impartiality and other virtues are only equalled by his omniscience in all matters, political, commercial, social, religious, financial, industrial, legal, literary,

philosophic, æsthetic, scientific, colonial, foreign, domestic, gymnastic, athletic, and the whole realm of the knowable and the unknowable, has been known to engage in something perilously similar to what our great national poet has called "vending a rousing whid," when partisan leaders and readers seemed in need of sympathy and aid. All things, however, as said Sydney Smith, come to an end, except Wimpole Street, and the momentous discussion closes; the division bells ring; the faithful and the unfaithful—who they are, being a question of taste—file off with unerring accuracy into their respective lobbies, and, perhaps, being new to the work, and awkward, you look about for light and leading. You see an "inner" man, whom you know as a former governor of the Bank of England, and likely to understand something about figures, and you ask him whether he really believes that two and two make five, and he answers "Certainly not. But unless we vote that they do, we may endanger the existence of the only Government that can secure the true interests of the country." You go up to another man, a manifest "outer," and who, you are aware, was one of the most distinguished senior wranglers that ever wrangled seniorly or in any other way, and you ask him whether, in his trained judgment, two and two make six. He looks hurt, and says, "Of course not. But if we do not vote that they do, we shall lose the best chance a political party ever had of driving from power the very worst and most profligate ministry that ever disgraced the history, or played ducks and drakes with the true interests, of the country." Probably, in your misery, you go with the fivers, as the least remote from your own convictions, but that night, as you lay your head upon your pillow, you feel almost inclined to lay your pillow upon your head and be done with it, and certainly you do not feel quite so sure as you once did that you are in a fair way to be canonised when the proper time arrives.

Of course, a little practice makes it easier for you to perform this kind of operation, and presently the guileless

Parliamentary Nathanael is maturing towards the deft Parliamentary Mephistopheles, or the Parliamentary man Friday, deaf, dumb, and blind to all but his Parliamentary master's will. But the moralist may ask, and does ask, whether this can be all for good, and whether, however important it may be that the right party, which, naturally, is always Nathanael-Mephistopheles' or Nathanael-Friday's own party, should be in power, whether much progress is really made by the immediate substitution of sixism for fivism, or even the subsequent substitution of fivism for sixism. And he may further ask, and does ask, whether, if the party system of government requires all this, the game is worth the candle and the party system worth its salt, and whether something cannot be done to check the excesses and evils of the party system, a question of vast depth and breadth and far-reaching consequences, but into which I am, of course, precluded from entering on this platform.

We have now, either by investigation or by allusion, hunted the object of our search through a considerable number of the most important scenes of human activity, and further proof of universal existence or illustration of its versatile nature does not seem absolutely necessary. But, hitherto, our inquiries have lain in the male quarter. There is, however, another hemisphere of life, tenanted and dominated by that section of humanity which, it is said, has been formed by nature for the ornamentation of existence by beauty, refinement, and grace, and diffusing through its hardness and bitterness the redeeming influence of sweeter manners and even gentler laws. Into this fair paradise is it possible that the serpent of the false may have introduced his slimy and tortuous form? Can there be such a thing as feminine cant? It is not for me to penetrate the mysteries of the *Bona Dea*. That has proved, before now, a disastrous undertaking for better men than myself, but I have been informed by those who have been there that startling manifestations of human nature do sometimes occur in drawing-rooms, or back-parlours, or single-

roomed houses, when a mystic liquid called afternoon tea, of varying cost and quality, is dispensed by hostesses, whether of the old woman pattern or the new, to co-sexual friends, or, at least, visitors, in cups which frequently neither cheer nor inebriate, and are not always cups of kindness, and I tell the tale as 'twas told to me. Enter Madame Howard upon Madame Montmorency and circle, or Madame Gamp upon Madame Prig and company. Instantaneous rush to arms, and infinite mutual osculation, beautiful, but looking to a non-participating spectator a trifle thrown away. "Dearest Adelaide or Sarah" (as the case may be—I recite the matter, and do not attempt the style), "where *have* you been these long centuries? And yet, you do not look half so much older as I feared, although you are, of course, changed, and your dentist has really behaved admirably. I have been *so* longing to see you. I wanted *so* much to tell you this last thing about Mrs. Aubrey or Mrs. Harris" (again as the case may be), "as I am sure from your having so few opportunities of being in good society, you can't possibly have heard it, and it is *so* interesting." "My darling Ethelberta or Betsey" (once more as the case may be), "don't worry about that trifle. I knew it all ages before it came out. But, first of all, dear, let me congratulate you on the decided improvement in your taste in tea-gowns. You are getting on, although I think you are going to the wrong quarter for your hair dye. Still, I *am* so delighted to meet my dearest of friends once more."

Then after these cordial greetings, as I am again told, the alleged tea is produced and justice is done to it. Justice is also done to Mrs. Aubrey and Mrs. Harris; and not only to them, but to a great many more mutual friends who certainly would seem to require a little justice, and by the time the affectionate colloquy is over, the carpet or floor—as yet again the case may be—is littered with the tatters of torn-up reputations, while also damp with the dew of reciprocal attachment. Then comes the parting—such sweet sorrow as to beat Romeo and Juliet to sticks—more mutual embracings,

with usual accompaniment, both *ad libitum* and *fortissimo*, with "You motherly thing, good-bye, and don't be such a stranger," answered with "Good-bye, dear old darling; I never spent so delightful an afternoon." *Exit* the Howard or the Gamp—as finally the case may be—and then, as I deplore to have been further informed, the indoor partner of these heartrending sad farewells will occasionally feel, or look, or even explicitly say, "Thank goodness, that horrid woman is gone at last, for six months anyhow. Did you ever?" As a distinguished writer has remarked in a different connection, if true, comment is needless.

My final illustration shall be taken from the intellectual cant, mainly with a view to something directly practical. There are many types of the intellectual cant. Take, *e.g.*, the cant of omniscience. Who does not know the man who knows everything—the bosom-friend of the cultured, and the despiser of the Philistine? What does he not know? Shakespeare? Certainly Shakespeare. The musical glasses? Of course, the musical glasses. As a matter of fact he has read very little of Shakespeare, and that little he understands imperfectly, or not at all. As for the musical glasses, he never heard or even saw one of those implements all his life. Why does he put on these airs of wisdom then? What are the psychological roots and causes of his action? It is really because he has a seminal but mis-directed respect for wisdom. He would be ashamed of being thought not to have wisdom, because he thinks wisdom is a great thing; and he is right. But where he is wrong is in not observing that the root of wisdom is faith in truth, courage to go by the fact. If he went by the fact, he would say, "I am an ignoramus, and I know it, but I must try to rise out of ignoramusdom;" and his intellectual salvation would have begun. If, in that frame of mind, he would master a single play of Shakespeare, he would cease to be an ignoramus, and become a person with real wisdom, insight, and taste in him, and the capacity to acquire more. He would not be ashamed to confess ignor-

ance, even of the musical glasses, and be content to remain ignorant till some good reason arose for making their acquaintance. In the exchange of sham for reality, he would realise an enjoyment and obtain a respect that pretence can never bring.

That being undoubtedly so, how comes it that so many people take the opposite course? I believe that all through, as well as in the intellectual region, mere timidity, arising from a mis-appreciation of the conquering power of truth, begins the evil, and habit fixes it.

Why, *e.g.*, do Adelaide Howard and Ethelberta Montmorency: why do Sarah Gamp and Betsy Prig profess a love for each other which they do not feel? Why could they not be quiet, at least? They are really afraid of each other. Each thinks that the other, if estranged, or hostile, might damage her in their respective societies; and so the false and self-protective demonstrations begin, and custom soon asserts its sway. But is not honesty better than society? Besides, in any society that is worth seeking, what harm, in average cases, can groundless slander ultimately do to genuine worth and merit?

Why does the politician give up to party what was meant for mankind? Because he fears the leader's frown or the caucus's condemnation. But is it necessary for anybody to come into servile or even responsible relation with leaders or caucuses? Besides, leaders and caucuses have before now quailed before outspoken dissidence, and they may do it again.

Why does the professed religionist put on more piety than he possesses? Because he is afraid of your modern Pharisees. But is not true self-respect better than the falsely got respect of Pharisees? Besides, the man who honestly works out his real position of thought will reach an attitude of mind towards piety and faith, which will either conciliate the respect of your Pharisees, if worth conciliation, or render him independent of them.

This same timidity accounts for other forms of the cant intellectual—*e.g.*, the cant of intellectual humility and self-depreciation. If a man is six feet high he is not afraid or ashamed to say so. But a man who knows that he has ability and intelligence will go on whining about his poor ability and limited intelligence, and so forth. Why should he do all this? If he wants to be depreciated, if he thinks it a luxury, why should he do it by his own lips? He will find enough and to spare of candid friends and uncandid foes to do it for him gratis, and on a scale of liberality that should leave him nothing to desire. Why, then, does he do it? Because he is afraid that he may be thought conceited. But if he is not conceited, but only correctly conscious, why should he care what is said? Besides, if he will simply say nothing about himself, but quietly address himself to tasks for which he knows that he is fitted, and aim at a standing to which he knows that he is entitled, he will end in being infinitely more respected and successful than ever he will become through his present cringing and cowardly behaviour.

Or take one other case, the cant of intellectual fashion. Who does not know the people who are continually on the prowl for the book that is the rage of the season, puffed by all the omniscient editors? They would as soon be without it as another class of people would be without the newest waistcoat or the latest bonnet, and with scarcely as good reason. To every co-intellectualist they meet they say "Have you not read it yet? It is superb; it is matchless in literature. No intellectual household should be without it." As a matter of fact, the book may be over-rated rubbish, destined to an ephemeral career—a momentary flash across the sky, and then down into the everlasting darkness. In their heart of hearts they are probably at a loss to account for their idol's fame. Then why do they sing or shout its praises? Simply, I believe, because they are afraid to be out of the fashion. They tremble in case the Philistines should call them Philistine. But if they could be silent when they saw no

reason to speak, would not self-approval far out-balance Philistine disapproval? And if they could proceed a step further, speak out and give good reasons for their singularity, the Philistine would be the first to tremble and to cry, "How striking and original."

Your presence here and presumable interest in the discussion which I must now bring to a close, I interpret as a sign that you regard your brains as having been supplied you for some purpose additional to that of being instrumental in the practice of the "gospel of getting on," and that you consider the pursuit of truth for its own sake as among the purest joys and the most sacred duties of a rational being. But it must be "truth for its own sake," not for the sake of getting as much as shall make the wonder grow, that one small head should carry all you know, to say nothing of still pettier or more vulgar motives. It is a difficult mental position to achieve, but it is not impossible, if will be exerted and opportunity improved.

And here it is well to remember that the attitude of the mind is more important even than its enrichment. This attitude ought to be that of the honest, earnest, resolute truth-seeker, with a mind open to light from every quarter, yet determined not to surrender your own judgment without sufficient reason to any authority, however great, or to any majority, however sweeping, nor under temptation of their influence or fear of their power to speak or act against your own actual conviction or genuine sentiment. Followed in this spirit the pursuit of truth may be made, not merely a vehicle of information, but an instrument of moral discipline. For human nature is so complex a structure, the intellectual and the ethical are so intimately interlaced, that to cast off intellectual cant and assert intellectual veracity, courage, and outspokenness is going a long way towards introducing the same characteristics into the whole domain of the individual life. Where that is done on any scale that may be called extensive it is not likely that one will rest satisfied with the

Johnsonian formula of clearing the mind of cant. That is really the lowest form of the emancipation from cant, of which there are properly three stages. The first is clearing the mind of the false, but leaving it still to influence speech and action. That is a poor business, and dangerous as well as poor, for one always tends to become what one says and does. The second stage is that of clearing the mind of the false and saying nothing. This is the negative and innocent stage. The third is that of not only clearing the mind of the false, but of speaking out and acting out the true. That is the Burns as opposed to the Johnson stage—the positive, the heroic stage.

And that is the form of it which every nature of the nobler kind will seek to reach. For great are the rewards it brings. Who that knows what happiness really means would lose the glorious sensation of deliverance from the timidities of thought and action that make so many lives weak and miserable, or miss the heroic delight of intellectual freedom and a fearless career? And surely it is something, though the world should never know, to be conscious of belonging to that splendid, if scattered, race of truthful natures, who are the real salt of the earth and the one force on which everything like genuine human progress ultimately depends. Nor should it be forgotten that in this state of consciousness alone is to be found the true asylum of the individual spirit, around which though the storms of misfortune may blow their loudest and their worst, within there is calm and confidence and joy.

III

WAYS AND TRAITS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE human race may be conveniently divided into two classes—those who are members of the House of Commons, and those who are not. Out of this division spring sundry important consequences, one of which is that the 670 of us—with forty millions having eyes at least fixed upon us—who make up the Assembly, some of whose manners and customs I propose to sketch, are perhaps the best-abused body of men on the face of the planet, or, at all events, within the four seas, unless perhaps company promoters, and even these on quasi-criminal grounds. If you open one set of newspapers you will find that one moiety of us are knaves and fools ; if you open another set you will find that the other moiety are fools and knaves ; while from a thousand platforms, and in a thousand coteries, men who have not been in the House, but would like to be, declare that the whole concern, membership especially included, is a gigantic fraud that should be swept into the nearest limbo, and give place to better institutions, and particularly to better men, and they think they know where they could find the men. I met a man in Fleet Street the other day who had been rejected at the last election. I asked him if he was not going to have another try. No, he said, there were too many rogues and swindlers in that House for him. He was a racing man himself, he said—here I humbly interjected “welshers and horse-pullers.” But, oh, that was nothing ; there were more honest men on the turf than in the House of Commons.

Perhaps a brief preliminary consideration of this phenomenon may be profitable before proceeding to other matters.

Somebody remarked some time ago that all men think all men mortal but themselves. If, while he was at it, he had added that all men think all men rascals but themselves, he would not have been much further from the fact. Real friends, of course, do not think so of each other, although even here there may be occasionally a sedimentary deposit of suspicion in the mind of either that makes him "not quite so sure of John." As to strangers, that every one of them is to be taken *prima facie* for a rogue is common form and proverbial philosophy. But it is when one comes to classes and sections of humankind that it becomes easiest to follow the way in which everybody is alternately publican and Pharisee to everybody else.

Take lawyers. Not only parsons and doctors, but butchers, bakers, candlestick-makers, with tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, and others that might be mentioned, combine to describe the lawyer as a scoundrel, "unmitigated," or even condemnable. But then, if you shuffle the cards and deal out the doctor or the parson, while the lawyer is kept in the pack, you will find that the butcher, etc., are only too glad to have the lately vilified lawyer back among them, to give voice to the common indignation of all honest men against the trickeries and hypocrisies of medicine and divinity. We might go through the whole gamut or hierarchy of human class relationships in the same way, and with the same result. We should see how capitalists as a calling take workers as a calling for a horde of desperadoes, who require to be everywhere kept down with a strong hand, while the workers reciprocate by regarding the capitalists as a gang of robbers needing to be pulled down to their level and penalised. We should see how the class of dukes look down upon the class of butlers and everybody else as inferior clay, while the class of everybody else, *plus* butlers, in the rare moments when they venture to have souls of their own, resent

the class of dukes as an incubus of arrogant and unprofitable nonentities. But why multiply illustration of a fact which no observer of human life will question, that if you segregate one class from the rest of the world, the rest of the world instantly strikes a preposterously virtuous attitude, and pronounces the segregated class no better than it should be, and morally inferior to itself.

The reason of this is not far to seek. It is to be found in the limitations necessarily attaching to that necessarily limited entity, human nature. At the risk of being branded as metaphysical, I would say that it is because you cannot concrete the absolute. We are commanded, on very high authority, to "mark the perfect man"; but the command cannot be obeyed, because the subject matter of it cannot be found. In ordinary life there is no perfect man. Every one of us is more or less a moral failure, and unavoidably so. You may try to be as good as you like, and in some directions you may, no doubt will, succeed. But you will break down somewhere, perhaps manywheres, because you are a creature of finite powers, and finite moral powers among the number. You deny the break down, perhaps; at least you say that you are not conscious of it. Precisely, and in so saying you supply one proof more of the very limitation whose existence you are disputing. Your self-knowledge is limited. You do not see yourself as others see you. But we see you, and we see that you have broken down. You need not deny it. It is the fact. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

When one class or calling, like the Parliamentary class, is separated from the rest of the world, it is not difficult to trace how this principle of human limitation operates. It lays the separated section very open to criticism. If there are any fault-finders about, there is plenty of scope for their malicious activity in its inevitable moral as well as other shortcomings; and there is never any lack of fault-finders. There is the rest of the world ready to exercise the function. But it, too, has its limitations and imperfections, and should be charitable.

Yes, but one of those limitations and imperfections is to have a limited view of its own limitations, and an imperfect idea of its own imperfections. Besides, each class, from the fact of its having a special environment, develops a special phase of moral breakdown which the others are probably fortunate enough to avoid. "There are tricks in all trades," says the proverb, but as each has its own trick from which the rest are free, the rest are able, in a common consciousness of innocence on that particular score, to condemn the sole practisers of the exceptional trick, and, forgetting their own failings in other directions, give rein to the righteous zeal always displayed and enjoyed in "damning sins one has no mind to."

Now to apply this moral philosophy to the House of Commons. We are a small, as well as a separate body ; as I have said, 670 all told, including the Speaker in his wig. Who are over and against us ? I will not say the World. I will simply say the population of these islands—about forty millions in round numbers. Accordingly, a spirit with eighty millions of eyes searching the 600 of us such people, are you surprised that a large amount of unwisdom and even so-called ruffianism are detected by the proprietors of those eyes ? And as a very large proportion of those eye proprietors are animated by partisan displeasure and even fury against one section or another of us, is it astonishing that we have to discharge our functions under a perpetual hailstorm of execration, that we have to surround ourselves with a guard of police, on the constant look out for dynamitards or other conspirators, with soldiers ready to be turned on, whenever wanted, and that we have made a law prohibiting more than fifty people to meet under any pretext, even under colour of petitioning ourselves, within a mile's radius of Westminster Hall ? Admitting this much, nevertheless, yet notwithstanding all this pointing of the finger of scorn, I have been interested in observing that some of the most unsparing of our censors are among the most anxious not only to get in and see us at our nefarious work, but to take part too, and no

small part either, in it, if they could only persuade some constituency to give them a passport. I have no doubt there are representatives of this class in my audience to-night, coming members, or intending spectators, and as I have a much greater respect for them than, I am afraid, they have for me, it is greatly for their benefit that, obeying the rule of returning good for evil, I propose to offer a few descriptive remarks, derived from personal observation and experience, of the scene, the wicked scene if you like, to which they are looking forward. I have nothing new to tell those who know all about the place already, although description by another even of what one knows is sometimes interesting. I will only add, in general, that if it should be my painful duty to have to confess the Parliamentary sins of my colleagues, you will not be uplifted overmuch, since on the well-known principle connected with casting the first stone, there is probably not a would-be accuser within earshot to whom I should not after the slenderest inquiry be entitled to retort, "Thou art the man," or "You're another."

It is three o'clock, say, in the afternoon, on any average day from February to September—Wednesday being a 12-6 day, Saturday a holiday, and Sunday a *dies non*. You find yourself, along with a good many others, similarly circumstanced, in the inner lobby of the handsome and highly finished Gothic edifice of 1100 apartments which Sir Charles Barry built, at a cost of three million pounds, some 50 or 60 years ago, as a home for the venerable Mother of Parliaments, now 630 odd years old if she is a day. Big Ben (who is a bell and not a giant), up above from his spire-crowned tower, has thundered down three of his deep bass semibreves. Scarcely has Benjamin subsided, when another voice, hardly less thundersome, and usually owned by a Scotch Highland policeman, hurls down an adjoining corridor a dissyllabic howl, meant to stand for "Speaker," which howl is passed on, like a fiery cross of sound, by other experts in howling, and finally howled into the House. In another half-minute a

phenomenon, in the nature of an ancient procession, appears, when suddenly a gigantic official beside you, purple with rage, to look at him, shouts at the top of a very stentorian voice, "Hats off, strangers." With fear possibly, with trembling certainly, you uncover to placate the giant,—who, however, does the same thing every day in the same way, and with perfect sang-froid—and then you perceive a gentleman, marching Housewards, in full Court dress, ruffles, sword, frills, smalls, buttons, buckles, and all. That is the Sergeant-at-Arms. He is an Admiral, or as a member, with more reverence than orthodoxy in him, once put it, an "Admirable." On his shoulder he bears a glittering structure of the precious metals, in shape not unlike the club of Hercules if it had been entrusted to a fashionable goldsmith, who had gilt and ornamented it at discretion, capped it with an effigy of the crown, and sent in an enormous bill. This is the Mace, an instrument about two centuries and a half old, being the immediate successor of the implement which the redoubtable Oliver, on a memorable occasion, politely designated a bauble, and ordered to be removed in that capacity. The Sergeant and the Mace are a very formidable combination, symbolising as they do, in a semi-idolatrous fashion, the presence of the Queen, and her determination to lock up, by means of the Sergeant, in the High Court of Parliament's Prison—for we are a Court of Justice, higher than all others—any offenders against her faithful Commons, or in the event of a sudden attack to pulverise them with the Mace.

Behind the Sergeant comes a figure of dignified mien, also in Court dress, surmounted by a full-flowing wig—all visible officials of higher rank wear wigs—and enveloped in a black robe so needlessly long that another gentleman, also in Court dress, has to go behind him carrying the superfluous skirt of it in a highly scientific manner. That is the Speaker—so called because he speaks *for*, not *to*, the House—statutorily the First Commoner of England, whisper, with bated breath, the worshippers of Precedence and Paraphernalia. Behind

the Speaker and trainbearer comes the Chaplain of the House, gowned, banded, and hatted, in true canonical fashion, and the Speaker's Secretary in the attire of a human and rational being. A body of members, smaller or greater, follows; the door is closed with a bang, the giant already referred to outside bellows "Speaker at Prayers," and the House of Commons exists for another day. Its mode of constitution reminds you that what you have come to see is not a thing of yesterday.

"Speaker at Prayers"—where again the Speaker has practically to speak *for* the House, which is usually very sparsely present—is a curious observance, practised by the members standing, not kneeling, Anglicans, Catholics, and Nonconformists alike, with their backs to the Chaplain. On occasions of great debates, however, there is a throng of worshippers, and as the foreign visitor sees the members crowding in to their devotions, he bethinks himself how nobly pious a character the British legislator must be, to prepare himself for a great controversy in that way, and recalls what he has read of the Normans before Hastings and the Scots before Bannockburn, and others that might be named, spending the night before the battle in earnest supplication. The foreign visitor, however, has to be disillusionised. The crowding in to prayers is due to a less lofty reason. I have heard that some parish missionaries, not in this enlightened region, of course, try to secure meetings for winning souls among the poor by promising so much soup or old clothes for so many attendances. The policy is a primitive one, but as far as outward results go, is often efficacious. A similar policy is adopted to induce the members of the House of Commons to attend prayers. If a member is present at prayers, he can secure a seat for the night. If not, not. At one time he could also, by attending prayers, secure the exclusive privilege of balloting for places in the Ladies' Gallery, but that temptation has been withdrawn, and the explanation of a great assemblage at prayers

before a great debate is simply the natural desire of members to secure a comfortable place for an interesting sitting. If you say I am uncharitable, you have only to look at the Government and Opposition front benches, on the right and left of the table respectively. Seats are kept there, wet or dry, great debates or none, for the existing and the late Governments. *They* do not need to pray, at all events for seating purposes—and so they do not come. Their places are empty. Comment is needless, except to say that this apparent zeal, which is really a sort of inverted simony, using a spiritual function to procure a secular gain, is typical of much else that looks very enthusiastic in the proceedings of the House, where often “things are not what they seem.” You, however, think of your own iniquities and don’t crow too lustily over us, and after all we at least show what toleration can do. The chaplain is usually a Church of England dignitary, who draws a liberal stipend for very moderate exertion, yet no Non-conformist has proposed to disestablish *him*. The service is a Church of England one, yet Catholic and Protestant denominations join in it alike.

Prayers are over. The public are admitted, by orders, and unless you are in a position to have prayed yourself into a seat, you will be in the gallery or under it, the best visitors’ seat in the House. But perhaps, for the moment, the best thing for you to do is to take your place on the steps of the Speaker’s Chair, a large canopied structure, with a sentry-box aspect, in which the First Commoner, acting for the House, plays monarch of all he surveys. In imagination, however, must you do this, not in reality. Were you to be found there in the flesh, I do not know what would become of you. Probably, all rules being forgotten in the alarm and excitement, you would be instantaneously rushed at by half a dozen portly personages in full dress, who look in themselves uncommonly like bank directors, but who, as their chains and badges show, are the Messengers of the House. Perhaps the

Serjeant-at-Arms would shoulder the Mace and make for you. Between them, you might thank your stars if you did not in five minutes find yourself locked up in the Clock Tower, with Big Ben booming over your head every quarter of an hour one of those lullabies that do not promote slumber, there to await the further course of events. For the House does not tolerate the stranger within its gates. In the gallery he may appear, but on the floor there is, at the end of the cocoa-nut-matted passage which separates the two tiers of lengthwise running members' benches, and near the swinging glass door, a broad dark stripe of insewn leather, representing the Bar of the House, across which no profane outsider, not even an official messenger, may pass. A year or two ago there was a woman who did, and was making for Heaven knows where, amidst the horror of the pale officials, when providentially, like Tam o' Shanter's charger, only with more success, she was caught by the skirt by a specially long-armed messenger, and with the assistance of his colleagues, dragged back to the place from whence she came, with more regard to the forms of Parliament than to the laws of chivalry. The memory of that awful and unprecedented night still haunts the official mind. However, if you stand by the Speaker in imagination merely, you are reasonably safe.

What do you see? Immediately down in front of you are the three Clerks of the House, learned gentlemen (in the House of Commons, not the lawyer, sense), carefully got up in archaic wig and gown, whose business is to record the proceedings and assist the Speaker. Then in front of them, the table of the House set lengthwise, with reference books and other stationery on it, and two writing-desks on either side, which are never publicly opened (although I believe they do contain something besides atmosphere), and appear to have been placed there for no other purpose than to be thumped by Government and Opposition front bench men in the progress of their patriotic orations. The awe-inspiring Mace is at the end, *on* the table, because the House is itself, with

the Speaker in the chair, whereas, were the House in Committee of its whole self, with the Chairman of Committees in the Chief Clerk's chair, the Mace would be under the table—free, of course, from the Bacchanalian suspicions usually associated with that attitude. Beyond the table, and down to the door, runs the broad cocoa-nut-matted passage, with the dark symbolical stripe crossing it at the end, already mentioned. On each side of the passage rise the tiers of members' benches, each five deep, green, but not overgreen, nor evergreen, with an upward slope of about 30 degrees. Each tier is bisected by a narrow passage of stairs called the gangway, at right angles to the central passage, for easier access, and at the end there are cross benches, where, under the gallery, the lucky visitors are accommodated, and where members may sit, but may not speak. The gangway has also a political significance, as well as an intra-mural usefulness, as will be seen presently.

The benches on the right are occupied by the Government of the day and their supporters, those on the left by the Opposition and theirs. An important distinction, however, is drawn on both sides between members above and members below the gangway, *i.e.*, nearer the door, although I think the distinction is wearing out. Members below the gangway are supposed to be more independent in their party relationships than those above, who are expected to follow implicitly the opinions and directions of their front benchmen, either from conviction, or because dissent might prejudice certain private axe-grinding projects which they value. I cannot say that I have observed much outcome from sub-gangway independence. There is often a good deal of barking, and I will not say that Parliamentary barking is wholly a futile exercise, but it seldom fructifies into biting, and, having ululated to their own satisfaction, the independents or mugwumps, as they would say in America, generally end in coming quietly to heel in the division Lobbies.

Now, let us look up. At the end in front of you is the

public gallery with the famous clock or clock-face in its front panel, giving it a one-eyed or Cyclopean look, and which has played so important a part in so many closurings and talking-out conspiracies. This gallery holds about 120 people, admitted on the responsibility of members, the front seats being set apart for peers and distinguished strangers. On each side, lengthwise, run two galleries, two benches deep, sacred to members who may and sometimes do speak from them in a *Deus ex machina* or bolt from the blue fashion. Behind you is the gallery for the reporters, verbatim and descriptive, who are technically strangers in the House, the last motion for their expulsion on that ground having been made in the days of Fox and Burke, which latter talked against time for I know not how many hours, till the motion lapsed, and never has been, and never will be renewed. Then last of all, high up, behind and above the reporters' gallery, we have the region of the birds of paradise, the *place aux dames*, the cage or ladies' gallery, with its emphatic, but not always effective, notice for silence, its metal grating—why grated I do not know, for I cannot believe the lead-us-into-temptation theory, nor beautiful legend of the countess, &c.—but behind which grating can only be descried from below nebulous, dimly moving, and unrecognisable figures, which may and probably do represent the highest amiability and loveliness of Britain or even a wider area, while from within their dainty prison the three dozen adorable occupants, admitted on members' ballots, can see and hear to wonderful advantage.

Such is the House, in the architectural sense. Not much of a place after all, is generally the first and disappointed remark of the new-comer, foreign or domestic. Having heard so much of the House of Commons, he expects, I suppose, to find something like a walled and canopied Coliseum, got up as luxuriously as the banqueting halls of Belshazzar or Sardanapalus, and he thinks himself taken in when he sees nothing but a sombre, perhaps even dingy, oblong chamber,

from 20 to 25 yards long, 15 high, and as many wide, forming a rather unfavourable contrast with the spacious, gilded, red-seated, storied-windowed House of Lords, which, on the occasion of some great debate, when the dukes and barons are there in force, and the throne stands out in the light, and the bishops are mustered in their sleeves of lawn, and the peeresses of England throng the galleries in their triumphant toilettes, is really a highly successful piece of spectacular effect. To the magnificent beings from Canada, or the Cape, or the Colonies generally, to say nothing of the United States and the European Continent, who scornfully contrast what they call the dog-hole of our Legislative House with the splendid architectural analogues of it which it seems they keep at home, I always make what I think is the sufficient answer, that the House, although there might advantageously be more space for the public and their representative, the Press, is big enough and ornate enough for its primary purpose, which is the despatch of business. It is not a theatre for the delivery of set and show orations—although the commentaries of the descriptive reporter would sometimes convey the idea that the whole thing is an affair of histrionic display. The nearer the members of a deliberative assembly are to one another, so as to hear one another, the better for business. Call it a dog-hole if you will. If it concentrates the barking, I am content to accept the canine and contumelious description, for though neither huge nor gaudy, the House of Commons is a well-proportioned and useful room, with a simple dignity of its own.

Enough, however, of guide-bookery. While we have been surveying the House as the scene of national business, the Speaker has been galloping through the Private Bills. You may have noticed that, immediately after having obtained their seats by presence at prayers, the great mass of members have marched out to the Lobby, or the dining-room, or the tea-room, or the news-room, or the smoking-room, or the library, or the terrace fronting the once-silver Thames, there

to gossip, or pick up a late luncheon or early tea, or read the papers, or smoke their pipes, or write their letters, or consult learned tomes, or philander with their female friends. This last is a very favourite amusement. Marriages, it has been said, are made in Heaven. I know a good many have been made on the terrace of the House of Commons. Few members, except those interested, remain for the private business. And no wonder. It is not an exciting function. Here it is. The Chief Clerk at the table sings out lugubriously—"The (St. Andrews Golf Links) Abolition Bill, second reading." A member on the Speaker's right, told off to attend to Private Bills, lifts his hat, as much as to say, "I move that The (St. Andrews Golf Links) Abolition Bill be now read the second time." Then the Speaker takes up *his* parable, and mumbles rapidly, to himself, as you might think—"The question is that The (St. Andrews Golf Links) Abolition Bill be read a second time; as many as are of that opinion say 'Aye,' the contrary 'No.' The 'Ayes' have it." Then the clerk sings out again—"The (Tayport and Dundee) Submarine Canal Bill, third reading." The handy member unhats himself, and the Speaker again rapidly mumbles to himself, "The question is, that The (Tayport and Dundee) Submarine Canal Bill be read the third time; as many as are of that opinion say 'Aye,' the contrary 'No'; the 'Ayes' have it," the "Noes" having very short time for cutting in if they wanted to. And so on the threesome glee proceeds, possibly through twenty or thirty bills, at the rate of a bill a minute, or less, the reason of this breathless rapidity being that all these bills have been most painstakingly examined, perhaps for days or even weeks each, and then recommended by a Select Committee, and it is a rule—which is founded in commonsense—not to dispute the recommendation of a Select Committee, although occasionally the member, say for Little Pedlington, no doubt under the pressure of a batch of Little Pedlingtonians, whose votes he wants to secure for the next election, will get up a small conspiracy of his friends to oppose the "Little Pedlington

Cleansing and Sanitation Bill," and keep up for hours an argument in support of Little Pedlington's right to be as dirty and unhealthy as it likes, to the entire stoppage of public business and the wrath and disgust of the House at large.

Usually, however, the half-hour allotted for private business suffices, and as the long hand of the clock trembles towards half-past three members begin to fill up the House, question-time being at hand. You will observe that most of them are sitting with their hats on, which they remove only when they rise and go from one place to another, or when they *make that salute bow* to the Speaker as they leave or enter the House. This wearing of the hat in the House is a great stumbling-block, greater even than the scanty dimensions of the House to American, French, and other foreign visitors. It seems to them a scandalous piece of British rudeness and barbarism, and for myself I have never succeeded in giving them an explanation that seemed to convey satisfaction. It is undoubtedly mysterious. The philosophic historian is no good here. He says, as he does of much else that baffles him, that the origin of the custom is shrouded in the mists of a remote antiquity. But those mists have been searched, and it is not there. Certain members whom I have consulted have ascribed it to the Cromwellian times when King Charles would look in and take the chair himself, and the House put on its hat as a protest against royal intrusion. But, unfortunately, there are old pictures extant showing the hat worn before the Caroline era. Others think it is a relic of the dreadfully old days when the great Council met beneath the legendary oak, and members wore their hats to protect their heads from the air. I must say this has always seemed to me more ingenious than sound. Counsellors need cool heads, and the tendency should have been towards hatlessness, not the reverse. I prefer a simpler theory. Hats and umbrellas are known to be the most nomadic form of property. For our umbrellas we have a special arrangement. We can

secure them by fastening them to pegs, with our names on them, in a room set apart for the purpose. But the hat is less manageable. However, if you wear it you are fairly sure of it. Keep your money and your money will keep you, says a wise proverb. I submit that stick to your hat and your hat will stick to you is a maxim of equal wisdom. To my mind it is clear that if you keep your hat upon your head you can always be certain of getting it again when you want it. I believe British commonsense has caught on to this useful idea, and that the practical British senator wears his hat simply because he has found, by experience, that his head is the safest place to put it. If this suggestion is not considered satisfactory, I give the whole thing up. I have no interest in it one way or another. But I do ask for a better explanation, though I do not pause for a reply.

Hat or no hat, however, "questions" come on. "Questions" form a remarkable Parliamentary institution. Any member can set down in the printed question paper any question or any number of questions to be answered, on a day fixed, by any minister or member, or any number of ministers or members, on any subject or any number of subjects within the sphere of Government administration or the House of Commons. There will sometimes be as many as one hundred of such questions, occupying as much as a couple of hours in answering. Many of these questions are not spontaneous on the part of members, but sent up to them from the constituencies, and, judging from my own experience, I should say that if members set down all the questions they are asked to put, there would be very little else done in the House of Commons than attending to questions. I get applications from all quarters of the country to interrogate ministers on the most extraordinary subjects. Disappointed litigants wish me to ask the Lord Advocate when he is going to order the Lord President or the Lord Justice-Clerk of the Court of Session to be criminally prosecuted for malversation of office in connection with their cases, lunatics, whose lunacy stares

me in the face from every syllable of the letters, when, with the cunning of lunatics, they manage to get out of their asylums, desire the Home Secretary to be asked when he is going to order one of the sanest persons in the three kingdoms to be delivered out of a house of bondage, while civil servants of the Crown all over the country, whom I have found to be the most assiduous suggesters of questions, are not only continually wanting inquiry to be made about the increase of their salaries and the acceleration of their promotion, but about the minutest details of departmental management, down sometimes to gas leakage and additional jack-towels. Many such possible questions are strangled in their infancy, but even so, those that are allowed to survive and appear range from the sublime to the ridiculous. One member desires the Colonial or Foreign Secretary to tell him what has passed between the German Emperor and himself with reference to the general situation in Africa or Constantinople: another insists on the President of the Local Government Board explaining why the Poor Law Guardians of Bantry Bay or Stoke Pogis have cut down Widow Biddy O'Flaherty's or old Mother Hubbard's outdoor allowance from 4s. to 3s. 6d. a week. Then there is a power of putting one question as rising out of another or its answer. Thus arising out of the German Emperor answer an inquisitive statesman will demand to know when the War Minister expects to have the new pattern of boot-heels ready for the officers of the Guards; while arising out of the answer about Widow Biddy O'Flaherty or old Mother Hubbard an ardent philosopher will insist on the First Lord of the Treasury, as leader of the House, stating, once for all, when he is going to set up the long promised millennium, so as to protect deserving widows and ancient mothers from being arbitrarily docked of their hebdomadal sixpences. Ministers and the Departments are not supposed to be particularly in love with questions, and official ingenuity is often exerted to baffle Parliamentary curiosity. Nevertheless, although trifling

queries are too often put, I believe that questions serve a useful purpose, and many an abuse is nipped in the bud by a question put in the House of Commons.

Questions over, the debate of the night comes on. Much will depend on whether it is the second reading of a bill, or a resolution to be considered by the House as such, or whether it is to be the voting of money, or the clauses of a bill to be considered in Committee of the whole House. Committee of the whole House had a curious origin. In the Tudor and Stuart times the Speaker was the creature of the King, who in those days not only reigned but ruled. He acted as the Royal spy, and there being no newspapers, reported the doings of the Commons. To this hour a report for the Queen is written every night by the principal Minister in the House. The Commons then thought that their Speaker played the mischievous tell-tale. Even Speaker Lenthall, famed for his resistance to King Charles in his attempted arrest of the five members, was understood to have been at first of the usual type, and his braving of the King a sign that the King's power was declining. The Commons accordingly resorted to the device of resolving themselves into their own Committee, thus "getting the Speaker out of the chair"—the phrase is still in use—and putting him outside the door until they had finished their confidential conversation, when they called him in again. Although the reason has long ceased to operate, the thing remains, but now serves only to distinguish the House in an attitude of general contemplation and rhetorical utterance and discussing principles, when one speech is considered enough from each speaker, and sometimes too much, from the House in a purely practical and business mood and discussing details, when any member may make as many brief colloquial, or even more ornate, harangues as he likes, and as the Committee will stand. We shall suppose, however, that the House is not in Committee and is going to discuss something involving a large principle or an important point of policy, in conse-

quence of which the place is crowded in every quarter, praying members sitting on the steps of the Speaker's chair, or on the gangway stairs, or wherever they can. Do not be too sure, however, that the debate is even now going to begin. If it is always the unexpected that happens, it is doubly so in the House of Commons. What was expected to be a brilliant debate often does not come off at all, or turns out as dull as the proverbial water of the ditch ; while a vigorous and animated, not to say wild and furious, intellectual combat will sometimes blaze up out of nothing more inflammatory than the stationery vote. On such an occasion as the one we now have in fancy's view, I have seen the Speaker rise preparatory to unleashing the dogs of Parliamentary war by directing the clerk to read the orders of the day, elsewhere called the agenda paper, when suddenly an ominous voice has piped, or rung, or rattled out from an unexpected quarter, "Mr. Speaker, sir, I beg to move the adjournment of the House for the purpose of considering a definite matter of urgent public importance, viz., the dangerous prevalence of weevil in the ship's biscuit supplied to the Horse Marines." This is a right which every member possesses, if the Speaker does not find the matter of the motion out of order, and if the mover is supported by at least forty members standing up in their places. Of course as nobody can gainsay the definite character and urgent importance of ship's biscuit, and as forty biscuit enthusiasts have been got together to support the champion of that delicacy, the latter is soon under weigh. Starting with the Navy, he exordiates on the vital relation between the well-being of the Navy and the well-being of an empire on which the sun never sets. If the Navy goes wrong it will be all over with the Empire, as Arnold, not of Rugby, would say. But how can the Navy be right if the Horse Marines be in a bad way, and how can the Horse Marines be in a good way if they have to eat bad and beweevilled ship's biscuit? Then, perhaps, he produces a ship's biscuit, as Burke produced his revolutionary dagger, or as I have seen

members, ambitious, I suppose, to do ditto to Mr. Burke, produce boots or brushes to illustrate something, chiefly their own idiotic stupidity, as I thought, and, biscuit in hand, declares that were it not out of regard for the Speaker's life he would ask him to taste it in the name and for the information of the House, but that he has not the same objection to its being eaten by the Civil Lord of the Admiralty or the Minister in charge of the bill whose consideration he has, unfortunately, been obliged to interrupt. Then he proceeds to dilate upon the natural history and unnatural habits of weevil, and so by an easy curve switches himself on to a passionate invective against the scandalous condition of the bakehouses of the country, that cannot even turn out untainted biscuit, and delivers a tremendous indictment of the Government for not having long before now legislated about bakehouses and biscuit and everything else in such a manner that nothing wrong can ever be done anywhere or anyhow or at any time, and so forth and so on.

By this time the House has been rapidly thinning, members having no difficulty in defining the real object of the biscuiteers, which is obstruction, naked and unashamed. They want to stop the bill whose discussion was expected to commence that day, or to break the back of the debate, and, accordingly, when a few hours have been got rid of in crimination and recrimination with the Government over biscuit in the various forms and phases, the mover asks liberty to withdraw his motion, being satisfied with the valuable and influential expression of opinion which he has elicited in favour of uncontaminated biscuit, and feeling satisfied that henceforth the Horse Marines will receive that amount of attention and that quality of biscuits from Her Majesty's Government which their eminent high standing among the defensive forces of the country so imperatively demands.

Perhaps you say that you thought obstruction had been put a stop to, that what with the automatic closure of all but

money debates at midnight, and with the power given to every member, with the permission of the Speaker or Chairman, to move and divide the House in favour of the immediate closure of debate, it was practically no longer possible. That is all you know about it. It is scotched, not killed. The form has been changed, the substance remains. The late Mr. Biggar was perhaps the greatest master of obstruction the House of Commons or even the world has ever known. I never saw him at work in those famous times, now becoming old times, when he would read blue-books as part of his speech by the day or rather by the week to the Speaker and one of the clerks, but I have sat in the House for twenty-three hours, while dilatory motions and speeches against time were being used, hour after hour, to coerce the Government of the day into yielding something they wished to maintain. and I remember being struck with the action of an eloquent Irish member, who about 10 a.m.—we had been sitting since four of the previous afternoon—got up and told the leader of the Government that he had better give in gracefully, as twenty “prolix” gentlemen from Ireland (“prolix” was *his* word) would arrive from Euston in about half an hour to take part in the discussion. Blood, however, was up, and the fight went on. The twenty “prolix” gentlemen marched in in a body and in due time, being received with a mingled storm of cheers and groans, and more than justified the prediction their compatriot had made of their performances, so that at the eleventh, or rather the twenty-third, hour the Government, through simple physical exhaustion, had virtually, in the language of the ring, to throw up the sponge.

Obstruction of that kind is no longer possible, except in financial and one or two other minor matters or 12 o'clock rule suspended. But a new method has been invented, the method of amendment. Ten or a dozen men will heap up 500 amendments on a bill in a few days. Amending is a curious Parliamentary industry, for which some men seem to have a

positive genius. There are men in the House of Commons who could, I believe, in a week, or less, fill a considerable volume with plausible amendments on the multiplication table or the Decalogue or the solar system or the differential calculus or anything else that is usually supposed to be perfect. These amendments they and their friends proceed to discuss with an elaborateness which evokes the criticism of arithmeticians, who show that at the rate of progress being made it will take the bill ten years to get through Committee. Then the Government of the day, goaded into desperation, resort to systematic closing, or use their majority to carry a telescopic resolution declaring that if certain parts of the bill, and finally if the whole bill, is not finished by a certain hour of a certain day it shall be passed as it stands or as they shape it. This always occasions an outbreak of attack and retort. If it is against you, you gnash your teeth and call it the "gag" and the "guillotine," if it is for you, you elongate your countenance and call it a "reasonable and necessary check on the interminable flow of irrelevant discussion."

Do you say this is very bad, and ought to be ended or mended? Well, first I say, it is not so wicked as it looks. Many of the amenders are in earnest, given up to strong delusion to believe their own amendments. Others of them are so inspired or intoxicated by the spirit of party, so convinced that the good of the country requires that the Government and its supporters should be extruded from office and its emoluments, and themselves installed in those positions of power and profit, that they regard obstruction as the first duty of a patriot, if not of a Christian. As for extinguishing it by further coercion, I much doubt the feasibility of that method. The Supreme Court of Judicature in England has been trying that for the last twenty years, and has produced a volume as large as Webster's Dictionary, filled with rules repressing multiplied processes and exorbitant charges; but going to law is still a tardy and expensive undertaking,

because, if the solicitor is persecuted in one city, he flees into another, and while the Courts are busy suppressing him in the East, he has broken out, like an underground river, in the West, and you can never finally stop him, unless you can discover some charm that will extinguish the love of fees in the legal mind. Similarly with Parliamentary obstruction, which is simply one of the fruits of that spirit of party which is more and more concentrating the Government of the country in one or other of two alternating and traditional and self-chosen official oligarchies, differenced only by the colour of their flags. As long as Parliamentary men believe that their chief duty as such is to get the "ins" out, or prevent the "outs" from getting in, they will obstruct or do anything else that will serve the purpose, and unless you can, by organic or other changes, render the spirit of party less necessary or less intense, obstruction will continue to be rampant. Whether such changes are possible, and, if so, what they are, are, of course, in the present connection, questions which I cannot consider on this neutral platform. Even obstructors, however, are not always obstructing, and occasionally a great debate is allowed to flow on its uninterrupted course. Unless, indeed, a count is moved by some member, in secret league with the Government and Opposition, calling the Speaker's attention to the fact that there are not forty members present, when the sandglass on the table—that strange relic of days when clocks were scarce and expensive—is turned on by the clerk to run its two minutes, and the bells are set ringing all over the precincts to bring men in, but everybody tries to prevent everybody else from going in, and at the last moment only thirty-nine stern Parliamentary Puritans have turned up and turned in to be counted by the Speaker, with his cocked hat in his hand, and there being one short, he, not too broken-heartedly, declares the House adjourned, when a shout of delirious delight goes up from officials and members, and all rush off helter-skelter, pell-mell to make a holiday or, rather, a holi-

night of it, according to their different tastes. But the count may fail, and so the debate, after outliving many dangers, at last goes on. It will probably be impressive, possibly interesting, perhaps exciting, certainly orderly. Order and courtesy are secured by a few simple rules. First, you must not speak until you catch the Speaker's eye and are named by him, which prevents noisy or irritated competition for a place. Catching the Speaker's eye is not so easy an operation as it looks. When the member who has had the House sits down, you will see fifty men start up from all parts of the House brandishing MSS. and endeavouring, by gesticulation, and sometimes by shouting "Mr. Speaker," to get themselves seen and called. Sometimes the eager fifty will spring up prematurely, misled by a perorating tone manifesting itself—not always undesignedly—on the part of the man in possession, and much laughter is occasionally caused when the orator, who seemed on the finish, starts off on a new tack, and the candidates for his place have to subside, looking foolish, or at all events, more foolish. The Speaker himself is never slow to know when his eye has been caught. If a front benchman rises he catches the Speaker's eye, it being an immemorial rule, whatever its wisdom, that the inanest whippet or goldstick on the front bench shall be called before the ablest man in the back benches. If a new member rises to deliver his first or maiden speech, he also will at once catch the Speaker's eye. Elsewhere a member who has already caught the ear of the House will not have great difficulty in catching the eye of the Speaker, nor will one who has mentioned his oratorical designs to the Speaker personally, or got one of the whips to mention them for him.

Next, you must address the Speaker, and nobody else. You must not say, "Now, Smith, I defy you to disprove this," because Smith might take you at your word, and there might soon be a free fight on the floor of the House. You may defy the Speaker to disprove it, but it is not his business to disprove your nonsense, and he will let you go on and

make yourself as absurd and ridiculous as you please. Further, you must not speak of any member by his personal name. However true, you must not say, "Our esteemed friend Smith foolishly said"—or, "Good old Jones has nonsensically remarked"—, as Smith and Jones might resent the familiarity, and it might lead to bad blood. But you must say, "The hon. gentleman the member for Sleepyshire," or "The right hon. gentleman the member for Smokyboro'," said so and so. This will give you time to think what you are about, and dispose you to keep up your style, if you have one. It is only the Speaker who can name a member without adding the name of his constituency; and when the Speaker says, "I name you Mr. Smith, or Mr. Jones, for disregarding the authority of the Chair," the meaning is that Smith, or Jones, is not, in the Speaker's opinion, at that moment worthy to represent Sleepyshire or Smokyboro', and it becomes the duty of somebody to move the wretched Smith, or Jones' suspension, otherwise the Speaker will probably resign.

Then, if you happen to like what some speaker is saying, you must take care how you express your approval. You must not clap your hands, or beat the floor with your feet, or wave your hat; you must not cry "Hooray" or "Bravo," or even "Good"; still less must you say, "Give it him hot, old man," or "More power to your elbow," or "Bully for Smith." You may say "Hear, hear," as vociferously as you like, but nothing more. If you dislike the speechifier's remarks, you must be equally choice in your disapproval. You must not say "Rot," or "Bah," or "Fiddlesticks"; still less must you say, "It's a lie," or "Shut up," or "Go home, Tommy." You may say "Oh, oh," or "No, no," but not too often or too loud. If you are very angry at the man who is speaking, you may say, "Divide, divide," shortened into "'vide, 'vide"; or, if you think he is wasting time in propounding preposterously childish truisms, you may cry, "Agreed, agreed," and if a sufficient number of members unite with you in keeping up

these interjections, you may drown him by sheer clamour, although, if a man of strong self-assertion, he may refuse to be put down, like the late Mr. Fawcett, who returned fifteen times to the charge against the cry of "Divide," and had his own way and say in the end.

These simple rules are rigidly enforced. Any member who persistently broke them would infallibly be suspended. The consequence is that, making allowance for occasional outbreaks, the atmosphere of debate is kept clean and sweet from unwashed and ill-dressed language, and no psychologist needs to be reminded that, where style is maintained at a high level, intellectual and ethical results are secured, more important even than the style itself.

Under these conditions debate proceeds, and can be made of as high a quality as the subject and the ability of the debaters admit. Whether all this debating is necessary or advantageous, is another question; but there it is. From questions to the dinner-hour—from 4.30 or 5, to 7.30 or 8—the discussion is in its youth and its strength. The front benchmen then have it mostly their own way. Back-benchers must be content to watch their opportunity during the better parts of the dinner-hour, from about 8 to past 10, when the House itself is deserted and dreary, while the dining-rooms of the House are bright and bustling, filled with the clatter of knives and forks, and plates, and the laughter of men who, though they despise each other's opinions, can exchange greetings, cynically or pleasantly, over their victuals and drink, which, I may add, though neither epicurean in quality nor extravagant in cost, are fairly well adapted to the wants of those who desire to cultivate plain living and high thinking. These are the hours which the descriptive reporter calls the bore's opportunity; and not without reason. For it is now that men who want to try if they really can speak, or who wish to air their original views, or to impress their constituents, or to make their mark, seize the opportunity, when the claimants for the Speaker's eye are few, to work off their

laboriously-constructed and carefully-conned deliverances. In nine cases out of ten they are dismal failures, and sink to rise no more. They have bored the House and demolished themselves, although it is also true that many men of ability who have risen to Parliamentary distinction have used the hour of boredom, when critics are absent, to dissipate their stage-fright, and learn, by trial, that they have strength of wing to dare a loftier flight.

To command the applause of listening senates has been often celebrated as a high achievement, but it costs a good deal of trouble. In a full-dress debate nearly every speaker writes out his *set* speech, and commits it, more or less completely, to memory. Mr. Gladstone was an exception, his only verbal preparation being apparently a few notes and a peroration, but the rest, spontaneous utterance, which never paused in its flow of dignified and often impassioned expression, although, even in his case, the extemporaneous habit engendered an element of diffuseness which was the one drawback on a really marvellous eloquence. When Mr. Balfour has an opening statement of a higher than a merely business character to make, he often writes it out, and it does not improve him. Diving into his MS. for the next sentence, he is a very different being from the Mr. Balfour of debate, who, with no preparation, except a few notes of his opponent's address, will often rise and deliver an entirely unpremeditated oration, rising to the highest intellectual level, and expressed with a brilliancy and felicity of phrase that leave him almost without rival since Mr. Gladstone left the scene, unless, perhaps, Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain, although in very different styles. Sir William Harcourt, the other protagonist of the House, except when replying, generally writes out and reads, word for word, his opening statements, including even his greater addresses to public meetings. But then, as the Presbyterian old lady said of Dr. Chalmers's read sermons, it is "fell reading," and I have seen Sir William straightforwardly lift and flourish the last page of his perora-

tion, and give it off as effectively as if, instead of merely recorded and recollected sentiment, his heart had at that moment been agitated by the living power of triumphant or pathetic emotion.

It is a rule, however, that no member shall read his speech, although he may use notes to "refresh his memory," and, accordingly, there is a great deal of this kind of refreshment consumed. But we, men of the back bench, do not greatly complain. For, when the average front-benchman advances to the mysterious writing-desk already referred to, and plants down his MS., we at least know exactly what we are in for. The pang of suspense and uncertainty is subtracted from the general sum of our suffering. As sheet after sheet is added to the growing pile of the irrevocable, the diminishing pile of the inevitable becomes more and more endurable with the flight of time. At first we sigh, "One woe is past, and behold there come two woes more hereafter," but by and by we sing, "The second woe is past, and behold the third woe cometh quickly," and, when the last scrap is gathered to its predecessors, we know that there is only the peroration now between us and an emancipated career.

Out in the lobbies, when the bigger men have spoken, the smaller men are discussing them, but to very different purposes, according to the lobby you enter. If you visit the Liberal lobby an ardent Harcourt says to you, "Wasn't Sir William in great form to-night? Wasn't he splendid about the Tory trombone? That's a phrase that will stick, you'll see. But weren't you sorry for Balfour? Did you ever see such a limp exhibition? As for his allusion to Democracy and the Badger, I think it was absolutely vulgar. I wonder the Speaker did not call him to order." But if you cross over to the other lobby you will hear a different story. An excited Tory says, "Did you ever hear anything finer than Balfour to-night? That hit about Democracy and the Badger was simply magnificent. Those beastly Radicals won't like it, you bet. But I say, what's come over Harcourt? The old man is off colour

altogether. Did you ever in your life hear such drivel as he talked about the trombone? It's time he went out of the business altogether, and devoted himself to what he calls fireside-culture for the remainder of his days."

From this and other signs you may be sure the voting to-night is going to be on strict party lines, and, indeed, it is seldom anything else. It is now, say, 10, and the front-benchmen, having allowed the back-benchmen and the bores and the Speaker's half-hour's snatch at a chop, the two to three hours they have been spending in dining or smoking, or reading their papers, or getting up their replies, think themselves entitled to the time that remains till the two o'clock division, in view of which you had better be making up your mind how to vote, that is if you have any mind left to make up, the highest accomplishment of a finished Parliamentarian being how to vote blind with a good conscience. This is a power which is only acquired after a time, and by three stages, which comprise the Parliamenteer's progress.

First you must learn to be dumb. As a Parliamentary freshman you begin in a high state of conscientiousness. You want to get up and put everything to rights straight off. But the Speaker won't let you. The rulers of Opposition are against you. There is a large covey of old birds who would refuse to be lectured by a zealous fledgling. If you spoke, Opposition or none, the sergeant would march you off to the Clock Tower. So you have to swallow your protest, dissemble your dissatisfaction, and sit silent and sulky, but still.

Next you must learn to be deaf. At first, in your guileless innocence, you deem it your duty to listen to all that is said on both sides, even by the bores. But it becomes more than flesh and blood can bear. The first debate you skip marks a step in your downward career. If right in one case, why not in all? until you cease to attend debates altogether, unless they promise something sensational.

Having thus achieved dumbness and deafness, blindness soon arrives. He has found that he generally comes to the same conclusion with one or other of the front benches. That being so, why not leave it to them entirely to think and thresh the matter out? And so he contents himself with asking the Whip whether he is an "Aye" or a "No," and, without inquiring if it is "Aye" or "No" that is right this time, or even knowing what the question is at all, he votes as he sees the rest of them voting. After all, he says, is it not better for the country to keep *our* fellows in, even if they are wrong, than to let the other fellows in, even if they are right? Voting blind with his party thus becomes not only a convenience, but a great public duty.

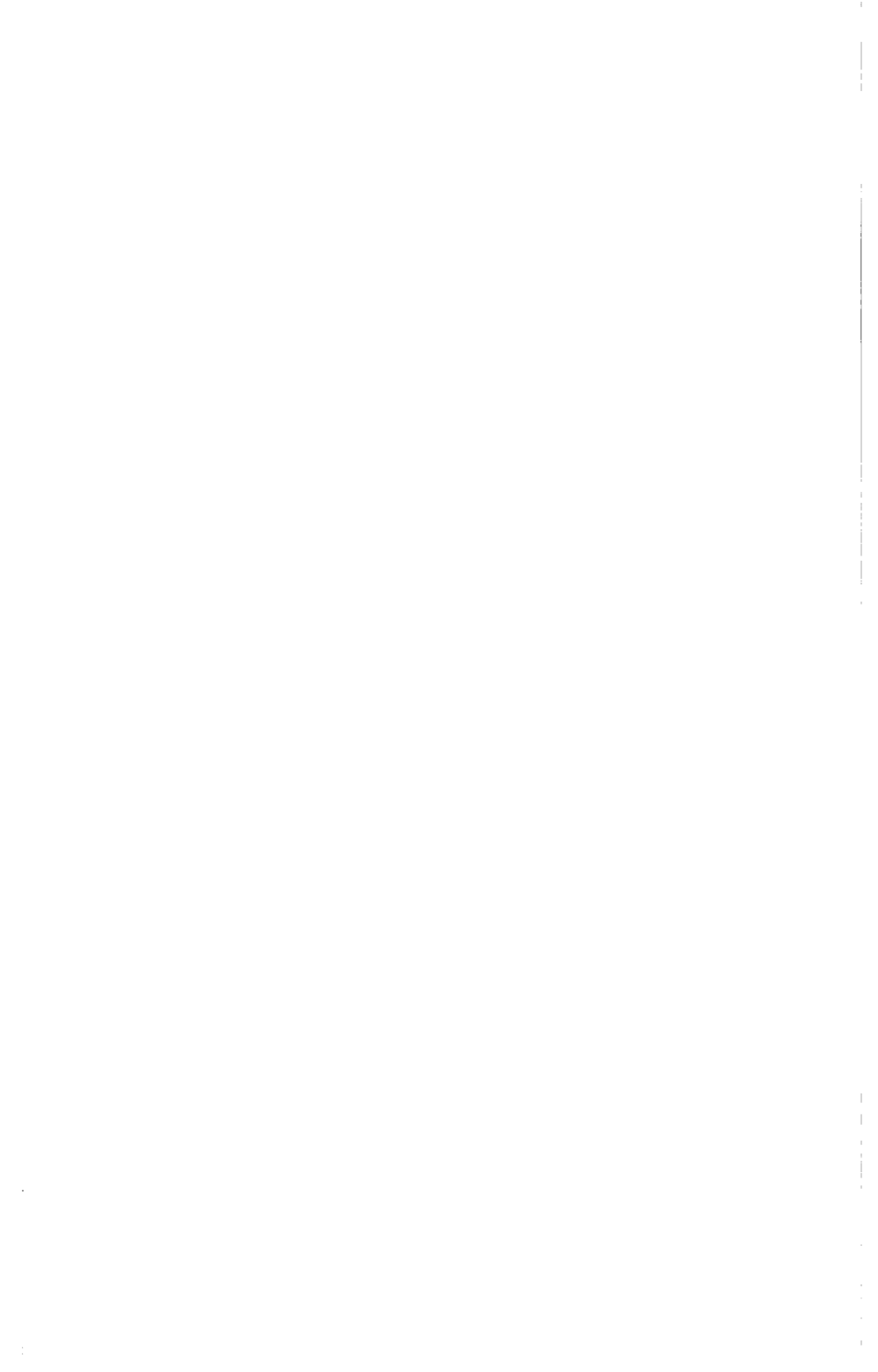
What you, who took your seat early this afternoon, being marched up to the table, bowing thrice, to take the oath of allegiance, between two political friends, also bowing thrice, amidst the welcoming cheers of those who assume that your vote is always theirs—what you will do I could not tell beforehand. But when the division bells have rung and the voting lobbies have filled and cleared again, and the expected majority has been announced, and the House-porter's stentorian call of "Who goes home?" announces that all is over, the Whips of each side, who are always the best of friends, exchange brief remarks. "How did your book turn out, old man?" "Well, I was right all but two, who stayed on at Lord Feastemwell's, condemn them. How were you?" "Right to one. Very nearly two, though: that new man from St. Andrews didn't want to vote at all, but I ran him in. He'll be all right next time."

And now that my little show is over, and my work of *cicerone* is done, you may ask me whether this House of Commons is a scene which I can recommend any man of pure and lofty (as the world goes) purpose to enter? Yes, I do, emphatically. It is not perfection. What human institution is? One of the great lessons which the young and the enthusiastic have to learn in life is that they can never realise

their ideals or carry everything before them as they hoped in their beginnings, but that the world of practice and actual fact is a contracted and even repulsive sphere, full of petty and squalid details, in which one must be content if he can achieve, little by little, some faint adumbration of his cherished dreams. Patriotism may not be the ruling passion of us all at Westminster. We may have financiers among us in search of influence for their speculative adventures, lawyers on the look out for judgeships, vulgar rich men scheming for baronetcies and peerages. But there is no compulsion on any man to be actuated by such motives; and I know there are many men in the House of Commons simply because they desire to devote their lives to high objects, and believe in great practical truths which they wish to see realised. And where else can they act more powerfully or more immediately for their convictions? I do not undervalue the influence of the original thinker, the mighty poet, the profound scientist, in their separate and solitary spheres. But it is chiefly for the future they must live. They can scarcely have much of the consciousness of present power. This sensation, however, can never be absent from a Parliamentary career. With all its shortcomings, and under all its conflicts, even the least disinterested, the House of Commons is the seat and centre, for the time, of the greatest of the governing forces that are busy shaping the history of the race. To have your hand directly upon the conductors of that force, to know that you are translating something of your own mind and will and belief into its mechanism and action, and to that degree are modifying the destinies of the world, is a feeling at once elevating and unique, and a sufficing reward for toil, struggle, and endurance. And, therefore, though there may be much calling for amendment in the spirit and methods of Parliamentary activity, and many transmutations, for good or evil, in store for it, yet I venture to commend it as a phase of life in which the greatest of abilities and the noblest aspirations may find a fitting arena for their exercise and display, giving

their professor the opportunity of training himself to the highest developments, moral and intellectual, of which his nature is capable, and imparting to him satisfactions and experiences which, having been once attained, it would have been a life-long regret to him if he had failed to make them his own.

ADDRESSES ON BURNS



I

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION IN EDINBURGH

January 25, 1872

SOME people think that a demonstration like the present, to commemorate the work done by Robert Burns, not only for Scotland, but for mankind, is a proceeding that ought not to take place, and that cannot be defended. We are charged with practising the idolatry of genius. That, I believe, is the usual phrase. I am not sure that I exactly understand its meaning. In its literal interpretation it is nonsensical. Idolatry means religious adoration presented in a certain superstitious form ; and it need scarcely be said that the better one understands and sympathises with the ideas and spirit of Burns, the less will he be inclined to regard any creature, human or otherwise, with sentiments of that description. Accordingly, I presume that this idolatry of genius must be a figurative mode of denoting the admiration of intellectual power, apart from its moral character, in spite of disastrous influences exerted by it on the happiness or highest well-being of mankind. That the genius of Burns was splendid enough to excite this indiscriminating admiration in minds incapable of discrimination is not to be doubted ; but had he really profaned his great and sacred gifts, and made himself a power for evil, I trust that none of us would have been here to do honour to his memory. But if his genius was a beneficent as well as a brilliant force in history, then it was a force upon so great a scale, of so exquisite a quality, and dealing so searchingly with subjects of the deepest human interest, that the good it wrought, necessarily corresponding in its magnitude, must

evoke some expression of grateful admiration from all whose sensibilities qualify them for its proper recognition. It is the fact that the genius of Burns dealt fearlessly with the most awful questions of human destiny ; investigated with original inquiry the meaning and the true aim and method of life ; tasted every experience of mirthful, sad, and tender emotion ; and gave out its impressions and conclusions in a wealth of thought, a beauty of form, and a memorableness of phrase that have proved an irresistible charm ; and if, as I most certainly believe, this charm was on the side of good, I am not going to be such a stock or stone, or such a worse than senseless thing, as to make no sign of appreciation ; and I will not submit to the insult of being called an idolater, a worshipper of mere power, because in the customary symbols of rejoicing I seek to signify my gratitude for almost the greatest blessing the human race can receive from its Maker—a great poet who is faithful to his vocation, a master-spirit who has known how to give truth and sympathy a universal and enduring hold over the hearts of men by interweaving them with the graces of immortal song. We thank heaven, and rightly, for our very meat and drink—are we to be dumb over a gift like Burns ?

Let me take up that aspect of the subject which a person of my profession naturally regards with most interest and in which he feels most at home—the religious and moral influence of Burns. Was that a good, as it was inevitably a powerful, influence ? No man should be here who has doubts upon this point, for if Burns was a power for evil in religion and morality, nothing else that he said or did could atone for this damning offence. But he needs no apology. With all respect to various religious persons who think otherwise, I affirm my conviction that the literary influence of Burns on the spirit of religion is as valuable as it is great. Like every great poet, Burns was a preacher, and in his highest inspirations spoke to the soul. He was not a conventional preacher certainly. He laid about him in a style that would not have commended him to many Presbyteries of the Bounds. Old

women of all kinds, and people of that common and coarse zeal which is colour-blind to wit, humour, and the idea of art, naturally regard his unceremonious handling of their favourites as utter profanity. But to those who are able to place themselves at his point of view, and really understand him, a spirit of lofty, if often severe and indignant, religiousness breathes through the collective poetry whose publication he himself sanctioned, and which alone can be fairly taken as representing his true mind. He has pondered deeply the mystery of life and of death ; he has recognised a presiding order in the world, which he identifies with a living love ; he has persuaded himself that justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne ; in the faith of this he accepts his lot without complaint, congratulates himself on its compensations, awaits with confidence the coming of a better day, if not here, then in that sphere of immortal being to the hope of which he unswervingly clings, and consoles himself amidst the uninstructed or hasty condemnation of society by an appeal to the impartial judgment of Omniscience ; he acknowledges the imperativeness of duty ; and, while refusing most properly to humble himself in matters of error before other men, without taking their respective natures and circumstances into account, yet before the eye of the Eternal Holiness he admits his own responsibility for his own evil with penitent humility—

Where with intention I have erred,
No other plea I have
But Thou art good ; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

There are three species of fools that receive no encouragement, but much reproof, from the genuine and characteristic teaching of Burns—the fool that hath said in his heart there is no God, the fool that makes a mock at sin, and the fool that refuses to say, “Thy will be done.” These are really the great practical questions of all religion, and the man is either unpardonably unjust, or unnoticeably stupid, who will insinuate that these questions are treated by Burns otherwise

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than with the reverence that befits their import, and with an intensity of feeling and aptness of language that will outlive far-off generations of professional preachers. Surely it is no small contribution to the influence of religion to have engraved on the hearts of a whole people such words as these—

The great Creator to revere
 Must sure become the creature,
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And e'en the rigid feature ;
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended.
 When ranting round in pleasure's ring
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or if she gi'e a random sting,
 It may be little minded ;
 But when on life we're tempest-driven,
 A conscience but a canker,
 A correspondence fix'd wi' heaven
 Is sure a noble anchor.

Or to have given currency to such a philosophy of life as this—

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less
 By pining at our state ;
 And even should misfortunes come,
 I here wha sit ha'e met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet ;
 They gi'e the wit o' age to youth,
 They let us ken oursel',
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The real guid and ill.

Tho' losses and crosses be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there ye'll get there ye'll find nae other where.

Or to have popularised such an example of the true method of fighting with our own evil as this—

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence,"
 Fain promise never more to disobey :
 But, should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair Virtue's way—

Again in Folly's path might go astray—
Again exalt the brute and sink the man.
Then how should I for Heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter Heavenly mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation ran?
O Thou, Great Governor of all below,
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea;
With that controlling power assist even me
Those headlong furious passions to confine—
For all unfit I feel my powers to be
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line—
O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine.

The man who drives from his sympathy and love a nature from whose inmost being such utterances come stamped with the impress of living sincerity, and who says to him, "Stand by! for I am holier than thou," has learned his Christianity in a school where I, for one, desire to take no lesson.

But it is said Burns was unsound; his creed was very scanty. Certainly his creed did not contain anything like thirty-nine articles, and I cannot say that what he had was orthodox according to the standard of Westminster. He was a latitudinarian; he was a heretic; he had no particular reverence for the artificialities of ecclesiasticism. But surely the day is past for measuring the influences of men upon the religious spirit of their time by the particular side which they espouse in the many-angled duel of polemical divinity. We are accustomed now to believe that a good man will do good, whatever theology he work with; that we may take in influences of piety even from the devoutness of heathenism, and receive stimulus in duty from contemplating

. . . the moral works
Of black Gentoos and pagan Turks.

We regard simply with amusement the remarkable person who looks upon all the world as the enemies of God, excepting himself and the members of his own little persuasion. But in Burns's day this idea had to be done battle for. Burns

had to fight with people who maintained that a man's orthodoxy, or the reverse, formed an essential element in his salvation or perdition. He certainly never scrupled to maintain the contrary. He declares continually that the judgment to be passed on any individual before God and man turns not upon his opinions, but his character ; not upon his faith, but his faithfulness ; not upon the rightness or wrongness of his metaphysics, but upon the goodness or badness of his spirit. That we are able, in this country, to affirm and act upon this idea without much fear of annoyance, we owe, in no small degree, to the clear-sightedness of Burns's intellect, the healthiness of his moral instincts, and the courage with which he asserted his conviction, amidst a community in which the necessary connection between soundness and safety was more rigidly insisted on than anywhere else in Protestant Christendom.

In the light of this idea, we are entitled to put out of account Burns's special theological opinions in estimating his influence upon the national religiousness in its vital character. He had the same right to his own dogmatic scheme that is possessed by any other polemical writer. The question is, How did he urge it? Was he painstaking or superficial? Was he frivolous or serious? Was he honest or sophistical? Can any man who has read Burns intelligently hesitate about the answer? His theology, such as it is, is his own. It is not a parrot's lesson, committed to memory and believed, or attempted to be believed, on simple authority. It is the fruit of his own intensest mental toil exercising itself in a hunger and thirst after truth and reality on such materials as lay within his reach. I wish I could believe that those who condemn him have thought for themselves with a tithe of his earnestness on the great problems of religion. Then look at the zeal, the fervour, the fury of sincerity with which he advocates his views. You cannot say, here is a mere shallow trifler, a heartless scoffer. No! You may dislike what he says, but you must see that with all his heart he believes it, and

that his fierce warmth and energy spring from his conviction that it would be well for you if you believed it too. Consider also the entire and uncalculating honesty with which he spoke his mind. Well was he entitled to denounce with an unsurpassed—I had almost said unsurpassable—vehemence of withering sarcasm the wretched vices of cant and hypocrisy—not only the wicked cant and hypocrisy which is used by its selfish practiser as an instrument for oppressing others, but also the weak yet well-meaning cant and hypocrisy which is employed merely for the sake of peace or self-defence. Burns was patient of neither. He abhorred the one as base and essentially diabolical, and he scourged it as near to death as it will go; he despised the other as unmanly, and rebuked it as opposed to the progress and best interests of man. And he qualified himself for this office by being himself utterly open and frank with the world. No one can say to him, “Physician, heal thyself.” He has said somewhere—

Aye free affhan’ your story tell
When wi’ a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yersel’
Ye scarcely tell tae ony.

The rule is a good one for private life; but for the prophet, the teacher of mankind, concealment of his thoughts is treachery to society. And in his public relations Burns did not “still keep something to himsel’.” If ever a great human soul was freely and fully unveiled for the delight or the instruction of the world it was the soul of Burns.

And will any man tell me that such a way of handling the topics of religion is not supremely wholesome—nay, supremely necessary? Have we not enough of spiritual sneaking and submission to authority? enough of simpering or stupid indifference to the whole subject? enough of sham earnestness and unctuous make-believe, of deliberately selfish, or weakly prudential pretence? Are we not the better of a visitation by a spirit of power like that of Burns, self-reliant and original, passionately earnest, severely, nay relentlessly,

veracious? The blast may be keen, but it kills the germs of corruption; the draught may be bitter, but the end of it is health. I am well aware that to claim the author of the "Holy Fair," "The Ordination," the "Address of the Unco Guid," the "Dedication to Gavin Hamilton," and "Holy Willie's Prayer" (though Burns never gave that to the world) as exercising a salutary influence upon religion, seems to many people paradoxical, if not profane. And so it would be if religion were simply a thing for childish men and the weaker order of women. I can quite understand that they should be scandalised beyond measure by Burns. But religion is for mature and strong natures as well as for the juvenile and the feeble. It is long since it was known that there must be milk for babes and strong meat for men. It is right not to offend the little ones unnecessarily, but we cannot let the weak brother have everything his own way. In private it may be demanded by kindness to avoid chafing his tender skin, but the public teacher must not keep him exclusively in view, but set forth principles in their fulness, and use freely any weapons of argument or ridicule, or whatever else can enforce his meaning, since men must be provided for as well as children. And whoever affects a manly religiousness will be none the worse, but greatly the better, for the study of Burns, provided he understands the province of art. That proviso, however, is essential. For there are many natures with a good deal of manliness in them that are woven of so coarse a fibre on their æsthetic side that they are incapable of apprehending the prerogatives and utilities of art.

The business of art is to represent both the real and the ideal; both nature as it is and nature as it might be conceived to be. But it passes no judgment upon the moral rectitude or otherwise of what it paints; that belongs to another department. A few years ago an excellent nobleman used to importune the House of Lords to provide skirts and trousers for the naked statues in the National Gallery. That good man had no conception of the function of art. He thought that sculpture

was preaching indecency, while it was only representing nature. These are the sort of people who cry "O, fy!" at many of the stronger things in Burns. They think he is exhorting, where he is only painting. "Holy Willie's Prayer" may be shocking; but why? Because Holy Willie himself is shocking. If the mirror gives an ugly reflection of an ugly face, it is simply to the credit of the mirror, whatever it may be to the face. This same idea of art, if they could only understand it, would put many foolish people right upon the subject of Burns's amatory and Bacchanalian effusions. The poet really does not recommend unchastity and drunkenness; not even free love or free drinking. But the human spirit wants and needs an occasional escape from the restraints of conventional rules. Conventional law is, much of it, a necessary evil. We submit to it because we see that it is for the common good. But it is not always the idea of life which we would sketch for ourselves, and it is the function of poetic art to furnish a dream-land to which we may occasionally betake ourselves when weary with the jog-trot of every-day life, and enjoy in fancy what we deny ourselves in fact. Such ideal Bohemianisms are very harmless; they tell neither upon purse, nor health, nor morals. Nay, even those coarser productions which Burns himself never published (he kept back, out of regard for the sensitive, even such pure and powerful works of art as the "Jolly Beggars" and "Holy Willie's Prayer,") but which, without his consent, and contrary to his desire, were given to the world by the relic-hunters, who rifled the dead man's pockets and ransacked his writing-desks, who interviewed the Paul Prys that peeped through his key-hole, and the Dogberrys that watched his door of nights to see if he kept elders' hours—even these are not fairly judged without reference to the idea of art. A great artist with a passion for his art may be tempted to make figures of beauty out of dirt, if there be no better material near, even though he should soil his fingers in the making; but in criticising him, it should always be a question whether it is the dirt that he delights in or his

own deftness in handling it. This I will say, that, taking Burns's writings all in all, and most certainly taking the writings whose publication he himself sanctioned, there breathes through them a purity of spirit and a healthiness of tone that are in edifying contrast to the insinuating sensualisms of many of our modern poets and novelists whose praise is in all the booksellers.

I have dwelt so long upon the point on which I thought I might speak to most purpose that I can say but a sentence on the subordinate aspects of Burns's moral influence, and must pass over altogether the consideration of his works as a contribution to the emotional happiness and the intellectual wealth of nations. What noble or manly virtue fails to find recognition and support in his pages? Is it the first virtue of all, independence, resolution to rely on one's self, or suffer?—"Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my lords and gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this address with the venal soul of a servile author, looking for the continuation of those favours. I was bred to the plough, and am independent." Happy the people whose spirits are nurtured on sentiments like these, and who nerve themselves for the struggle of life by recollecting that "A man's a man for a' that." Is it an unworldly preference of mind over money?

O Thou who gies us each guid gift,
Gie me o' wit and sense a lift,
Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift
Through Scotland wide;
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
In a' their pride.

Is it sympathy with everything that feels? Where can it be better learnt than from intercourse with that catholic affection which touched at the one pole the simple piety of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," and at the other the uproarious freedom

of the "Jolly Beggars"; which gave us the mingled humour and pathos of "Mailie's Elegy"; which saddened at the terror of the wildfowl of Loch Turit, and linked the despair of the desolate field-mouse with its own? Is it the beauty of domestic affection and duty? Who teaches so often and so well that—

To make a happy fireside clime,
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life?

Is it the whole circle of the patriotic sentiments? Turn to "Scots wha hae," and end where you please and when you can. Is it faithfulness to the tender memories of bygone years? Go to the exquisite plaintiveness of "Highland Mary," or to the broken-hearted trance of "Mary in Heaven." Is it the crowning grace of self-command? Hear it chronicled in the writer's own heart's blood—

The poor inhabitant below,
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name.

Reader, attend, whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit—
Know, prudent cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

With the life of Burns we are not specially concerned here. It is not so much the ploughboy of Doonside, the flax-spinner of Irvine, the farmer of Ellisland, or the gauger of Dumfries, as the poet of Scotland and of humanity whom we commemorate, and for whom we make ourselves responsible. But though it is the poet we honour and thank Heaven for, we are not ashamed of the man. Others may drive Burns from their bosom: I dare not. He had the temptations that beset brilliant

genius—temptations from which his detractors are mostly free. He had the temptations of a position in life most tryingly in contrast with his lofty gifts. His career has been explored by literary detectives and gossip-mongers with a diligence that would have unearthed unedifying revelations in the history of the greatest saint in the calendar, and which is virtually equivalent to the extraction of secrets by the thumbscrews and the rack. Yet through it all I recognise a nature noble, manly, tender, striving towards the ideal good. No stain of meanness or dishonour rests upon his name. He owed no man anything. The greatest man of his country, and aware that he was so, he dug drains and gauged barrels, and did not grumble. He fought in secret with passions stronger than any of us can know, and bewailed his evil in agonies of penitence which we would need his capacity of feeling to understand; and he died at thirty-seven, before the battle of the spirit was done. Let the faultless put him from them. Perhaps it is right; but they must put me from them too. A sinful, struggling man myself, I cannot abandon my great and gifted and sorrowing brother in his grief. "Restore such an one in a spirit of weakness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted," is a sacred law which I dare not and wish not to disobey. Grateful to Heaven for his work, proud of his name, mingling our sympathy with the recollection of his sorrows, we recall to mind to-night the asserter of truth, the smiter of dishonesty, the teacher of wisdom, the psalmist of human brotherhood, the preacher of every manly virtue, the revealer of human character, the master at once of pathos and of wit, the sweet singer of the tender feelings, the poet of our country, yet the possession of mankind, Robert Burns.

II

ADDRESS DELIVERED TO LEEDS CALEDONIAN SOCIETY

January 25, 1899

I RISE to propose the memory of the greatest poet and one of the greatest men whom our Scotch Nationality has contributed to the roll of the immortals. On this day Scotsmen all over the world are engaged in celebrating the 140th anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns; and the enthusiasm of this great annual demonstration does not seem to be diminishing in universality and power with the flight of time. Many people of other nationalities, and some among ourselves, say that we are overdoing it. No other race acts as we do, it is said, and yet they have poets not less illustrious and influential than Burns. But there is a difference. At the time when Burns appeared, I do not believe that any other race possessed so large a proportion of popular receptivity for such poetry as he created. The masses could all read; they were brought up under a School and Church system that especially favoured intellectual development; they were the heirs of a great tradition of song and minstrelsy: Burns spoke to them in their own language about things which they were familiar with, and understood, and with a power and charm that were irresistible.

Popular Burns clubs were accordingly a natural perhaps an inevitable growth, and when once things of that sort are set up, it is not always easy to take them down again, even were it desirable. And I venture to say it is not desirable for many reasons. If we do not keep his memory green there

might be a danger of his popular power being gradually impaired through the ageing of his language ; and that would be nothing short of a calamity to literature and the world. The "predominant partner," in his Southern English may tend to make inroads upon broad Scotch, and I believe stated demonstrations like this help to keep alive an easier and wider intelligibility of the speech of Burns, although his classical position is permanently established for the student of letters. I noticed that a Burns Club in Scotland lately offered a prize to the scholars of a Board School for a certain proficiency in Burns, but the matter fell through because two divines objected to an examination paper on the "Unco Guid." I admit that Burns is sometimes strong meat for men, rather than milk for babes, but I think something might be done.

This, I understand, is not merely a Burns Club, but looks at everything Caledonian, not forgetting the struggling and the poor, and regards such objects as valuable, partly because they bring men together in social and friendly intercourse. Whatever wisely does that should be welcome, and nothing should be more fitted to promote happy human association of men than the memory of Burns. He was the king of companions in the loftiest sense. "The Feast of Reason" is hackneyed by repetition, but it was realised under the lightning play of wit and humour when Burns was there. The people at inns and public places where he arrived would crowd together to hear his high or hilarious talk. They said he was a greater talker than writer, though I should doubt that. And this was not mere cruel and sarcastic blaze and crackle, but sprang out of sympathy broad and deep, which delighted to pour out its wealth for the general joy.

Have we not cause to be grateful to Burns? To Nature, for her great gift to us in Burns, and a great poet is one of Nature's gifts ; to Burns himself, head and shoulders, for the work he did, and the generosity with which he dispensed the wealth of his genius? He has been a source of the greatest

intellectual pleasure to multitudes who have been able to appreciate his ideas, his sentiment, and his art. He worked hard at his thoughts, his reading, and his models. He sacrificed fortune to poetry. He did all his song-work for nothing, whether original or by emendation, or, rather, fresh creation. He did not write for money. Publication was an after-thought. He wrote for the delight of it, and to delight his friends. Should we not be grateful for all this? And if so, why may we not come together for an hour once in a twelve-month to say so, and to advise other people, and especially other Scotch people to participate in one of the highest delights they are ever likely to enjoy?

Burns, to my mind, is a poet dealing with the concrete, not a metaphysician trying to expound in rhyme or blank verse vast and vague philosophies, taking you hours to comprehend, and yielding up scarcely any meaning of any value when all is done. We have to thank him for being interesting, clear, direct, graphic, swift, with immense power of using, in verse, the right words in the right way, so that you feel yourself in the hands of a master with easy and perfect command of his material and his manner. Not least, he is brief—some poets are too Continental or Mississippi-ish for human nature's daily food—while others begin with a noun at top of page, and keep you waiting through many intellectual or imaginative contortions for the predicate, till the bottom of the page or even over to the next one.

We have to thank him for bringing great delight, amusement, instruction, emotion, out of the most real and simple entities, men and women, who, by the way, are often morally neither real nor simple, Daddy Aulds, Jolly Beggars, Black Russels, Tam Glens, and other Tams, Holy Willies, Gavin Hamiltons, Doctor Hornbooks, Kirk Sessions, Presbyteries, Parliaments, Jeans, Maries, Clarindas, Phillises, Chlorises, Delias, Nells, Tibbies, Peggies, Annas innumerable, old horses, old sheep, dogs, two (more or less) wounded hares, field mice, mountain daisies, haggises, toothaches, Scotch

Drink, Ordinations, Holy Fairs, Auld Brigs and New, Auld Lights and New, and a miscellaneous host of topics, many of the most hopeless description, including the Father of Lies himself, but generally yielding pointed or effective reflection.

That Burns could melt into pathos and revel in the humorous has never been questioned, but it has been said that for beauty we must go elsewhere. That he had an eye for the beauty of nature would not be difficult to show, but man was the chief part of nature with which he concerned himself, and man is not always a beauty, physically or morally. What Tennyson called "jewels five words long" may be ornamental if they are placed on something worth ornamenting, but a barber's block in silks and diamonds is not equal to a classic Greek statue. Homer has not the prettinesses of Keats, but he has something more and higher, and we here are better off in these clothes than in the garb of Henry VIII. or the Elizabethan period, because we owe all our attractiveness to our own personal charms. So Burns may perhaps stand alone, even though free from gewgaw beauty.

But if pathos were beauty, what could be fuller of it than "Highland Mary," or "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," or "Had we never loved so kindly," &c., or "That wee bit heap"; while for humour, of which many of the greatest poets have been wholly destitute, but without which there can be no adequate picture or criticism of human life, almost every page of Burns is gleaming with it, whether in its lambent or its leaping, its truculent or its sympathetic forms.

But we are in Burns's debt for more than literary enjoyment. He was a great satirist and teacher of veracity, courage, fidelity, defiance of injustice and evil fortune, and all the manly virtues.

The satirist is the sage in his negative aspect, reinforcing the didactic by the ridiculous. Burns tore, without doubt, the veil of hypocrisy from the face of falsehood both in religion and morals. He claimed a different interpretation of

life from that furnished by a puritanic one-sidedness. He was not orthodox, by any means, but he was not, and is not, alone in that attitude of mind. This is not the time nor the place to decide that great controversy. Time will show. *Verbum sap.* I speak as unto wise men.

But there can be no doubt that Burns fought a tremendous and powerful battle for his own side of the conflict with full and fearless honesty, with terrible audacity, with unerring art, with overwhelming force. The greatest critic of the day said the "Holy Fair" was the greatest satire that had ever been written. I have not read all the great satires of all the world, but I have never read anything that surpassed "Holy Willie's Prayer," or the "Holy Fair," or the "Twa Herds," or the "Ordination," or the "Epistle to M'Math," or the "Satirical Epistles," in their height of aim at the greatest and most subtle forms of evil, in their merciless yet skilful dissection of character, in their picturesque and scathing vehemence of denunciation. If Burns turns out to have been right in his ultimate aspiration never was the truth more mightily served. Some critics have said that in all this Burns was merely the poet of a parish. Such critics only show their own incapacity for seeing the universal in the particular. The Garden of Eden was not, I fancy, supposed to be larger than the Parish of Mauchline, certainly not than the Presbytery of Ayr; but it is described on very high authority as having been the stage on which principles were discussed and decided for all time and eternally beyond.

But Burns was not merely a denouncer. He was a direct and positive homilist. In the "Epistle to a Young Friend" he sketches a very admirable plan of a wise life, which I trust his young friend worked out, and which may be commended to many people, not friends of Burns, whether young or old. It will do them good, if they adopt it. Of course superior people have sneered at it as copybook morality. There are worse things, however, than copybook morality. I wrote "Amendment is Commendable" a thousand times before I

had much to mend or mar ; but though it is a wise saw of no prodigious profundity, I have found it useful in a thousand modern instances since. Morality is a very good thing when recommended at the right time and by the right people, and it was a great thing for his young friend to have the career of wisdom and righteousness commended to him by Burns.

Burns's poetry is full of wholesome moralising, as becomes a typical Scotsman. Honesty—not merely paying debts, or abstaining from forging bills so as to keep out of jail, but complete veracity of thought, speech, and life was his creed, and his never-failing theme. “No honest man,” he wrote to his dying friend, Muir, “has ever lived in vain.” The adjective “honest” occurs seventy-five times in his poetry, a good percentage for so simple an epithet in such concentrated writing.

He was as good as his word. He could not deceive himself. He did not deceive others. He confessed either the truth or nothing. Sincerity was the life of him. He was himself real. His poetry was his own feeling and thought and experience translated into the language of Art. Nothing more, nothing less. Hence his power and success. For everywhere and in all things, *really, truth is* great, and positively, and as matter of fact, it will prevail: whatever different opinion may be harboured by people who are too clever by half. Like food, it is nothing new, but its being in you and assimilated by you, is the life of you and the strength of you ; and it is because Burns and another great Scot (if I may consecrate the term), Carlyle, had a strange knack of getting into us, that they are our benefactors ; and Carlyle was not better at it than Burns, who much inspired him.

Burns is the poet of the majority, because he is the poet of the poor, *i.e.*, the non-wealthy, not to say the non-millionaire class, four-fifths of the community on a cautious calculation. The unmillionaired and unwealthy are undoubtedly a useful class. High civilisation depends on the possession and control of wealth, and money-making is a very respectable, if

not intensely intellectual or æsthetic way of getting through the world ; but in the present state of society and for a long way ahead money-makers must be comparatively few, for "if you're Signor and I'm Signor, then who's to pull the boat ashore"?

Burns accordingly had the vast majority for listeners ; and he was suited to the position, because he was one of them. He was a poor man himself, not only by birth but by choice. He was not cut out for money-making. He had not the necessary cupidity, and he had a spirit above business strategy. Then, he thought that he had the poetic call, and rightly considered that he would be truer to his own nature in following that.

Thenceforward, he was the poet—a breadwinner, of course by necessity, but not a money-maker.

As the poet of the unmillions and the unmillionaire, he knew the temptation of their position, and could and did give them good counsel, for which we of the majority owe him thanks.

He was no pessimist, except momentarily. Not "Man was made to mourn," but "Contented wi' little and canty wi' mair," written shortly before, express his final and abiding state of mind, as he has told us himself.

I mention one other justification for our peculiar practice in regard to Burns. It may be essentially sentimental, but it is not the less powerful. It is said that the affections of the unsophisticated portion of the Chinese—I say nothing of the mandarins—are bettered by the worship of their ancestors ; and it is probably good for us to think at times of the merits of our great men. But there is a speciality in the case of Burns. It gives us a chance of making a great and due reparation to his memory. He gave us and the world a great deal. To study his genius, his character, his life, and his work, as those of so unique a personality should be studied, is a literary and moral culture not possible to derive from the

ordinary types. Take him all in all, he is a great and peculiar ornament and honour to our country, and enables us to hold our head much higher than we could have done without him. What did his country give him? Not much to boast of. Certainly no equivalent for what it took. Not that he allowed himself to expect a high reward. He treated the lionising of the Edinburgh *literati* and the cold-shouldering of the snobbery of Dumfries with equal equanimity. His head was not turned by the one, nor embittered by the other. They gave him a noble funeral ; but why could they not have felt as strongly about the living man as they did about his lifeless clay? I know all that has been said on both sides of this question ; but when all is said and done, I remain of the opinion of Scott and Carlyle and all his great critics, and am glad that I had no responsibility for whatever neglect or unkindness there was.

By way of helping myself to say something new in a Burns speech, which it is now very difficult to do, I should like at this point to allude to the latest attack on our Scotch admiration for Burns, made by Mr. Henley, a fairly well-known writer on the London press, grounded on an earlier attack by the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson when a young man, writing for the magazines and glad of a sensational topic, and which attack of Mr. Henley's, by the assistance of log-rolling friends, of whom he has several connected with periodicals, made some little noise about the time of the centenary of Burns's death. That attack Mr. Henley has repeated in a more violent form since that date. Mr. Henley is a very terrible person. He appears to be animated by an intense aversion, not only literary but almost personal, against a very objectionable character called the Common Burnsite, which he spells with initial capitals, as if it denoted a chemical or other scientific genus, and which I am afraid includes you and me, as it seems to embrace every Scotsman who honours the toast of Burns's memory on the 25th of January.

I feel a certain relief in finding myself classed with that champion Common Burnsite, Carlyle, in fact, in being his intellectual son, of the same blood, with that departed Sage and Peasant (don't forget Peasant, otherwise the high and haughty Henley might come down upon you). One might have a worse father in criticism than Peasant Carlyle. I am told the Greeks used to say they would rather err with Plato than be right with anybody else. I should be very much inclined to say—when Mr. Henley's back was turned—that I would rather be wrong with Carlyle than right with Henley ; meaning, of course, that Carlyle would be right.

I am further relieved when I find, on looking into his book, that he not only contradicted Carlyle, but that he contradicts everybody, including himself. He contradicts Stevenson, from whom he borrows his idea. He contradicts and despises mostly all previous editors as ignoramuses or prigs, he contradicts and ridicules poor Burns's ideas of himself and his work, where he does not perform the more offensive operation of patronising him, and then he finishes up by obligingly differing from himself. Common Burnsites though we are, I daresay we have heard of the Castilian king who, when he learnt of certain aberrations in the Solar system, said that if he had had the arranging of the Solar system, he would have made a better job of it. Similarly, Mr. Henley complains that Burns was misplaced in being born a peasant. Probably, if Mr. Henley had had the settlement of the world's history, he would have directed Burns to be born in a genteel street in London about the middle of this century, in time to enable him to reach the summit of human glory by becoming a second editor to Mr. Henley (a sort of firm of Henley & Burns) in a work showing up, say, Shakespeare, a good subject for such a noble purpose, if, unfortunately, the topic had not already been seized by another gang of poet-smashers and detractors. Mr. Henley is thus a kind of Critical Ishmael, who really encourages me almost to question

him, for although Ishmael may be a very terrible fellow, I feel fairly safe amid the great crowd that have got to face him. If Mr. Henley's position is that everybody is wrong but himself, we begin to know where we are. There are a good many people of that kind going, but they are commonly handed over to their friends, who generally put them into a comfortable seclusion as being too good for this world.

I do not propose that this should be done with Mr. Henley, at least at present, because I really want to know, as a doubly half-read Common Burnsite what is wrong with me and what Mr. Henley and his friends would have me do that I am not doing. Well, what does he say? He says that, like my father, Carlyle, I am "a gifted and exuberant thing," whatever that may mean. Well, I am just as the Almighty made me, and cannot do more than I am doing. Then, it seems, I am "the man who knows little of Burns." No doubt I should know more; but I know enough to make me thankful for Burns, entitled to say so in this place. And although life is short, I want to know him more deeply, less, however, as driven by Mr. Henley, as attracted by Burns. Then, it seems, "I am content to accept Burns as a greater soul than Napoleon, in fine, as 'Robbie.'" Well, I feel a difficulty in keeping up with Mr. Henley here, but I will try. It may be a crime to think Burns a greater "soul" than Napoleon. If so, I am guilty. Very possibly Henley thinks Napoleon one of the greatest souls of all time, for he is a tremendous warrior. He has written a poem, or, at all events, a collection of short blank verses, full of the most ferocious and contorted adjectives to be found in the dictionary, called "The Song of the Sword," which, as far as I may presume to understand it, is a frenzied and foaming glorification of the blessedness of war, probably because Napoleon is one of the saints of his calendar. An old writing-master of mine once asked me whether I thought Napoleon was a great man. I looked as surprised as courtesy would permit, and said, I thought so. "Well," he said, "he

was a very bad writer." Evidently he thought that while Napoleon might be very well for Austerlitz and Jena, he himself was a very much greater being on the score of caligraphy. To compare small with great, Burns could not have won or lost battles like Napoleon, but he had infinitely more soul than Napoleon, poor man, who, I fear, had very little. "Soul," of course, is a term intelligible only to those who have soul themselves; and from his sneering at the "Cotter's Saturday Night," I should respectfully conclude that Mr. Henley himself had more musical ear and artistic sensitivity than "soul." The man who could *write* both the "Cotter's Saturday Night" and the "Jolly Beggars" must have had immense breadth of soul, while the man who cannot *read* both with sympathy has, in my opinion, a narrow soul.

As to the terrible offence of calling Burns "Robbie" I must say I am quite innocent. My veneration for him is too great to let me use the familiarity. I know there are "brither Scots" who do, but I also know they do it out of sheer excess of affection. Mr. Henley and his clique are quite wrong in supposing that we ever decide Burns to be the "greatest poet in time," as they are also wrong in supposing that we drink plenty of whisky before coming to that decision. We do not make it a matter of comparison at all, any more than an affectionate husband and father ever thinks how his wife and children would look at a beauty show, as if they were prize cows and calves to be sent in to an agricultural competition. Burns is ours. We don't know and we don't care whether he is the greatest in time or not. He has been and is to *us* what no other has been. We have a right to say so, and we *do* say so; and it is no other impertinent body's business.

Mr. Henley's last complaint against you and me and Carlyle is that we "accept him as the sole miracle of modern times, and as Scottish literature embodied till the coming of Sir W. Scott." By this he means that Burns, as he elsewhere says, owed "obligations to his predecessors." He admits, because he dare not deny, "that touch of his on the Folk-Lyre,

which none have equalled in our tongue," but he also says that "Burns owed at least as much to his ancestors as Scott's song owes to him"—which, as a matter of fact, is a gross exaggeration—and then he says we are in brutish ignorance of all this; that we regard and represent Burns as a miracle of genius, who had no hint, suggestion, or help of any kind from any quarter, but did every blessed thing himself, and probably invented the old Scotch language, and even the alphabetical characters in which he wrote, clean out of his own head. We are not such inconceivable fools as all that. We know, without any reading, that no man can get on in anything without help. I may be half-read, but I know that without Homer there could have been no Virgil, and therefore no Dante and not so much Tennyson; and there were poets even before Homer. I know that Shakespeare pilfered and pillaged (to use the language Mr. Henley applies to Burns) plots of his plays, the metres in which he wrote, and much else. I know that Milton did not invent blank verse, or the Hebrew Bible, or the Greek and Latin mythology, or the Classic and Italian models to whom he is so largely indebted. I know that no great painter or sculptor exists who has not acquired an infinitude of suggestions and instructions in the galleries of Europe, and it never entered my Common Burnsite head that Burns never learnt anything from anybody, and I never said or supposed that he was a miracle, or anything but a man very exceptionally gifted, who had employed those gifts to exceptional purpose. If I had, Burns himself would have contradicted me. In the first or Kilmarnock Edition of those Poems on which, as he half knew and said, his true celebrity rests, he refers to Theocritus, Virgil, and even Shenstone, and says that he has had Ramsay and Fergusson in his eye, "but rather with a view to kindle at their flame than for servile imitation." "O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, or Fergusson, the bauld and slee, or bright Lapraik, my friend to be," he said, when everybody knows that he had infinitely more spunk, glee, boldness, archness, and brightness than all the three and a dozen more

of them put together. As for his songs, we know from himself that he did them neither for fame nor money, but to serve his friend Thomson, and from a patriotic desire to rescue the songs of his country from oblivion and transmit to the future in a becoming dress. Immensely the best of them are his own, either absolutely original, or an old commonplace or even coarse beginning transfigured and worked up into a shining and priceless gem. Take "Auld Lang Syne," now one of the songs of the world. Where would it have been had Burns allowed the single line about auld acquaintance, which he tells us had always haunted him, to remain in the unworthy company tradition had sent it along in? Read the awful rubbish added to it in Ramsay, and then read Burns, and you will learn the difference between a genius and a blockhead. I should like to see a new "Auld Lang Syne" by Mr. Henley—Mr. Henley, discoverer of a mare's nest.

We are not so ignorant of Mr. Henley's learning as he fancies, only we don't think this is the time to discuss it. This is not the meeting of an antiquarian society to search out the history of old forgotten Scotch poets and their possible effects on Burns's mind, but a convivial gathering of a Scottish brotherhood of kindred spirits to enjoy and be thankful for the actual poetry of our National Bard, however produced. We will see about the history and the archæology some other day. As regards Burns's use of pre-existing materials, I presume if we were proposing to thank the cook for the excellent dinner we have eaten, we should be at once confronted by some Henley of the kitchen to protest against anything of the kind, on the ground that the cook was a miserable plagiarist from a number of Highland stirks and Cheviot sheep, whose ancestry could be traced back to the Flood, and to which we were *really* indebted for the dinner which the cook only touched up slightly and set before us as her dinner. At this rate James Watt was an impostor, who got the idea of the steam engine from his mother's kettle as the lid of it jumped up and down under the action of the vapour.

The true inventor was the kettle maker, and the long line of kettle makers, up to Tubal Cain, through whom his skill descended. Sir Isaac Newton was not the discoverer of gravitation on the occasion of the historic apple's fall; it was the gardener, with a skill reaching through a many centuried pedigree back to Adam, who planted and reared the tree, which at the psychological moment dropped the epoch-making pippin. Newton is an exploded humbug. This is really too much for me. I am getting a little defiant now, and cannot accept Mr. Henley's rebukes any more.

No more can I submit to his charge that we make Burns what he calls an "exciseman-saint," with all the middle virtues which Mr. Henley evidently thinks very contemptible things, whereas he more than insinuates that he was pretty much of a self-ruined blackguard. If that were true, I dare say we should not be here, genius and all. But, of course, it is untrue. I think Mr. Henley is rough on officers of the Inland Revenue. Why should not an exciseman be a saint if he likes? St. Matthew, I have heard, was taken from the receipt of custom. We do not call Burns a saint, but that is simply because we think he was something larger and more useful, and therefore better than most saints in the calendar. The attack on Burns's character, usual by a certain class of critics who seem to revel in it, was suggested to Mr. Henley by R. L. Stevenson, who started with this as a text—"Mr. Carlyle made an inimitable bust of the poet's head in gold (herein contradicting Mr. Henley flat); may I not be forgiven if my business should have more to do with the feet, which were of clay?" Setting out on this delightful clay-seeking expedition, he made such a clever compilation of Burns's faults (real and supposed), and put it so much to the front, while keeping his virtues in the rear, that contemporary criticism concluded (as Mr. Henley also does) Burns to be a bad man who wrote clever verses, a conclusion which so staggered Stevenson that many years afterwards he virtually retracted most of it, although, unfortunately, the mischief was by that

time done. I have always deplored this escapade of Stevenson's, and Burns, as well as Scott, might be called a literary father to him. Of course, it may be said he only acted as critic; but even criticism has its limits, and a slashing critique of one's father, especially if utterly one-sided, looks rather unnatural. Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman called Noah, with three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. On one occasion Noah laid himself open to criticism, and Ham, who was a critic, and probably the father of the tribe, seized the opportunity to make a scathing exposure of the governor to his two brothers. These gentlemen, however, did not seem to like Ham's slating of the old man, and adopted another attitude. Master Ham, I understand, has not improved his position with posterity by his behaviour; and I think that in this anti-Burns raid, a little too much Ham had got into Stevenson's system.

Henley and Stevenson contradict each other in many important particulars; Stevenson minimises, Henley magnifies Burns's alleged drinking, and calls Stevenson a Shorter Catechist and a novelist rather than a critic. Both of them hint or declare that Burns showed want of chivalry, a charge easily answerable, and between them I think they show that neither is very much of a judge or a pattern of chivalry. Stevenson had called Burns's wife a "facile and empty-headed girl" in her youth, and "poor, unworthy, patient Jean" in her maturity, and ascribed what he calls his "ruin" to having married her. Mr. Henley, I am glad to say, rebukes Stevenson and stands up for Jean, but thereby places Stevenson's knightly reputation in an awkward position. On the other hand, Mr. Henley gives himself away in this matter. Of Burns's Highland Mary I know nothing. The evidence is unsatisfactory. But her memory was sacred to Burns, yet Mr. Henley *apropos* of her does not hesitate to make an infamous charge of immorality not only against her, but the peasant womanhood of Scotland generally, and in open print coarsely describes Mrs. Begg, Burns's

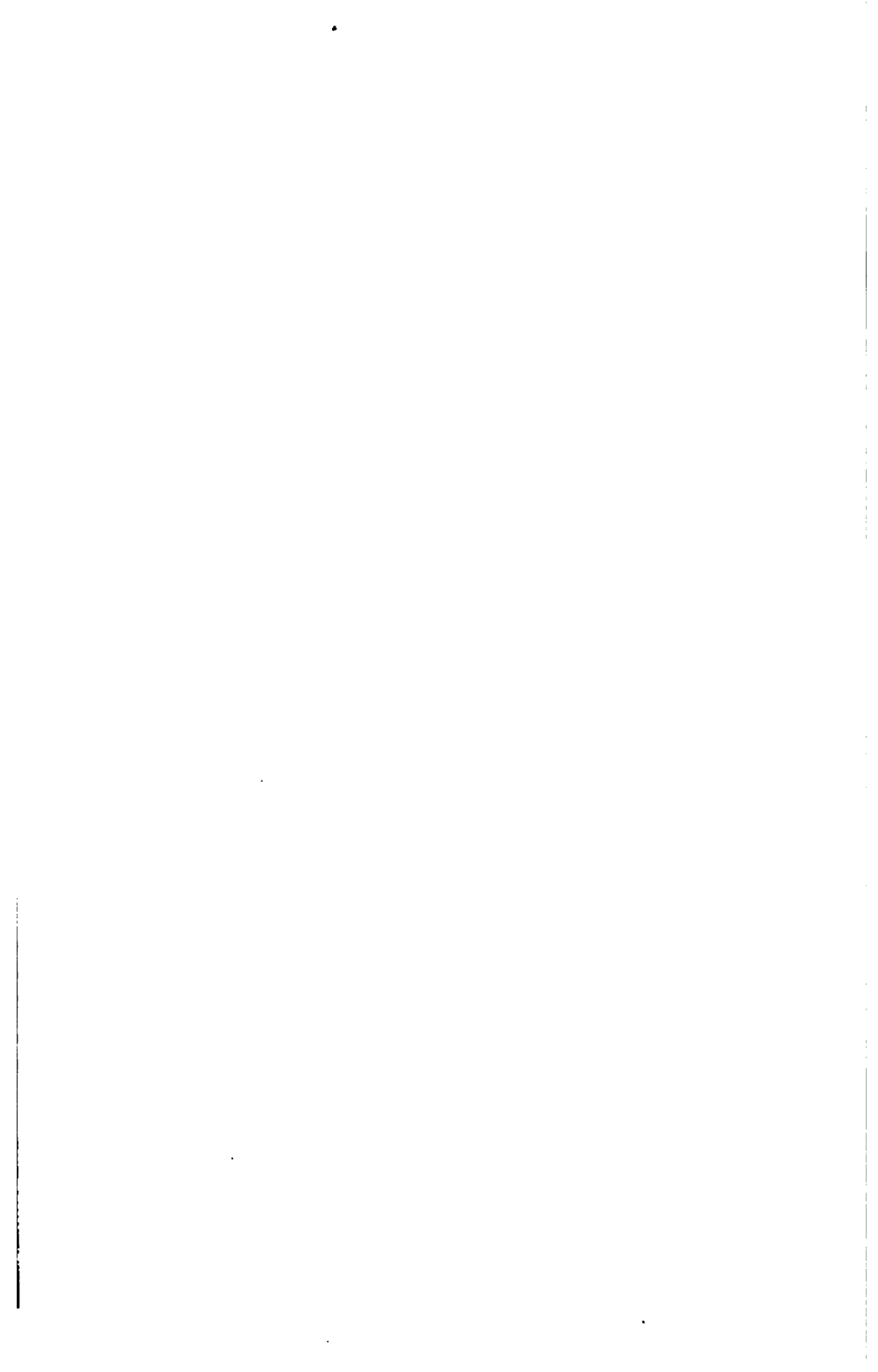
sister, as a "bletherin' bitch." That is what the London press praises to the skies. I knew Mrs. Begg personally, and in my half-read divine days, had the unique if melancholy distinction of preaching her funeral sermon in Alloway Kirk, and I hereby throw back Mr. Henley's foul slander in his teeth. I think the less he says about chivalry the better.

As for Burns's character, I stand by his own account of it, neither more nor less, because he alone knew the real facts, and he was veracious to the core. What he admits I admit, what he does not admit I ignore. But if, as he himself says, he sinned greatly, he also says that he repented greatly, and if there is a particle of truth in the Gospel of Repentance for remission of sins, who is there on earth that can say to such a man, "I am holier than thou"? I make no defence of Burns, because there is nobody to attack him. Mr. Henley says, or shrieks, "that he fought against temptation, and that he proved incapable of triumph." To me that seems a shallow and presumptuous observation. No sane man is incapable of moral triumph. "Farewell, folly, hide and hair o't, for ance and aye!" and Burns died at thirty-seven with the last vow unbroken in his soul.

I deny that Burns died a ruined man. As a poet he was perfectly successful, and stood on the highest pinnacle of fame. Mr. Henley writes verses, but I doubt if any club of Common Henleyites will ever drink the immortal memory of Mr. Henley. Burns died poor but not insolvent, and the world, for his sake, took care of those left behind. He was hopeful of bettering his prospects in the Excise. He never aimed at wealth, and did not miss it. Mr. Henley takes a commercial view of poetical success. He, perhaps naturally, thinks a poet has failed, unless he has secured a Government pension, or something as good. Shabby Dundas, afterwards shady Lord Melville, would not give Burns anything, and insulted him into the bargain. Mr. Henley thinks Dundas did quite right. Other people think differently. I do for one. It is a question of taste. Burns died working at his

vocation of poet. He died amid the respect and sorrow of the community. A few snobs and political enemies had cut him, but it did not trouble Burns. Those who had neglected him in life united to give him a splendid funeral. What more would Mr. Henley have?

I have said all this not so much in vindication of Burns (that is not our business to-night) as in defence of ourselves, to show that though we may think more highly of Burns than Mr. Henley and his following, we do not think of him, erroneously or ignorantly, more highly than we ought, but with deeper knowledge. Pity were it that we or our country should ever forget so memorable a life-work and so memorable a man. His career was conceived in a lofty spirit, and ran towards splendid issues; but at noon his sun went down, as he was fighting bravely with fortune for his ideal, leaving behind him the record of brilliant achievement, the lineaments of a noble character, and the sad yet not uncontrollable calculation of what he might have further done and been, had fate allowed him to fulfil his day and generation. Let us cherish the great fragment which we have the more carefully and affectionately that its very scantiness and rarity make it the more precious, do our part in perpetuating the unforgettable, and thus in that solemn silence in which it is customary and well to recall the thought of the great or the loved departed, let us once more drink to the immortal memory of Robert Burns.



RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTES

BY THE

Rev. RODERICK LAWSON

RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTES

MANY reminiscences and anecdotes of my brother were published immediately after his death. Of such collections, by far the best, most interesting, and most accurate was "Reminiscences of the late Robert Wallace, Esq., M.P.," by my friend, the Rev. Roderick Lawson, late minister of the West Parish, Maybole. Mr. Lawson was an intimate friend and close companion both of my brother Robert and of my second brother John, who died, minister of New Deer, Aberdeenshire, in 1875, at the age of forty-one. I have Mr. Lawson's permission to quote some of his "reminiscences"; they throw an interesting sidelight on my brother's life, character, and surroundings.

W. W.

I used to attend his ministry in Newton, and was greatly delighted with his sermons, for they were brilliant in a high degree, as well as instructive. Coming after such orators as Caird and Stuart, he knew the style of preaching that was expected of him, and so, as he phrased it, "he sat down to manufacture rhetoric in cold blood." And this he did to some purpose. Every sermon had its brilliant passages to awaken thought and command attention. Sometimes, perhaps, he might overstep the boundary of correct taste, and speak, for example, of Gethsemane as the scene where Christ "screwed his courage up to the sticking place"; but this was merely to awaken thought; for when I spoke to him afterwards about

it, he acknowledged that the figure was perhaps too strong, and that he would not repeat it, but common people, he said, "usually think that Christ was *neither* God nor man, but something *between* the two, and not both God *and* man as our creed teaches us to believe. If Christ was truly human, He must have done something *analogous* to what we call nerving Himself for the great struggle before Him, and this is all I meant to suggest."

His manner of preaching was quite evangelical then, but it was always *intellectually* evangelical. There was never any gush about it. I remember, in the Revival of 1874, he questioned me about what we were doing in Maybole; and after I had told him of our numerous prayer meetings and open-air gatherings, he quietly said, "And what are you doing for the hard-headed mechanics among you?" "Oh," I replied, "the poorest old wife has a soul as well as the cleverest mechanic." "Yes," he replied, "and the mechanics have souls too, and they deserve some recognition. It is all very well to attend to the poorer section of the people, but what of the thinking section, who must be spoken to in a different style if good is to be done?" And this is what he was eminently fitted for; and he always in his preaching seemed to me to be addressing hard-headed mechanics, whose hearts must be reached through their head if it is to be reached at all.

I remember him once being sore displeased with an old clerical friend of his in Edinburgh, who, at a public meeting, talked of the difficulty city ministers had to get time to study their sermons properly. "However," he added meekly, "everybody is the better of coming to church to hear once more of the love their heavenly Father had for them." "Now," said Mr. Wallace, "that was a mere excuse for laziness on the minister's part, and not at all true to fact either; for no congregation will come long to be fed with spoon-meat like that. The preacher must stir up his hearers' minds as well as their hearts if he would do them lasting good."

While in Newton, he went over to Ireland to study the

Revival which had occurred there at that time, and gave a lecture when he returned on what he had witnessed. It is commonly said that he became revivalistic himself at that time, but this is not true. He saw the serious side of the movement, but he saw also the comical side, and held the balance even. In public, he spoke sympathetically enough regarding much of what he had seen ; but when I visited him in his own house, he spoke of the humorous aspect as well, which he did not touch on in public. As for instance—in the railway carriage he was travelling by, a man had declared that he could tell whether a person was converted simply by looking into his eyes. Upon this, the unflinching one offered himself for scrutiny, but the Irishman, after glancing at him, declined to venture on a verdict. On another occasion, he had gone into a church one evening, and the minister, after sermon, called on all who were willing to confess the Lord Jesus to come forward. But very few came. So he stood up again and said, "Only these six willing to confess Jesus Christ out of this large congregation. I can't go on with that small number. We shall sing another hymn, and see if any more will come forward." The same preacher also said, "Some of you are concerned about your sins and what is to be done with them. But the Bible speaks of God casting our sins into the depths of the sea. Now, men of science tell us that the sea in some places is *five miles deep*. And surely there's room enough for your sins there !"

After remaining three years in Newton-on-Ayr, he was called to Edinburgh to succeed Dr. William Smith in Trinity College parish there, and I remember a droll incident which occurred a few days after his induction, when he was being presented at a congregational soiree with the customary pulpit gown and Bible. His father had come down from Culross to be present, and stayed with his son John and me, who lodged together. When we went down to the church in the evening, we found the door so blocked with a crowd that we could not get in. John therefore proposed that we should go round to

the vestry door and enter the church from it. We accordingly went round, but when one of the elders opened the door, he told us that we should have entered by the front door, and was about to close it in our face. John told him that we had not been able to get in by the front door, and that this gentleman (pointing to me) was a particular friend of Mr. Wallace's. "Oh, well," said the elder, "if he is an intimate friend, I suppose he may come in." "And I," said John, "am Mr. Wallace's brother." "Oh, then, of course, you may come also." And finally a deep voice was heard behind, "*And I'm his fawther!*"* Needless to say, the door was flung open and we were all accommodated with front seats.

It was while he was minister of Trinity College that I was most intimate with Mr. Wallace. John and I used frequently to go down to the manse on Friday evenings for supper and talk. He used to ask me whether I liked his sermons, and above all, whether I got any good from them. My reply generally was that they were always fresh and instructive. This, however, did not content him, and he one night remarked with a sigh, "I don't get any good from sermons myself now. *I wish I was a pious grocer.*" And it was these homely sayings of his that sounded so pathetic in my ears. He knew the worth of knowledge, but he also knew its worthlessness, and wished sometimes that he could forget his learning and sit down in church with the heart of a child. Solomon was a wise man, but he was a wise fool so far as his conduct was concerned. And Shakespere was a myriad-minded man, but his doings, which are the true test of life, were in no way elevated above those of his neighbours. In his preaching Mr. Wallace was the true son of his father, who once remarked to me, "I like a sermon abounding in *therefores.*"

The quarrel between Dr. Wallace and the Presbytery was brought to a head by an anonymous letter (written by an

* I think Mr. Lawson is not quite accurate in his rendering of my father's pronunciation. He used, in my hearing at all events, to say not "fawther," but "fab-ahther."—W. W.

American divine, I believe) which appeared in the papers, charging him with heresy in a sermon preached on a certain given date in old Greyfriars Church. It was taken notice of in the Presbytery, and Dr. Wallace was asked for an explanation, but this he declined to give except in answer to a formal libel. At a subsequent meeting of Presbytery, one of the members moved that the matter be definitely inquired into, and great was the laughter when the motion was seconded by Dr. Wallace himself. Ultimately the matter came before the General Assembly, but the case completely broke down. The sermon complained of was produced, and was found to teach no such doctrines as those alleged. Some one suggested that manuscript might have been tampered with, but the complainant himself would not hear of this, and said that Dr. Wallace's style was so rigidly connected that you could not alter a single word without its being detected. It was while this trial was going on that I chanced to meet him on the street and said, "Well, Doctor, you are getting a suspicious character now." "*Suspected*, you mean, but I'm getting suspicious too," was his more accurately-worded reply.

Dr. Wallace's mind was the freshest I ever knew. He was deficient in emotion, perhaps ; but for clear, piercing intellect, I never met his equal. He could not say a commonplace thing. Every phrase must be exact, original, and suggestive. And then, whatever side he took he must be logical. When church patronage, for example, was abolished, he proposed in the General Assembly that the election of the parish minister should be by the votes of the whole of the parishioners, without distinction. And when I told him of a certain friend of mine who had argued that church tradition should go along with a man's private judgment in determining his creed, he at once sided with my friend against me, declaring that Protestantism, if fully carried out, would dissolve all churches, and reduce us to a *bag of peas*, where every man had a creed of his own.

When he became editor of the *Scotsman*, I called on him

and lamented his giving up connection with the Church. He had two answers to this. The one was, that his position for good was now greater than ever. And the other was, that while he was orthodox enough, he was getting out of harmony with the ordinarily accepted traditions of the Church, and therefore suspected by many. But, all along, Dr. Wallace was too honest a man to stay in a Church whose principles he disbelieved. He doubtless wished to have a little more freedom than was usually allowed, but he would not take a Church's pay while he assailed that Church's creed. He was perplexed, as many a man has been before him, with some of the great mysteries of the Christian Faith, and did not wish to pin himself down to an exact interpretation of them. But he never threw them up. "Surely," I said to him one day in answer to a remark of his, "you don't doubt the Resurrection?" "I don't disbelieve it, but *I would like more proof*," was his reply; and that is a thing I daresay we would all like *if we could get it*. And then as to prayer, he cornered me once by asking whether I had myself received an answer to my prayers. I said I had again and again asked God to help me, and He had helped me—was not that enough? "No," he said, "what I wish to know is, whether you ever prayed for a certain definite thing and got it *in reply to your prayer?*" And that is a question that is not so easily answered.

A number of years ago, I went up to London and saw Mr. Wallace in the House of Commons. He had sent me an order of admission to the Strangers' Gallery, and then kindly came up to see me and point out the celebrities. He was still the same unassuming person he ever was, although I thought him greater and happier in his pre-Parliamentary days. He was now, however, the out-and-out layman, and requested me not to call him "Doctor," which savoured of a time and a profession he had now left behind him for ever. I asked him what church he attended. His answer was—"Miscellaneous." "Would it not be a good thing to attend some church statedly?" "But whose church could I get any good to

myself from?" a question which was easier to ask than to answer. For his maxim ever was—"Don't go to a church unless you get some good to yourself from it." And the maxim is sound enough.

He had the knack of saying pithy things in quaint language which made them stick in the memory. He once said to his brother—"It may be a misfortune for a man to be a peer or a millionaire, but it is not a crime." Writing to me from an English Hydropathic, he said—"There is nobody here but Methodists and unconverted Cockneys, for neither of which class of people have I much sympathy." A rude-mannered man he ironically dubbed "The True, the Good, and the Beautiful." He once humorously, in the hearing of his wife, remarked to me—"When a woman is married her first thought is for her family, her second for her house, and the *third* for her husband." One Sunday he gave out the following quaint intimation from Newton pulpit—"Some people complain that I don't find out when they are sick; but these people forget the injunction—'Is any sick among you? *Let him call* for the elders of the church.'" And once when speaking of the difficulty of making any impression by parochial visitation on the wynds of Edinburgh, he compared it to poking your finger into a bowl of treacle, which showed a mark for the moment, but as soon as the finger was withdrawn the space was filled up again.

It was from his father he inherited his genius. Jasper Wallace, a stout-built, low-set, red-haired, intelligent-looking gardener, with a strong Fife accent, was a true type of the old Scotch Covenanter, and was looked up to as the moral force of the village in which he lived. It might truly be said of him as of John Knox, that he never feared the face of man. I was told that his own minister stood in awe of him; and that he had once, to her face, called his employer (albeit a lady), "a worldly-minded wratch," with reference to some act of hers he strongly disapproved of. One day he chanced to sprain his ankle, and his son went up from Edinburgh to

condole with him, when the following colloquy ensued:—
“Father, I believe it was the Devil who was at the bottom of your misfortune, as he goes about continually working mischief.” The old militant spirit at once flamed forth—
“Well, Robert, if I find it is so, I hope to have my revenge out of him yet.” I can recall a petition in his morning “grace”—“Bless all *honest* travellers by land and sea,” with the emphasis laid strongly on the adjective, as though he were anxious that the exact words should be attended to. And he once remarked to me—“I have two rules in life—When I meet a good man I stand by him, and when I meet a bad man I oppose him.” He was an inveterate snuffer, and inoculated his wife with the same bad habit. In a bantering way he professed a poor opinion of the weaker sex, and used to wonder why Mrs. Wallace still stayed on in his house, seeing the family were grown up and he had no further need of her! It is said he was never seen in public with his wife leaning on his arm, not even on the day they were “kirked.”

Many are the short, pithy sayings of his which dropped from him in familiar conversation, and which now come back to me out of the past. They were spoken to one who was merely a student then, but I have not heard any more pregnant sayings since. “People can’t make out how sin could have come into the universe of an all-holy and all-mighty God. For if it was Satan who tempted our first parents, the question comes, who tempted Satan? Sin, therefore, may be looked on as a miracle; and it is the *Devil’s miracle*.” “We are commanded to *love* our enemies, but we are not commanded to *like* them; and we can’t conceive, for instance, of Christ *liking* such a man as Judas Iscariot.” “An impudent man is very far from the kingdom of God. For an impudent man not only disregards your feelings, but tramples on them.” “Some ministers look upon preaching as a fine art. They study the best way even of going up the pulpit stairs. They are clerical Phidiases, and hew out a sermon as a sculptor hews out a statue.” “Sects arise

perhaps more from difference of taste than from difference of opinion. There are people to whom the symbolical in worship appeals more powerfully than any reasoning, and who bow down before the antique simply because it is antique." "You say that nobody is infallible. But that is a mistake. I am infallible on the *Multiplication Table*." "Sorrow for sin does not at all obliterate the sin. It is on the wrong side of the act. Had it been before the sin, it would have prevented it, but coming as it does after the sin, its effect is *nil*."

It is about five years ago that I received my last note from Mr. Wallace. I had written a short sketch of him for a small periodical I then edited, and sent it to him. In reply, he wrote—"I am afraid your kindly words are more due to your own good nature than to my merits; but I know you would not say what you do not think, and I am genuinely fortified by your good opinion. I am not sure if there is not a little tone of the *senex*, or at least *senescens* in your meditations. I refuse to take that view of my position. I still find life fresh and full of novelties, and I mean to go on exploring it with all my might until the last." And that is exactly what he did. For the man who had begun life in a small village school and ended it in the House of Commons, had explored life to some considerable extent, and to some practical purpose.

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